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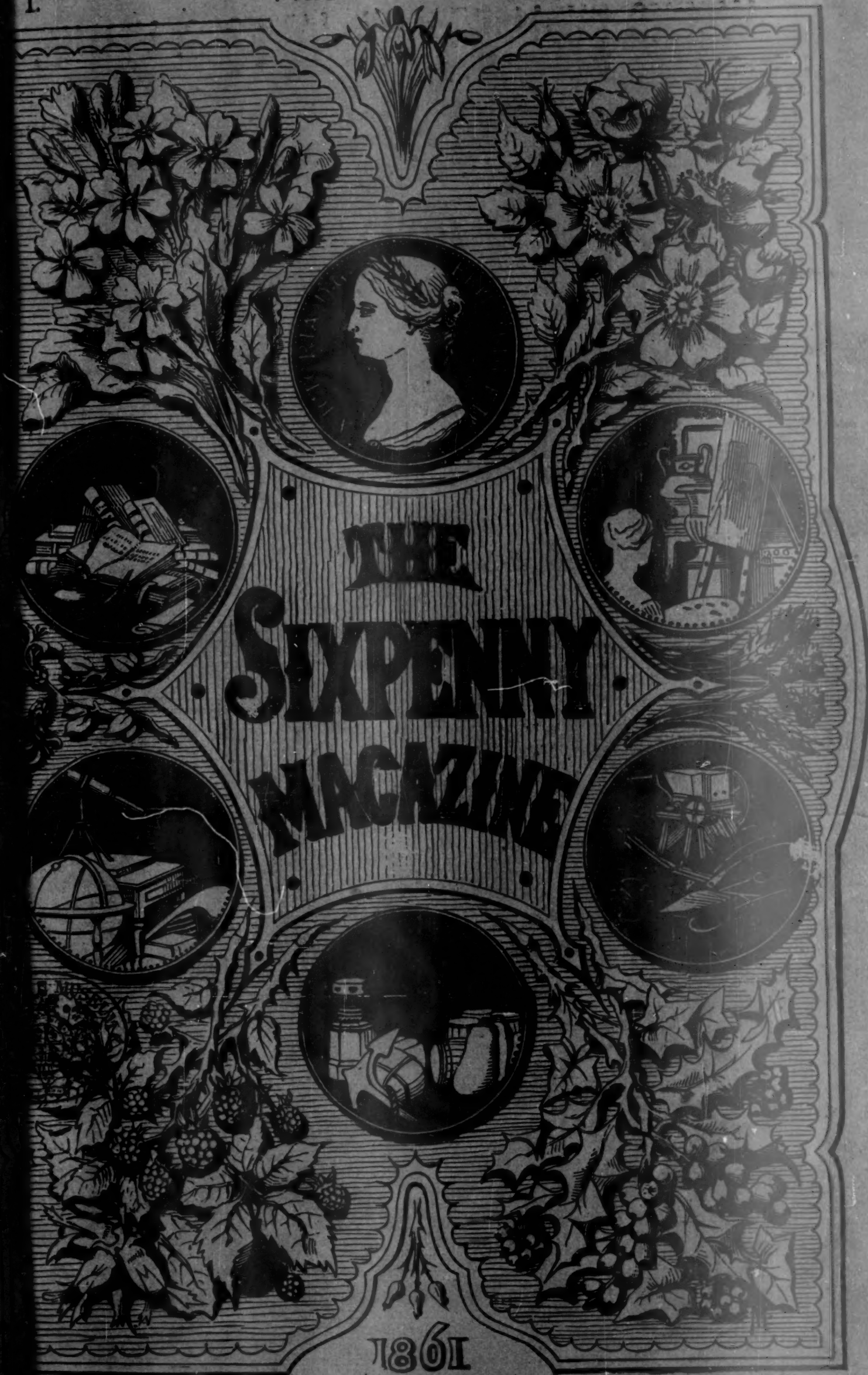
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THE

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JULY 1, 1861.

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## NOTICE.

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**THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE** is projected with a view to give to the Public the fullest advantage of the Repeal of the Excise Duty on Paper. This wise remission will begin next October. Earlier than that time it is only possible to produce month after month the largest possible quantity of the best literature of the age that the current price of paper will allow. Subscribers may, therefore, infer that **THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE** cannot manifest its *fullest* development sooner than the November number, which will surpass in quantity and quality any attempt in Magazine literature ever made. Meantime, the Table of Contents to the present number affords choice of matter that will bear comparison in the variety of its articles with the contents of any other Magazine, however costly or pretentious.

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## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It will be evident from the quantity exhibited in this our first number that we have a large space to fill. We, therefore, freely invite co-operation from all who are disposed to send contributions on the following conditions :—

1. That we cannot be responsible for any articles that may miscarry or be mislaid.
2. Those who desire their articles to be returned are requested to enclose stamps for the purpose.
3. All MSS. must contain on the first page the Name and Address of the Writer.
4. Correspondents must not require reasons for rejection.
5. That all Communications to the Editor of **THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE** be addressed to the Office, 158, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



## THE AMERICAN DISUNION.

It is curious to observe how, in process of time, oppressed humanity vindicates its rights, and, even without plan or foresight, silently gains in moral strength and influence, until it becomes able to react upon its oppressors, and inflict greater ills than it had itself endured. And this retribution is frequently accomplished simply by the progress of events, by the force of changing circumstances, without an aggressive effort on the part of the oppressed, or even an attempt at retaliation.

All the oppression and cruel persecution inflicted on the Jews during the Middle Ages was insufficient to utterly oppress that unhappy people; individuals perished in untold numbers, but the race survived, and silently and gradually it has assumed a position in the social scale which enables it to inflict (legally) many of the pains and penalties it illegally suffered. The Jewish people, than whom none were at one time so despised, are gradually becoming the virtual regenerators and rulers of a large portion of the civilized world, both by their intellect and their "weight of metal." The despotisms of Europe, and with Europe of the greater part of the world, are at this moment in the hands of the Rothschilds, and the power of Austria has found no more potent adversary than Daniel Manin, "the father of Venice," who was of Jewish parentage.

Again, another despised and oppressed portion of the human family, "the poor negro," has become, in a manner as striking as unexpected, the arbiter of the destinies of a nation numbering some thirty millions of souls, and, indirectly, probably of as many more. The slave now morally dominates, unwittingly, over one of the freest, most enlightened, and intellectual among the nations of the earth. The "irrepressible conflict" now raging in the United States was set in motion by the poor helpless African, though he himself has had no hand in the strife. In this well-merited retribution on the aggressors, there is a sublime vindication of the eternal laws of justice and humanity which shows most conclusively that, although man may for a time prosper in his evil ways, defying natural and moral laws, yet the finger of Providence still directs the moral world, and that nations, as well as individuals, must sooner or

later inevitably pay the penalty of their wrong doings.

At the present day, the great North American Republic presents one of the saddest spectacles civilization can exhibit. It is a nation divided against itself. Men born on the same soil, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, and protected by the same self-imposed laws, are arrayed in vindictive hostility and deadly strife against each other. The strife engendered by the curse of slavery, which was evoked in the nation even from the hour of its birth, has spread, until at length it has reached the vital organs of the social body, and which, unless it be forcibly removed, it will doubtless destroy.

The progress of this insidious peril has not been overlooked, nor has the present crisis been altogether unexpected. But no serious efforts have been made to stay the course of this fatal danger. Palliatives have been scorned, expedients for indefinitely postponing the crisis have failed—while it has been hastened by intemperate acts in the other portions of the social body, in those untainted with the seeds of the disorder. And now the day of retribution having arrived, nothing remains but amputation, or *secession*, which, it is feared, will precede complete disruption only for a brief space.

This spectacle is one of the deepest interest to us. The people of the United States are most emphatically our brethren. The offspring of British colonies established in North America during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, amply recruited from our own firesides during the past century, they are but transplanted Englishmen. Greatly modified, it is true, by local circumstances, yet still English at heart, and still retaining the natural pride and affection a son feels for an august parent. The result, therefore, of their present fratricidal strife cannot be a matter of indifference to us. Although the issue is as yet uncertain, we cannot suppose that the North, or Unionists, will spare any efforts to maintain the integrity of the Constitution by which the people became a nation.

The early history of the United States has an important bearing on the struggle at present going on. The population of the colonies was scattered over a vast





extent of territory, which from differences of climate, and from local causes, gradually developed widely different, and even antagonistic interests. The fertility of the soil in the southern and middle States clearly marked them out for agricultural industry. The climate demanded that this industry should be accomplished, in the South, by the labour of the African race, who alone could endure the effects of a climate which quickly destroyed the European whenever exposed to its influence. Slavery was deeply rooted in the American soil, even long before it had become America. It was a fatal dowry left by the English colonists, and one that could not well be refused. The rich lands were of no value in the absence of suitable labourers.

The Northern and Eastern States, with a less favouring climate, and less productive soil, saw their interest in fostering manufacturing industry, which, in the presence of a scarcity of skilled labour and capital, required "protection," and thus there soon arose conflicting fiscal interests between the North and the South. The former demanded exorbitant protecting duties on imports; the latter required, and clearly were entitled to, a low rate of duty, but had to give way before the influence of the North, without receiving any adequate compensation.

This tariff question has on more than one occasion nearly led to rupture between the North and the South. In 1828, a revision of the protective tariff, with a view to the reduction of the duties, was vehemently demanded on the part of South Carolina, and when the tariff of 1828 had become a law, this State professed her intense dissatisfaction with it, on the ground that the revenue had been diminished while the policy of protection was preserved. This State assembled a Convention, and thereby assumed the right to "nullify" the tariff, so far, at least, as she was concerned, and to interdict its further enforcement within her borders.

This proceeding was undoubtedly unconstitutional. General Jackson, the President, despatched General Scott to Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, to support the collection of the revenue; and he also launched against the "nullifiers" a proclamation of remarkable vigour, taking the broadest ground of hostility against the power of a State to nullify an act of Congress, or effectively pronounce it invalid. A collision of Federal and State authority seemed im-

minent. In the midst of the excitement thus engendered, Congress met; and the Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means introduced a Bill, proposing a sweeping and radical reduction of the Tariff, so as to divest it of every feature of protection. For a time, however, it seemed probable that the United States were about to be plunged into a bloody civil war on account of a system which was to be almost simultaneously abandoned. This Bill was accepted by both parties in Congress, and by the nation, and was passed in both Houses by large majorities.

The crime of high treason is by no means common in the United States. The very word "treason" is not understood by the bulk of the people, so calm and peaceful has been her national life during the past two generations. Only one important case of treason is recorded in her judicial annals—that of Aaron Burr.

Fifty-six years have elapsed since Burr committed the acts which led to his trial. He had been Vice-President of the United States, under the presidency of Thomas Jefferson; but his hopes of becoming president were not realized. He not only failed in that project, but on the re-election of Jefferson, was set aside as Vice, and Clinton, of New York, chosen in his stead; and he failed again in his effort to become governor of that State. Smarting under these defeats he consoled himself by plotting. His scheme was to establish an independent government west of the Alleghanies, which should include Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, the territory of Louisiana (out of which the States of Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana, and Kansas have since been made), and part of Mexico. Some of his letters and confessions justify the belief that the form of government he proposed to adopt was monarchical, with himself as sovereign and New Orleans as his capital.

It is certain, at least, that he looked to the secession of the states and territories mentioned, to the acquisition of part of Mexico, and to the consolidation of a great empire on the banks of the Mississippi. He proceeded so far in his enterprise as to collect bodies of men in various places, to seize some military posts, to secure the confederacy of certain dissatisfied officers of the army and navy, and to enter into negotiations with some foreign powers, whose aid he proposed to



secure by allowing them peculiar commercial privileges.

From the contemporaneous accounts of its proceedings, it would seem that he obtained very considerable encouragement from the people of the territories of Mississippi and Louisiana. It is supposed that the pulse of General Jackson was felt; for in a letter to Claiborne, he says: "I hate the Dons, and would like to see Mexico reduced; but I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union disunited." But at Frankfort, Kentucky, where Burr was arrested by a zealous district attorney, he was triumphantly acquitted, and honoured by a public ball afterwards.

Matters were working favourably enough for his schemes, a considerable force had been collected on Blennerhasset's Island, in the Ohio river, and newspapers were assiduously engaged in imbuing the people on the Mississippi with secessionist doctrines, when President Jefferson issued his famous proclamation against Burr. This vigorous measure turned the tide. The people, brought face to face with the emergency, naturally took the side of the government and loyalty. The legislature of Ohio authorized the seizure of Burr's boats. The legislature of Kentucky posted militia to guard the river. The governor of Mississippi territory called out 400 men to arrest Burr. At New Orleans several of his accomplices were arrested. The great secessionist himself was taken in Mississippi, sent to Richmond, in Virginia, and there tried for high treason. Chief Justice Marshall presided, and charged the jury that there was no evidence of there having been any assemblage of men in arms to resist the government, and no evidence to connect Burr with the gatherings which had taken place on Blennerhasset's Island.

If the government had proved that there had been assemblages of men in arms, instigated by Burr, and intending to resist the government, it would seem that he would have been convicted and hanged.

"Treason against the United States," says the Constitution (art. 3, sect. 3), "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." A subsequent clause in the Constitution empowered Congress to pronounce the penalty of treason, which it did in the Statute of 30th of April, 1790, declaring that persons convicted of treason should "suffer death" and that persons "adjudged

guilty of misprision of treason,"—that is to say, persons who knew of the treason and did not make it known to the authorities—should be "imprisoned not exceeding seven years, and fined not exceeding a thousand dollars." This is the law of treason in the United States.

The causes of the present rebellion are immediate and remote. The remote and indirect was the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies in 1834. The immediate and direct cause was in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency. Heretofore the presidents were mostly men of Southern choice or approval, only five out of fifteen have been Northern men. The election of Mr. Lincoln appeared to cut off all the hopes the Southerners had of maintaining their ground, for they became desperate, and without waiting the course of legal constitutional measures, have plunged recklessly into the anarchy of civil war.

In answer to the question, "What does the South want?" Governor Letcher, of Virginia, replied:—"The South asks only for the fair and faithful execution of the laws passed for the protection and recovery of her property—that the North will cease to embarrass, and lend its aid to effect their execution according to their letter and spirit—that if her property shall escape and be found in the non-slaveholding States, that it be promptly restored to its rightful owner. If the North will respect and uphold the rights of the States, the Union will be perpetual, our country will continue to grow in power and influence, the people of all sections will have secured to them the blessings of peace and order, and a prosperity such as has never been known or appreciated in our past history will be the necessary result."

We get a clearer and more authentic view of what the South wanted, by an examination of the Constitution published by the Southern Confederation. It is a copy of the original Constitution of the United States with some variations, and these are so trifling, that it cannot be doubted that the Union would have agreed to their introduction into an amended Constitution legally adopted.

1. In the preamble the words—"We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character"—are substituted for the old words, "We, the people of the United States," etc. The object of this change is to assert separate State sovereignty, in-



volving the right of secession at will. The phrase "State sovereignty" is an absurdity under the Union, for how can a state be sovereign and independent when it is subject in acts which affect the *national* policy to Federal control under the power of Congress?

2. In the article on the House of Representatives, it is stated that "*no person of foreign birth, not a citizen of the Confederate States, shall be allowed to vote for any office, civil or political, State or Federal.*" No such provision is found in the old Constitution, and owing to its omission, the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and others, have granted the suffrage to foreigners before naturalization. It was to guard against this abuse that the new proviso was adopted.

3. In the section on the apportionment of representatives, the word *slaves* is substituted for the old expression, "other persons," and it is stated that the representation shall be in the ratio of not more than one representative to every 50,000, instead of 30,000, as fixed in the old Constitution.

4. The proviso of the old Constitution requiring senators to have been nine years citizens is omitted.

5. The new Constitution states that "Congress may, by law, grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures pertaining to his department." This is borrowed from the British system; with us, Ministers must be members of one or other House, and are expected to defend their policy in person. The obvious advantages of the method, both to the Government and the Opposition, commended it to the adoption of the Southern Congress.

6. Power is given to the President to approve certain appropriations, while disapproving others in the same bill. This is an obvious improvement upon the present system, which often operates to compel the Executive to sanction appropriations of which he disapproves for fear of defeating others which are necessary.

7. It is expressly stated that the revenue, to be raised by taxes and imposts, shall be "to pay the debts, provide for the common defence, and carry on the government of the Confederate States." In the old Constitution, no restriction is laid upon Congress as to the manner in which the revenue may be

employed. It is further stated that "No bounties shall be granted from the Treasury, nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be levied to promote or foster any branch of industry." Thus the axe is laid at the root of the fatal protective system which has done so much injury to the United States.

8. We now come to the most important innovations attempted in the new Constitution. The old Constitution avoided the use of the word *slave*, and called slaves "other persons." The framers of the old Constitution, who had just fought the battle of freedom and liberty, and declared "all men free and equal"—Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Adams, etc.—were all heartily ashamed of slavery, and desired to see it abolished. The framers of the new Constitution have no such scruples. In the clause respecting fugitive slaves, which is otherwise copied from the old Constitution, the word *slave* is again used. The following are other clauses bearing upon the subject of slavery:—

"The importation of negroes of the African race from any foreign country other than the slave-holding States or territories of the United States of America is hereby forbidden.

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property, and the right of property in said slaves shall not be thereby impaired.

"The Confederate States may acquire new territory, and Congress shall have power to legislate and provide governments for the inhabitants of all territory belonging to the Confederate States lying without the limits of the several States, and may permit them, at such time and in such manner as it may by law provide, to form States to be admitted into the Confederacy. In all such territory, the institution of negro slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognised and protected by Congress and by the Territorial Government, and the inhabitants of the several Confederate States and Territories shall have the right to take to such Territory any slaves lawfully held by them in any of the States or Territories of the Confederate States."

These clauses aim at the unlimited geographical extension of slavery, which is



directly opposed to a principle maintained by the Union—to confine slavery within its present boundaries.

9. Permission is given to lay export duties on articles exported from any State by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses. This is obviously with a view to lay an export duty on cotton.

10. The new Constitution fixes the Presidential term of office at six instead of four years, and renders the President ineligible. These innovations will commend themselves to all who have watched the mischief produced by the too speedy recurrence of elections, and the manoeuvres of acting Presidents for re-election. They would be gladly adopted by the people throughout the Union.

The Slavery question has frequently forced itself upon the attention of the Statesmen of the United States; but more especially on those occasions when new States were admitted into the Union. In framing the State constitutions, the question of tolerating or ignoring slavery as a permanent institution could not well be evaded. On the occasion of the admission of Kentucky into the Union, the sentiment of Washington, of Patrick Henry, of Jefferson, of George Mason, and most other eminent citizens of Virginia, favoured a policy of gradual emancipation, as was adopted by Pennsylvania in 1780; but the proposal was voted down by a large majority, and it was again rejected when the constitution of the State of Kentucky was revised in 1849.

The Missouri Controversy, in 1821, was another crisis growing out of the Slavery question. The agitation was stayed by the Compromise Act, which provided for the admission of Missouri into the Union under her Slave Constitution, on condition that slavery should, in all the remaining territories of the United States north of latitude  $36^{\circ} 30'$ , the Southern boundary of Missouri, be forever prohibited.

To secure themselves in their critical position it has ever been the policy of the South to extend the area of slavery, and thus obtain a preponderating influence in the Senate. By increasing the number of slaves they at the same time augmented the number of their own congressional representatives.

The number of representatives is permanently fixed at 233, apportioned in the following manner:—To the number of the free population, *three-fifths of the*

*number of slaves is added*; the sum forms the representative population; this, divided by 233, gives the *ratio* of population required for a representative. The representative population of each State, divided by the ratio, gives the number of representatives to which it is entitled. By this arrangement Georgia, with its 462,000 slaves, gains an addition of one representative to Congress, and Virginia of another. As the total slave population is about four millions, the Slave States have a total of twenty votes on account of their slave population, or about nine per cent. of the total representation. This unjust privilege of the Southerners appropriating to themselves the votes denied to those who ought to exercise them (for no coloured person is allowed to vote), has doubtless been the chief cause of the protracted political struggle on the slavery question.

Besides being a geographical question, slavery had also its ethical, political, and social phases, each of which has had its share in promoting the present strife. The North, which could do without slavery, preached a crusade against it on abstract grounds, on its moral iniquity and sin, totally ignoring the fact that the South could not exist without it.

Eloquent writers, with Channing at their head, urged every plea, exhausted every argument, to prove that slavery was wrong; which no one, not even the Southern slaveholders themselves, ever for a moment doubted or disputed, upon an abstract view of the question. An army of "abolitionists" sprang up, who made it their business to excite the slave against his master, to promote and foster insurrection, and to employ every other unlawful means for the realization of the great principle of "abolition."

Finding themselves thus assailed at their most vital social point, it is not to be wondered that the Southerners considered seriously how they could best meet the Northern aggression; and it must be admitted that they only resorted to purely defensive measures. To prevent their slaves from reading the inflammatory publications emanating from the North, the planters were constrained to stop teaching the young negro to read, and to expel summarily all abolitionist itinerating preachers from their territories.

It is impossible to justify the proceedings of the abolitionists, who proposed no remedy for the evil, slavery, except



unconditional emancipation. But it was surely unreasonable to expect the Southern planter should emancipate his negroes for an idea, when this act would probably entail great pecuniary loss or ruin. The abolitionists never offered compensation to those whom they required should carry out their "idea." Besides, the Southerners denied the existence of any of the evils attributed to slavery; their condition, they maintained, was a patriarchal one; that the slaves were, even from interested motives, well taken care of, not over-worked, and well fed and housed. They pointed to the "free niggers," as an indolent, shiftless, helpless lot of thieves and vagabonds, a pest to society; and with this example before them, they could not coincide with the abolitionists in their view of the immense advantages likely to arise from emancipation.

In the estimation of Southern statesmen emancipation of the negroes was a measure which involved not merely a vast destruction of property, but what was of infinitely more consequence and danger, the overthrow of the existing relation between the two races inhabiting the Southern States—the only relation, they contended, compatible with their common happiness and prosperity, or even with their existence together in the same community.

Social and political equality between the two races was impossible. To change the condition of the Africans would put them in a position of looking to the other States for support and protection; it would make them virtually the allies and dependents of other States; thus placing in the hands of those States an effectual instrument to destroy the influence and control the destiny of the rest of the Union.

The object aimed at by the abolitionists was the destruction of a relation essential to the peace, prosperity, and political influence of the slaveholding States. The means employed were organized societies and a powerful press, which strove to promote the object in view by exciting the bitterest animosity and hatred among the people of the non-slaveholding States, against the citizens and institutions of the slaveholding States. Such a proceeding tended to the erection of a powerful political party, the basis of which was hatred against the slaveholding States, and of which the necessary consequence seems to be the dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Calhoun, one of the most eminent

Southern statesmen, refused to admit, even by implication, that the existing relations between the two races in the slaveholding States was an evil. He held it to be a positive good, and developed a theory on this subject which has since obtained a wide currency and acceptance. Not only was it good morally and economically, it formed, so he maintained, the most solid and durable foundation on which to rear free political institutions.

Starting from the principle that the United States are but the States united, and that the Territories are the joint property of those States, he denied that Congress had power to make any law which should directly or indirectly deprive any State of its full and equal right in this common Territory; and that any law operating to prevent the citizens of any of the States from emigrating with their property into any of the Territories, would be a violation of the constitution, and would tend directly to subvert the Union.

He maintained that the slave-holding States were the conservative balance of the Union, and that it was essential to their own safety, and that of the Union, that they should continue to have at least an equality in the Senate, an equality to be maintained at all hazard.

He insisted that the toleration at the North of societies, presses, and lectures, which called in question the right of the slaveholders to their slaves, could not be acquiesced in without the certain destruction of the relation of master and slave, and the ruin of the South. To the question, what remedy there was short of a dissolution of the Union, he replied, "Only one—retaliation." The violation of the Constitution on the part of the North must be met by refusing to fulfil stipulations in their favour, of which the most efficient was the cutting off of their ships and commerce from entering into Southern ports. But to make this measure effectual, all the Southern seaboard and Gulf States must join in it.

It is necessary, he urged, that every constitutional effort should be used to suppress agitation on the slavery question. This is necessary as much for the happiness and future prospects of the slaves as for the security of the master. Before this storm began to rage the laws in regard to slaves had been really ameliorated by the slave-holding States; they enjoyed many privileges which were



unknown in former times. In some of the Slave States prospective and gradual emancipation was publicly and seriously discussed; but now, thanks to the abolitionists, the slaves have been deprived of those privileges, and while the integrity of the Union is endangered, their prospect of final emancipation is delayed to an indefinite period. To leave this question where the constitution has left it, to the slave-holding States themselves, is equally dictated by a humane regard for the slaves as well as for their masters.

On another occasion, he went into an elaborate history of the rise and progress of abolition at the North. He complained that the South had encouraged and aided it by admitting political fellowship with politicians who coquetted with abolitionists. He insisted that if the South wished to save the Union, or save herself, she must rouse to instant action, such as would evince her fixed determination to hold no connexion with any party in the North not prepared to enforce the guarantees of the constitution in favour of the South. By taking that course, a host of true and faithful allies would rally to their support even in the North, or, if not, it would only prove that the South had but herself to depend upon.

In a speech (March, 1849) he declared his belief from the first that the agitation of the subject of slavery would, if not prevented by some timely and effective measure, end in disunion. It had, however, gone on till the Union was palpably in danger. The question now was, How can the Union be preserved? The agitation of the slavery question, and the many aggressions to which it had given rise was, no doubt, one cause of the Southern discontent; but back of that lay another and more potent one. The equilibrium which had existed between the two sections of the Union when the Constitution was framed, had been destroyed, and the South was every day sinking in the scale. This had been brought about by Federal legislation, in excluding the South from the common territory, and overburdening her with taxes; to which was to be added a radical change in the character of the Federal Government, by which it had concentrated all the powers of the system in itself, and had been transformed from a Federal Republic, as it originally was, into a great national consolidated democracy. That equilibrium could only be restored by an amendment of the Constitution. This amendment it would

appear to have been the election of two Presidents, one from the Free, the other from the Slave States, each to approve of acts of Congress before they could become laws.

We must leave the Southerners to the full enjoyment of their views and opinions on this difficult question, contenting ourselves with pointing to the example of another slaveholding nation, on the southern continent of America—to Brazil, where the prejudice against colour in the human family does not exist. Slavery in Brazil, though often attended with circumstances of individual hardship, has not produced the distinctions of caste which attend it in the United States. The laws of the country render manumission easy, and, once emancipated, the negro finds every calling and office as fully open to him as to the white man. In the army or navy, in commerce, agriculture, or manufactures, in social or political position, colour is no barrier to the highest success. From this, it results that the danger of insurrection does not exist; the humblest slave looks forward with hope, not only to future freedom, but to wealth and power.

If this state of things could be brought about in the United States, slavery would be stripped of most of its horrors; but emancipation in the face of the present social status of the negro would be a cruelty, and an unmitigated evil. Even in the Free States the negro, his own master, seems condemned to fill only the lowest menial offices in society. Contending in the labour market with the lowest class of Irish and German labourers, they are the chimney sweeps and nightmen, the hewers of wood and drawers of water; they are drudges and waiters at hotels, but few aspire to handicraft,—a stray tailor or carpenter may be met with occasionally, but at present the free negro has shown little aptitude to rise in the social scale. How much of this depression is due to an utter want of education, time will show.

Among the most singular delusions current in the United States is that which supposes a combination to exist among the English aristocracy for the overthrow of the free institutions of America. It is maintained that the abolition of slavery in the West Indies was not a philanthropic measure, but a scheme to effect the ruin of the United States. It was calculated that the manumission of the slaves would natu-



rally create an enthusiastic anti-slavery sentiment in England and America, and that in America this would, in process of time, excite a hostility between the Free States and the Slave States, which would end in the dissolution of the American Union, and the consequent failure of the grand experiment of democratic government; and that the ruin of democracy in America would be the perpetuation of aristocracy in England. The believers in this singular notion are little aware that, at the present day, England is virtually more democratic than America itself. That the manumission of the British slaves was the primary cause of the present feud between the North and the South may be readily admitted, but that the English aristocracy supported that measure with the ultimate sinister intention attributed to them by the Americans, is too ridiculous a notion to obtain serious credence for a moment.

Prior to the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, the character of the American anti-slavery movement was eminently kind, considerate, rational, and Christian. It had already happily effected the gradual but total abolition of slavery in all the Northern States, and was, at the time, very active in the border Slave States, especially among the slaveholders, who, after individually emancipating scores of thousands of their own slaves, united with each other in anti-slavery societies to promote the gradual, but eventually total, abolition of slavery by law in their respective States, with fair prospects of success in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and with some hope even in North Carolina and Tennessee—the emancipation of the slaves in most of these states to go hand in hand with their removal to other lands.

Immediately after the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, anti-slavery societies of a very different character were formed in New England. These societies were based on the principle of hostility and hatred to all slaveholders, and a fierce denunciation of the measures which had been framed with great consideration and wisdom by Southern slaveholders for the welfare of their slaves, and the elevation of the Negro race. It is known that the supporters of these New England anti-slavery societies established newspapers, published tracts, employed lecturers, and devised plans, evidently intended to irritate Southern men, and excite them to

acts which would irritate Northern men, and provoke retaliatory acts; and thus by continued angry action and reaction, ripen a hostility between the North and the South, which would naturally end in a dissolution of the American Union. This system of hostility after being persisted in with all the rancour and hatred of a religious war, has at length led to the result meditated by the insane promoters of a strife they cannot quell.

It is just possible that in the blindness of their zeal, the New Englanders never really anticipated the present catastrophe to the drama they were enacting. As soon as danger looked imminent they strove to check, at least, if not to quell, the demon of strife they had evoked. A riot took place at Boston in December last, on the occasion of an attempt by Garrison, Redpath, Sanborn, Douglass, and other abolitionists, to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of the fanatic John Brown, who had endeavoured to excite a rebellion among the slaves in Virginia, and who met the fate his nefarious attempt so well merited.

No sooner, however, had the abolitionists appeared in the hall, than a number of the citizens of Boston proceeded to organize the meeting. This was resisted by the abolitionists, and a scuffle ensued; but the Union men carried their point, and organized the meeting by electing a chairman, who delivered a calm speech in spite of frequent interruptions from Frederick Douglass. The following resolutions were put and carried.

*Whereas*, That it is fitting upon the occasion of the anniversary of the execution of John Brown for his piratical and bloody attempt to create an insurrection among the slaves of Virginia, for the people of this Commonwealth to assemble, and to express their horror of the man and of the principles which led to the foray; therefore it is

*Resolved*, 1. That no virtuous and law-abiding citizen of this Commonwealth ought to countenance, sympathize with, or hold communion with, any man who believes that John Brown and his aiders and abettors in that nefarious enterprise were *right* in any sense of that word.

“2. That the present perilous juncture in our political affairs, in which our existence as a nation is imperilled, requires of every citizen who loves his country to come forward and to express his sense of the value of the Union, alike important to the free labour of the North, the slave labour of the South, and to the interests



of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of the world.

"3. That we tender to our brethren in Virginia our warmest thanks for the conservative spirit they have manifested, notwithstanding the unprovoked and lawless attack made upon them by John Brown and his associates, acting if not with the connivance, at least with the sympathy of a few fanatics of the Northern States, and that we hope they will still continue to aid us in opposing the fanaticism which is even now attempting to subvert the Constitution and the Union.

"4. That the people of this city have submitted too long in allowing irresponsible individuals and political demagogues of every description to hold public meetings to disturb the public peace and misrepresent us abroad. They have become a nuisance, which in self-defence we are determined shall henceforward be summarily abated.

"5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the persons named in the call for this meeting."

After these resolutions were passed, speeches were made by Frederick Douglass and others, and the meeting ended in the expulsion of the abolitionists and negroes from the hall by main force.

This reaction, which shows that the New Englanders were not disposed to carry matters to the last extremity, praiseworthy as it may appear, nevertheless was manifested too late. The die was cast.

The immediate cause of the American rebellion, as before stated, was the election of Mr. Lincoln as President. During the last presidential election, the two great political parties were Republican and Democratic, under which banners the North and the South were respectively arrayed. As Mr. Lincoln represented the Republican party, the Southern Democrats considered their cause in imminent danger, and prepared for action. Mr. Buchanan, the ex-President, in his last message to Congress, made a vain effort to calm the troubled sea by pouring on it the oil of his eloquence. He said, that the election of Lincoln did not of itself justify secession, and that the South had nothing to apprehend inimical to its interests. That no act ever passed Congress that was hostile to the South except the Missouri Compromise. The decision in the Dred Scott case proved that the territories are and must remain open to Southern men with their property. The only actual injury inflicted upon the

South has been the passage by State legislatures of acts nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. If these remained unrepealed, the South would be justified in revolutionary resistance.

He went on to say, that the Union being in its nature perpetual, no State enjoys a right of secession under the Constitution. He added, however, that every State enjoys the right of revolution. In his opinion, Congress had no power to coerce a State to remain in the Union, and if it had the power it would be unwise to exert it.

He then made a warm appeal to the patriotism of the South to forbear in the purpose of Disunion, and recommended an amendment of the Constitution. This explanatory amendment might be confined to the final settlement of the true construction of the Constitution on three special points:—

1st. An express recognition of the right of property in Slaves in the States where slavery now exists, or may hereafter exist.

2nd. The duty of protecting this right in all the common Territories throughout their territorial existence, and until they become admitted as States into the Union, with or without slavery, as their Constitutions may prescribe.

3rd. A like recognition of the right of the master to have his slave, who has escaped from one State to another, restored and "delivered up" to him; and of the validity of the Fugitive Slave Law, enacted for this purpose, together with a declaration that all State laws impairing or defeating this right are violations of the Constitution, and are consequently null and void.

Mr. Buchanan's conduct while in office had been unsatisfactory to both parties; he had inspired no confidence, won no respect; his words were cast to the winds, and his term of office having expired, he went out like the snuff of a candle, in bad odour.

The conflicting interests which have prevailed in the United States from their earliest existence, have gradually spread wider and wider with increase of territory, and become more deeply rooted by the influence of political agencies. The position of the Southern slaveholder has been one of extreme difficulty and peril. Surrounded by Free States, to which the excursive negro might fly when opportunity afforded and inclination prompted, the planter has had as much difficulty in retaining his "human chattels," as there



would be in preserving game in Battersea Park, and were he as cruel as represented by sentimental abolitionist novelists, it would have been impossible to have retained possession of his slaves as he has done.

Abolitionist missionaries are always on the watch to induce negroes to run away, and to facilitate their speedy transit to Canada by the "underground railroad." For a slave is a slave even in the so-called "Free states," and his owner can claim him, under certain conditions, wherever he may find him. This right has, however, been disputed on several occasions, giving rise to fierce contentions between North and South, and ripening the hostility into the deadly feud that now exists.

It would be absurd to draw our notions of the condition of the slave from such sources as the romance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That story is written by an "abolitionist," for the purpose of creating anti-slavery capital. The negro cannot miss a blessing he never enjoyed, nor would know how to use if he did possess it. A child in captivity, as restless and as fond of play, he is utterly incapable of taking care of himself; and with only his own sweet self for a master, he would, and does, in most cases, prefer thieving to working. In exchange for his food, lodging, and clothing, the slave knows he must work; but he is rarely overtaken, nay, as a general rule, he is treated with indulgence, and enjoys many privileges which the white servant may envy but seldom obtain.

Now there is one element in the condition of the slave that would almost reconcile us to its worst features. When, after long years of service, he has become old and infirm, and no longer capable of performing profitable work for his master, he is not subject to be turned away to die in a workhouse. So long as he lives his master must provide for him, and give him decent burial when he dies. For the most part, the negro's is a happy and an enviable lot, to those who have only animal wants to supply: his aspirations are not very lofty, and his ideas of freedom are akin to those of a boy who thinks happiness consists in running away from school.

Great allowance must, however, be made for the depressing moral influence he labours under, in consequence of the deeply-rooted prejudice against the colour of his skin. He is not permitted to ride in a public vehicle with white men, nor to sit at the same table. At churches

and theatres there is a gallery apart provided for "niggers;" and this term has become of such profound contempt, that to call a negro a "nigger" is a sure provocation of revenge, sometimes deadly.

There is an American Colonization Society, established in 1820, whose office it is to promote and execute a plan for colonizing, with their own consent, the free people of colour residing in the United States, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall deem expedient. This society was fortunate from the first in enlisting the aid of men of the highest ability, and the most eminent social and political position, in its measures. They have sent out about 10,000 emigrants, of whom about one-half are residents in Liberia. This project found favour with the Southern States, which formed large expectations that the Colonization Society would rid them of the free negroes, whose presence in a Slave State is always regarded with distrust and dissatisfaction. This expectation has proved fallacious; for the number of free blacks has increased, especially in the seaboard states, with great rapidity.

The constitution of the United States seems to be somewhat imperfectly understood in this country; the reason probably being that no similar government exists with which it may be compared. Italy has recently presented some analogy to the American Union, in the aggregation of its several states, and the election of a king by the voice of the people. But Italy is now an hereditary monarchy, and not a republic.

When the several States that originally formed the American Union threw off their allegiance to the British Crown, they ultimately constituted themselves a Commonwealth, not a confederation of States. By this measure they became a free nation, possessing as strong an individuality in the aggregate, as the sovereign of a monarchical state. Every national act is the act of the majority of the whole people conveyed through their elected representatives, and the executive in the person of the president, who is the embodiment of the national will and authority.

Each separate State has a local internal government of its own; has its elected representatives and governor; but it can perform no *national* act, such as coining money, nor issue bank-notes or bills of credit, nor pass *ex post facto* laws, nor laws impairing the obligations of contracts, nor maintain armies and navies,



nor grant letters of marque, nor make compacts with other States, nor hold intercourse with foreign Powers, nor grant titles of nobility; the position of the individual States in relation to the concrete Union may be likened, in its internal government, jurisdiction, &c., to the City of London, with its local administration, privileges, &c., under a lord mayor, alderman, &c., in its relations to the general Government of the United Kingdom.

Under the pressure of the ever-increasing evils of slavery, there have not been wanting statesmen in America who have held the doctrine that the Union was merely a confederation of the States, leagued together for mutual convenience and support against foreign aggression, but which might separate from each other whenever so minded. But the highest and most respected authorities are decidedly opposed to such a dangerous theory.

The Union is a concrete of the whole people, one portion of which has no power to detach itself, or separate from the other portions, any more than an individual sovereign of a kingdom could separate the limbs from his body, and expect each portion to survive with a continuous living existence. By the same process as that by which the Constitution was framed by the chosen delegates of the people in 1787, the people can revise, remodel, or revoke their existing Constitution, and frame another, which, being the act and will of the majority, would be binding upon the whole people. This would be a legal measure, and in such manner should the seceding States have proceeded had they wished to succeed in severing the bonds that united them to the national body.

It is very evident that the Southern States by resorting to arms, by seizing upon the *national* defences and turning them against the sovereign people, have committed an illegal and wholly unjustifiable act, instigated by the erroneous views some of their statesmen have taken of the nature of the national compact. It is no more competent for Virginia or Carolina to secede from the Union, than it is for Kent or Lancashire to separate themselves from Great Britain, and set up for independent states or kingdoms, with a Jack Cade or Wat Tyler for king.

Great Britain might say to the Isle of Wight, or Jersey, or Alderney,—“Go, we will have nothing more to do with you;” but it is not competent for them to use the same language to Great Britain, because

in all free governments the minority must defer to the will of the majority.

We cannot conclude, therefore, that the overt acts of the Southern States constitute a revolution, in the strict sense of that term, for a people cannot revolt against itself. It is simply a rebellion. In the United States there is no antagonistic governing power or authority; the people govern themselves by means of an executive power to whom the majority of the people delegate their authority.

What should we think of the county of Kent, if its people, feeling themselves aggrieved, were to seize upon Woolwich arsenal, Chatham dockyards, and Dover Castle, and convert this public property to their own illegal purposes? Should we not treat the men of Kent as rebels and traitors, and hang them after legal trial? By the same rule, the Southern secessionists must be regarded as rebels and traitors to the Commonwealth. If they suffer wrongs, let them seek a legal remedy; for such only can prove effectual. What will it avail them to kill, burn, and destroy? They cannot hope to subdue the North, and in the end they must appeal to the same source of justice and equity as was open to them at the beginning of the crisis. It is hardly possible that after this conflict slavery can continue on American soil. Emancipation seems out of the question, the Southerners will, in self-preservation, have to adopt a suggestion often thrown out in times past, when this question of slavery was dispassionately mooted. They must obtain a Cuba or a Hayti, and transport themselves and their negroes thither, and there pursue cotton and sugar growing unmolested.

Were the Southern States to be abandoned by the slaveholders and their chattels, it would not do to let the land lie waste, and become infested with pirates and buccaneers; and yet without African labour it is difficult to conceive how cultivation could be carried on. Perhaps Chinese immigrants, so successful as labourers in tropical regions, may come to the rescue; but even here prejudice will thwart the wisest and best conceived plans.

The anomaly of slavery—in a nation whose very constitution is based on the admission that “all men are born free and equal”—must be removed. So long as it remains it will be a bone of contention between the North and the South. At every point of view the question is beset with immense difficulties, which must,



from their conflicting nature, baffle the sagacity of the wisest statesmen.

The comparative wealth and resources of the two sections is a matter of the highest importance, as from it some clue to the issue may be gained. The Southern States combined, constitute a powerful nation. The free population, at the last census, was 7,657,395, and Slaves 3,912,036. Southern men are brave, accustomed to the use of arms, and as highly skilled in military tactics as the Northern men, and are fully as well officered. They have as much of the sinews of war as they will require for the present, something near five millions sterling in specie, and their troops would take pay in bonds or notes, however depreciated. They can raise plenty of corn, pork, and vegetables for their subsistence. They commenced the war with a capital of seven or eight millions of repudiated debts. They are thoroughly persuaded they are in the right, and call upon God to bless their cause, which is Independence. But be the issue what it may, they cannot fail to be great losers and sufferers by illegal secession.

The population of the Free States amounts to 18,950,759. Every man able to bear arms is at the service of the Government. In the rebellious States a certain number of men are required at home to keep the Slaves in subjection. By a law of Louisiana, planters are obliged to keep on their plantations a sufficient force of white men to resist a negro insurrection. Custom renders the same practice imperative in the other Slave States. Thus from the 7,657,395 whites of the rebellious States must be deducted a large body of adult males who are at home to defend the women and children from the negroes. In the three cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, the banks hold about ten millions sterling in specie. When the Government asked for eight millions of dollars on loan, thirty-four millions were offered, and it could borrow a hundred millions a year, if required, at a moderate rate of interest. It is known that an attempt to negotiate one million sterling of Confederate bonds resulted in failure. The Southern savings-banks contain so little money as not to be worth recording in statistical reports; while in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, the working classes have deposited some £25,000,000 in savings-banks. If, therefore, as his-

torians assure us, money be the sinews of war, a very brief campaign must settle the question in favour of the North.

Mechanical appliances are as essential in war as men and money. In these the pre-eminence of the North is unquestionable. Mechanical arts cannot thrive side by side with slavery. The region of the Southern States is purely agricultural. There is a foundry at Richmond, Virginia, at which arms and munitions of war are manufactured, and there are a few small shops in other Southern States where Northern mechanics turn out a few guns. But with rare exceptions, every pistol, rifle, musket, cannon, sword, bayonet, and bowie-knife, and every pound of powder, every box of caps, every cartridge, every shell, every fusee, and every bullet or ball that is used by Southern troops was made at the North, and cannot be replaced at the South. From the hour the Government occupies the Richmond foundry, and blockades the Southern forts, the supply of arms to the rebels will be stopped. Every cartridge burned after that time will be an irretrievable loss. Nor is there any chance that foundries will be established at the South. Slaveholders dare not. The most magnificent pasture-lands in America are untilled, because the Southern whites dare not trust their slaves with scythes to mow hay; much less would they suffer armouries and factories to be established where negroes might obtain powder, ball, and edged tools. In the North, on the other hand, the prospect is that every male adult will in the course of a few weeks be supplied with the most perfect weapons of modern warfare, and that the highest efforts of mechanical skill and modern engineering talent will be at the service of the Government.

Again, in wars between regions which have both a large coast surface, much depends on the respective tonnage of the belligerents. In this respect the power of the Government is to the power of the rebels as four hundred to one. Where they have a thousand tons the Government has four hundred thousand. All the great steam-ships and clipper-vessels, all the fast yachts, and most of the small steamers and propellers are owned at the North. New York alone can fit out, in thirty days, a fleet sufficient to capture every Southern vessel and blockade every Southern port.

In the face of these facts, what can the South hope for from this rebellion?



## SERVANTS AND TRADESMEN.

THE time is surely come for a new edition of Dean Swift's "Directions to Servants." They have learned so thoroughly the lesson which he ironically taught them, that they are now ready to take a further step. The march of intellect has told on all arts and sciences, and among others its progress is most visible on the ingenious and varied Christian art of "taking-in the missus." Education, which strengthens all the powers of the mind, has not failed of its due effect upon the Spartan talents which are most in request in the kitchen and the servants' hall. The servants of our day are as much superior to Dean Swift's contemporaries in the address and the decorum with which the operation of fleecing is carried on, as the Suez Canal is superior to the South Sea scheme.

A case which has recently appeared in one of the police courts illustrates the extent to which the system is organized, and the perverted morality by which it is sanctioned. A fishmonger's porter was taken up by the steward of one of the clubs for being found walking away with a basketful of meat, containing a beef-steak and some pieces of cooked meat besides. On the trial, the man's master appeared in his defence, and swore that it was the practice among the servants of all the clubs to give away the meat belonging to the club to the fishmongers' men, in consideration of alleged assistance given in the kitchen. There was nothing very odd in the fact that servants should employ their master's property to pay others for doing their own work. But the strange thing was, that the fishmonger himself, a well-known and very respectable man, appeared to see nothing objectionable in the transaction, and was quite ready to avow the custom. The boldness with which he came forward to back up his own servant showed that in his belief the porter had acted up to the strictest laws of honesty. It is a curious illustration of the morality which prevails even among the best of the tradesman class. But it illustrates still more strongly the fact that it is to the tradesmen quite as much as to the servants that the prevailing dishonesty is owing. If it were merely one servant, or a set of servants, who had acquired habits of inveterate pilfering, it would be easy to get rid of them and the pilfering together.

But no amount of change will expel the contagion from a luckless employer's house. The tradition is kept up by those whose interest it principally serves. A temporary palliative may be obtained by bringing in rustics fresh from the country, or foreigners from abroad; and during the time which they take in passing through the apprenticeship of the art, your heavy contributions will be remitted. But their teachers are always on the spot—for you cannot dismiss all the tradesmen of the neighbourhood—and the lesson does not take very long to learn. It has its *curriculum*, ranging from the alphabet of picking and pillering to the complete mastery of the science of wholesale theft, which only the most advanced scholars can attain. The various pupils show a different aptitude, and reach to different degrees.

All these various classes of the light-fingered school, some at least of the tradesmen of the locality are perfectly competent to instruct: and they are all the keener tutors that there is scarcely any possible theft which the householder can suffer which is not a gain to them. But they adapt their teaching to the pupil's powers. They do not give strong meat to babes, or propose direct fraud to innocent rustics. *Nemo repente fuit a stealer of spoons.* The *Pilferer's Progress*, or the *Development of the Perquisite*, would be a promising subject for a modern Hogarth to undertake. The first picture would represent the grocer's boy impressing upon the country girl who had just assumed the responsibilities of housemaid, that gentlemen always consumed plenty of soap and candles, &c. &c., and that no one was a real gentleman who cared about the money. He would point the admonition by showing her the bill that had just been run up next door, and asking her if she wished No. 6 to be thought less genteel than No. 7. The next stage would be the petition of the same zealous youth to be taken in as a follower—i.e., to be allowed to contribute his own appetite to the task of enabling the master to run up such a butcher's bill as a respectable family ought to be able to show. The example of No. 7 would be again adduced as a right sort of place, where the servants never sat down to dinner without one friend or follower a-piece. Picture third would show these golden dreams verified, and a merry party sitting



down to supper at nine o'clock, with goodly fare before them and no stint of ale-jugs and black bottles. Or, perhaps, the artist would prefer to select the end of the evening, when the good fare would have issued in a jovial skirmish, emulous "followers" pitching the crockery at each other's heads, and an imaginary and unseasonable mistletoe-bough performing its due, and something more than its due part. On the dresser letters must be lying, to represent that the master is out of town. Picture four would contain the transition from the thievery of waste to the thievery of profit. First comes the bribing stage. The rival grocer covets a share in this great harvest, and is represented counting out some money before the housemaid, and teaching her what accusations she is to make to her master against the competitor whom he is anxious to oust. In the corner might be depicted the butler with a heap of bills before him, casting up the percentages he exacts from every tradesman his master employs, or, with bullying gestures, threatening a cringing greengrocer by his side with immediate dismissal unless the Christmas-box is doubled. The next step is actual plunder, still within the possible limits of a perquisite. The rustic maid-servant, accompanied by the grocer's boy, now a full-blown follower, is visiting the marine-store shop round the corner. Behind the counter is the marine-store-dealer, himself a veteran servant, and therefore sympathizing with the circumstances of his customers, and well versed in the doctrine of perquisites. All round would be the various articles which by custom are subject to pay tithe to the domestic pilferer—coals, candles, clothes, linen of all kinds, and old brass—such as bell-handles and lock-scutcheons, which the street-boys are always said to pull off—and a vast number of other matters as well, besides the more legitimate items of medicine bottles and dripping. The price of all these things is ostentatiously posted in the window for the information and edification of yet undeveloped maid-servants. Lastly comes the step into the region of palpable crime. The estimable type of her profession, who is the heroine of this series, has been dismissed for some one of her sins, and she takes a Parthian shot at her master. She goes to all the tradesmen he employs, and is represented ordering home in his name all the most expensive things she can think of. The

tradesman takes the orders with a knowing grin; for though he is perfectly conscious that she will pawn every one of them the moment they are sent home, he also knows that, by the admirable provisions of the law of England, the master will be made to pay.

This imaginary picture is a picture of no imaginary facts. All who have paid any attention to the matter know how systematically and scientifically even the worst of the practices we have glanced at are pursued. The owners of large houses, if they were to avail themselves of the services of a detective in the matter, would, in the majority of cases, be perfectly astounded at the amount which is levied by their servants upon their tradesmen, and therefore indirectly upon themselves, in the shape of percentages and Christmas-boxes.

This intimate relation which exists in London between servants and tradesmen explains another well-known fact, which it is otherwise difficult to account for. It seems inexplicable, at first sight, that London should practically be a dearer place to live in than other capitals. Manufactures are cheaper in London than in Paris, house-rent is cheaper, and food, taken altogether, is not dearer. Yet it is possible to live in greater comfort in Paris on a small income than it is in London. The advantage of Paris lies in the smaller number of servants, and the smaller chances of pilfering which a Parisian's habits of life involve. The mere keep and wages of an extra servant would not alone make the difference. That which insensibly raises the Londoner's expenses in a manner which, with price-currents before him, seems an unfathomable mystery, is the organized system of plunder which the social habits of the country enable an unprincipled servant to carry on. The plan of keeping house gives a London servant opportunities which he cannot have under a master who lives in a flat and employs a *traiteur*. The Parisian system places in antagonism the interests of the tradesman and the servant—the two conspirators who combine to fleece the Londoner. As it is not probable that English habits will change, we fear we must acquiesce in the prospect of paying the black-mail of perquisite for many generations to come. But all householders who can afford it owe it to society to do what the Reform Club has done—to prosecute the malefactors whenever they do chance to detect them.





THE STRANGER.

## THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

## CHAPTER I.

MR. HERMANN SCHULTZ.

ON the 6th July of last year I was watering my petunias at about six in the morning, meditating no mischief, when I saw a tall, light-haired, and beardless young man stalk in, wearing a German student's cap and gold spectacles. A wide alpaca paletot flapped idly round his person like a sail along a mast when the breeze has fallen. He wore no gloves; his clumsy shoes had enormously thick soles, so wide that the foot was surrounded by a little shelf. In his coat pocket, near the region of his heart, a large porcelain pipe was modelled in relief, and vaguely designed its profile beneath the glistening stuff. I did not think even of asking the stranger whether he had studied at the German universities, but put down my watering-pot, and greeted him with a well-sounding "*Guten Morgen*."

"Sir," he said to me, in his French, but with a deplorable accent, "my name

is Hermann Schultz. I have spent several months in Greece, and your work on that country has been my constant companion."

This opening filled my heart with a gentle joy. The stranger's voice seemed to me more melodious than Mozart's music; and I bent a glance sparkling with gratitude on his gold spectacles. You cannot believe, proud reader, how fond we authors grow of those who have taken the trouble to read our scribbling. For my part, if I ever have wished to be rich, it was to settle annuities on all those who read me.

I took this excellent young man by the hand, therefore, and made him sit down on the best bench in the garden—for we have two. He told me that he was a botanist, and had a commission from the Hamburg Gardens; while filling his herbal he observed, as well as he could, the country, the animals, and the people. His simple descriptions, his short and correct views, reminded me slightly of

the manner of the worthy Herodotus. He expressed himself awkwardly, but with a candour that compelled confidence, and he laid on his words the stress belonging to a man thoroughly convinced. He was enabled to give me news, if not of the whole of Athens, at least of the principal persons I had noticed in my book; and in the course of the conversation he enunciated some general ideas which seemed to me the more judicious because I had developed them before him. After an hour's conversation we were intimate friends.

I do not remember which of us first uttered the word, brigandage. Travellers who have visited Italy talk about painting; those who have been in England dwell on commercial culprits; each country has its specialty.

"My dear sir," I asked the delightful stranger, "did you meet with any brigands? Is it true, as has been asserted, that some are still left in Greece?"

"It is only too true," he answered gravely. "I lived for a fortnight in the power of the terrible Hadji Stavros, surnamed the King of the Mountains, and hence can speak from experience. If you have leisure, and the prospect of a long story does not frighten you, I am ready to give you the details of my adventure. You can make what you like of it, a romance, a novel, or, better still (for it is historical), an additional chapter for that small book in which you have collected so many true statements."

"You are really too kind," I said to him; "and both my ears are at your service. Let us go into my study; it will not be so warm there as in the garden, and the scent of the mignonette and sweet peas will reach us."

He followed me, and as he walked along hummed a popular Greek ditty.

He seated himself on a sofa, tucked his legs under him like Arab story-tellers, took off his paletot, to be at his ease, lit his pipe, and began telling his story. I was at my writing-table, and took down his statements in short-hand.

I have ever been of an unsuspecting nature, especially with those who pay me compliments. Still the amiable stranger told me such astounding things, that I asked myself several times if he were not making a tool of me. But his voice was so confident, his blue eyes poured forth such limpid glances upon me, that my touch of suspicion disappeared as it had arisen.

He spoke without cessation till half-past twelve. If he interrupted himself twice or thrice, it was only to light his pipe. He smoked regularly, with even puffs, like the 'scape-pipe of a steam-engine. Whenever I happened to lift my eyes to him, I saw him calm and smiling in the centre of a cloud, like Jupiter in the fifth act of *Amphitryon*.

A servant came to say that lunch was ready. Hermann sat down opposite me; and the slight suspicion that thrilled through me could not hold out against his appetite. I said to myself that a good stomach rarely accompanies a bad conscience. The young German was too good a trencherman to be an unfaithful narrator, and his voracity responded for his veracity. Struck with this idea, I confessed, as I handed him the strawberries, that I had for an instant doubted his good faith. He merely answered with an angelic smile.

I spent the day with my new friend, and did not complain of the slowness of time. At five in the afternoon he put out his pipe, drew on his paletot, and shook my hand in farewell. I answered—

"We shall meet again soon."

"No," he said, with a shake of his head; "for I start by the seven o'clock train, and dare not hope ever to see you again."

"Leave me your address, then. I



A TEST OF TRUTH.

have not yet given up the pleasures of travelling, and I may possibly visit Hamburg."

"Unfortunately, I do not myself know where I shall pitch my tent. Germany is vast, and it is not certain that I shall remain a citizen of Hamburg."

"If I publish your story, though, I should like to send you a copy."

"Do not take that trouble. So soon as the book has appeared, it will be



pirated by Wolfgang Gerhard of Leipzig, and I shall read it. Good-bye."

When he had gone, I attentively read over the story he had dictated to me. I found in it a few improbable details, but nothing that formally contradicted what I had seen and heard during my residence in Greece.

Still, at the moment of handing the MS. to the printer, a scruple restrained me. Suppose some mistakes had slipped into Hermann's narrative? In my quality as editor was I not to a certain extent responsible? Publishing the history of the King of the Mountains without confirmation would expose me to the paternal reprimands of the *Journal des Débats*, the contradictions of the Athenian press writers, and the blackguardism of the *Spectator of the East*. That clearsighted journal had already invented the story that I was hunchbacked, then ought I to furnish it with the occasion of calling me blind?

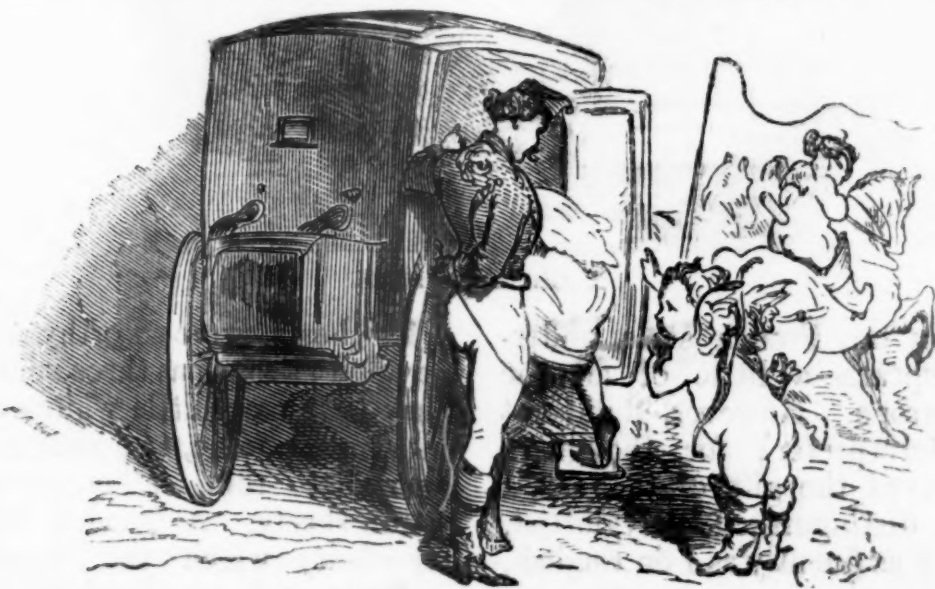
In this state of perplexity I determined on making two copies of the MS. I sent the first to a man worthy of faith, a Greek of Athens, Mr. Patriotis Pseftis, begging him to point out to me without ceremony, and with a frank sincerity, the errors of my young friend, and I promised to print his answer at the end of the volume.

In the meanwhile, I offer to public curiosity the actual text of Hermann's story. I will not add a word to it, but respect even the most enormous improbabilities. If I were to become the corrector of the young German, it would render me, by the mere fact, his accomplice. I therefore withdraw discreetly, and it is Hermann who addresses you, whilst smoking his porcelain pipe and smiling behind his gold spectacles.

## CHAPTER II.

PHOTINI.

You can guess, by the age of my clothes, that I have not a thousand a year. My father is an innkeeper, ruined by the railways. He eats bread in good years, potatoes in bad. I will add that there are six of us children, all with splendid teeth. On the day when I gained the Travelling Fellowship of the Botanical Gardens, there was a holiday in our family. Not only did my departure increase the pittance of each of my brothers, but I was also going to receive ten pounds a month, and twenty pounds down to defray my travelling expenses. From that moment they gave up the habit of calling me the Doctor, and christened me the cattle-merchant, for I seemed so rich. My brothers fully expected that I should be appointed Professor at the University on my return from Athens, but my father had another idea—he hoped I should come back married. In his capacity of innkeeper he had witnessed several romances, and was convinced that glorious adventures are only met with on the high road. He mentioned, at least three times a week, the marriage of the Princess Ypsoff and Lieutenant Reynauld. The Princess occupied room No. 1, with her two ladies'-maids and her cousin, and paid twenty florins a day. The French lieutenant was perched in No. 17, under the roof, and paid a florin and a half, including board, and yet, after a month's stay at the hotel, he set off in a carriage with the Russian lady. Now, why should a princess carry off a lieutenant with her in her carriage unless to marry him? My poor father, with his paternal eyes, thought me handsomer and



LOVE IN A POST-CHAISE.

more elegant than Lieutenant Reynauld, and did not doubt that I should, sooner or later, meet with the princess who was to enrich us. If I did not see her at a *table d'hôte*, I should find her in the train; if the railways were not propitious to me, we had the steamers left us. On the evening before my departure we drank an old bottle of Rhenish, and accident willed it that the last drop fell into my glass. The excellent man wept with joy—it was a certain presage, and nothing could prevent me from marrying within the year. I respected his illusions, and I took care not to remind him that princesses did not ordinarily travel in the third class. As for lodgings, my money condemned me to select modest inns, where princesses do not put up. The fact is, that I landed at the Piræus without having sketched out the slightest romance.

The army of occupation had raised the price of everything at Athens. The Hôtel d'Angleterre, the Hôtel d'Orient, the Stranger's Hotel, were unapproachable. The Chancellor of the Prussian

Legation, for whom I had a letter of recommendation, was kind enough to look out lodgings for me. He took me to a pastrycook, Christodulos by name, at the corner of the Palace-square, where I obtained board and lodging for four pounds a month. Christodulos is an old Pallikari, decorated with the iron cross in memory of the War of Independence. He is lieutenant of his phalanx, and receives his pay behind the counter. He wears the national costume—the red cap with blue tassel, the silver-embroidered jacket, white petticoat, and gilded garters—to sell ices and cakes. His wife, Maroula, is of enormous size, like all Greek women who have passed the age of fifty. Her husband bought her for eighty piastres at the height of the war, when her sex cost rather dear. She was born on the island of Hydra, but dresses herself after the Athenian fashion—a black velvet jacket, a light-coloured petticoat, and a handkerchief wound in her hair. Neither Christodulos nor his wife knows a word of German, but their son, Dimitri, who is a guide to strangers,

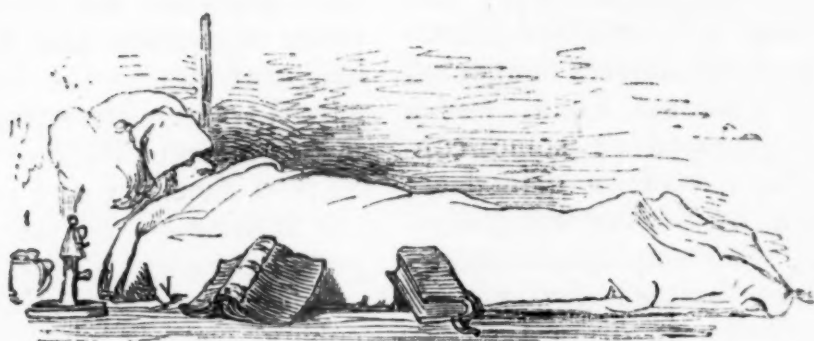


A GRECIAN HERO.

and dresses in the French style, understands and speaks a little of all the dialects of Europe. However, I did not require an interpreter; for, though I have not received the gift of tongues, I am a rather distinguished polyglottist, and talk Greek as fluently as I do English, Italian, and French.

My hosts were worthy people—you may find as many as three such in Athens. They gave me a little whitewashed room, with a deal table, two chairs, a mattress somewhat thin, a counterpane, and cotton sheets. A wooden bedstead is a superfluity which the Greeks can do without, and we lived in the Greek





COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

fashion. I breakfasted on a cup of coffee, I dined on a plate of meat and a good many olives and dried fish, and I supped on vegetables, honey, and cakes. There was abundance of preserved fruit about the house, and I therefore from time to time evoked a reminiscence of my country by regaling myself with a leg of lamb and cherries. I need hardly tell you that I had my pipe, and the tobacco at Athens is better than yours. What most contributed to acclimatize me in Christo-

some remnants of beauty in fat Maroula's full-moon face.

I took my meals with Christodulos and the boarders in the house. There were four living in it, and one lodged out. The first-floor was divided into four rooms, the best of which was occupied by a French archæologist, M. Hippolyte Mérimé. Were all the French



WINE, JUICE DIVINE !

dulos' house, was a little Santorino wine, which he fetched from somewhere or other. I am not dainty, and the education of my palate has unhappily been somewhat neglected, still I could assert that this wine would be appreciated at the table of a king—it is yellow as gold, transparent as a topaz, brilliant as the sun, and merry as the smile of a child. I fancy I can still see it in its big-bellied decanter in the centre of the oilcloth that served for our table-napkin. It lit up the table, my dear sir, and we could have supped without any other light. I never drank much of it, for it was heady; and yet, at the end of the meal, I quoted verses from Anacreon, and found



A PHILANTHROPIST.

like him, you would be a very scrubby nation. He was a little man between the ages of forty and five-and-forty, very red-haired, very feeble, talking vastly, and armed with two soft flabby hands, which never left hold of the person he was addressing. His two ruling passions were archæology and philanthropy. Hence, he was a member of several learned societies, and of various benevolent fraternities. Though he was a great apostle of charity, and his relations had left him a fine fortune, I do not remember having ever seen him give a halfpenny to a poor man. As to his archæological acquirements, everything leads me to the belief that they were more serious than his love of humanity. He had been crowned by, I cannot say what, provincial academy, for a memoir on the price of paper in the time of Orpheus. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded to Greece to collect materials for an immortal task: it was nothing less than to determine the quantity of oil consumed by the lamp of Demosthenes while he was writing the Second Philippic.

My other two neighbours were not nearly so learned, and troubled themselves in no way about matters connected with the past. Giacomo Fondi was a poor Maltese, employed at some consulate or the other, and he gained six pounds a month by sealing letters. I imagine that any other employment would have suited him better; for nature, which peopled Malta in order that the East might never be short of porters, had given poor Fondi the shoulders, arms, and hands of the Milo of Crotona: he was born to wield a club, and not to consume sticks of sealing-wax. Still, he expended two or three daily, for man is not master of his destiny. This islander, placed in a false position, never returned to his element till meal-time; he helped Maroula to lay the table, and generally brought it up to us at arm's length. He ate like a captain in the Iliad, and I shall never forget the movement of his under jaw, the expansion of his nostrils, the brilliancy of his eyes, or the whiteness of his two-and-thirty teeth, thorough grinders of which he was the mill. I must confess that his conversation has left but little impression on me: the limit of his intellect could easily be found, but that of his appetite was never known. Christodulos gained nothing by boarding him for four months, although he made him pay ten shillings a month extra. The insatiable Maltese devoured every day after dinner an enormous plate of nuts, which he cracked by simply placing them between his thumb and forefinger. Christodulos, an ex-hero but practical man, watched this experiment with mingled feelings of admiration and alarm; he trembled for his dessert, and yet was flattered to see at his table such a prodigious pair of nutcrackers. Giacomo's face would not have been out of place in one of those surprising boxes which frighten little children so terribly. He was more like a white man than a negro, but it was a question of shade. His thick hair fell down to his eyebrows like a cap. By a very curious contrast, this Caliban had the smallest foot, most delicate instep, and best-shaped leg that ever served for a statuary's model; but these were details that did not strike you. For anyone who saw him eat, his person began on a level with the table; the rest did not count.

I will only allude to little William Bobster. He was a charming lad of twenty, light-haired, rosy, and chubby,

and came from the United States. The house of Bobster and Son of New York had sent him to the East, to study the export trade. He worked during the day in the offices of Philip Brothers; at night he read Emerson, and in the morning, at the flashing hour of sunrise, he practised pistol shooting in Socrates' prison.

The most interesting person in our colony was indubitably John Harris, Bobster's maternal uncle. The first time I dined with this strange fellow, I understood America. John was born at Vandalia in Illinois; at his birth he breathed the air of the New World—so vivacious, sparkling, and youthful, which flies to the head like champagne, and which intoxicates you as you inhale it. I do not know if Harris's family were rich or poor, if it sent its son to college or left him to pick up his own education. What is certain is, that at the age of seventeen he had no one to count on but himself, nothing to expect but from himself; he was astonished at nothing, believed nothing impossible, never recoiled, hoped on, tried everything, triumphed over everything, picked himself up if he fell, began again if he failed, never stopped, never lost courage, and went straight ahead, whistling "Yankee Doodle." He has been planter, schoolmaster, lawyer, journalist, gold-seeker, trader, and merchant; he has read everything, seen everything, done everything, and been over more than half the world. When I formed his acquaintance, he commanded at the Piræus a steam despatch-boat of sixty men and four guns; he discussed the Eastern question in the *Boston Review*; he carried on business with an indigo-house at Calcutta, and found time to retire and dine with his nephew and us three or four times a week.

One instance out of a thousand will depict to you Harris's character. In 1850 he was partner in a Philadelphia house. His nephew, who was then seventeen, went to pay him a visit, and found him in Washington Square, with his hands in his pockets, standing before a burning house. William tapped him on the shoulder and he turned round.

"Is that you?" he said. "Good morning, Bill; you have arrived at an unlucky moment. That fire is ruining me; I had 40,000 dollars in the house, and we shall not save a lucifer-match."

"What will you do?" the startled boy asked.

"What do? It is now eleven, and I



am hungry; I have a little money in my pocket, so I will stand a breakfast."

Harris is one of the most elegant and graceful men I ever met. He has a masculine air, a lofty forehead, and a



RUIN.

haughty eye. The Americans are never poorly built or deformed, and do you know why? Because they are not stifled in the swaddling-clothes of a narrow civilization. Their mind and body are developed at their ease; their school is the open air, exercise is their master, and liberty their nurse.

I never could manage to form any high opinion of M. Mérimay.—I examined Giacomo Fondi with the careless curiosity with which one visits a menagerie of exotic animals; little Bobster inspired me with but slight interest, but I had a friendship for Harris. His open face, his simple manners, his roughness, which did not exclude gentleness, his violent and yet chivalrous character, the strangeness of his temper, the impetuosity of his feelings, all attracted me the more because I am naturally neither impetuous nor passionate. We like to have around us what we do not find in ourselves. Giacomo dressed in white because he was swarthy; I adore the Americans because I am a German.

As regards the Greeks, I knew but

very little of them after four months' residence in their country. Nothing is more easy than to live in Athens without rubbing shoulders with the natives. I did not go to the café. I did not read the *Pandora* or the *Minerva* or any country paper. I did not visit the theatres, because I have a delicate ear, and a false note hurts me more than a blow. I lived at home with my host, my herbal, and John Harris. I might have had myself presented at the Palace—thanks to my diplomatic passport and my official title. I had left my card with the master of the ceremonies and the grand master, and I could calculate on an invitation to the first Court ball. I held in reserve for this event a fine red coat embroidered with silver, which my Aunt Rosenthal had brought me on the eve of my departure. It was the uniform of her late husband, Professor of Natural History at the Philomathic Institution of Minden. My good aunt, a lady of great sense, knew that an uniform is well received in all countries, especially when it is red. My elder brother drew attention to the fact that I was taller than my uncle, and the sleeves of his coat would not come quite to the end of my arms, but papa quickly remarked that the silver embroidery would dazzle everybody, and princesses did not look so closely into matters.

Unfortunately, the Court did not dance all that season. The pleasures of the winter were the flowering of the almond, peach, and lemon trees. People talked vaguely about a great ball for May 15; it was a report of the town accredited by a few semi-official papers, but could not be counted on as certain.

My studies went on like my pleasures, slowly. I was thoroughly acquainted with the Botanical Garden of Athens, which is neither very large nor very rich; it is a sack that is soon emptied. The Royal Garden offered greater resources: an intelligent Frenchman has collected there all the vegetable riches of the country, from the palms of the Andes down to the saxifrage of Cape Sirmium. I spent some pleasant days in the midst of Mr. Bareaud's plantations. The garden is only open to the public at certain hours, but I talked Greek to the sentries, and for love of Greek they let me in. Mr. Bareaud did not grow tired of me, for he took me about everywhere, for the pleasure of speaking about Botany in French. In his absence I looked up a tall thin gardener with scarlet hair, and I





DIAMOND OUT DIAMOND.

questioned him in German; it is good, you see, to talk languages.

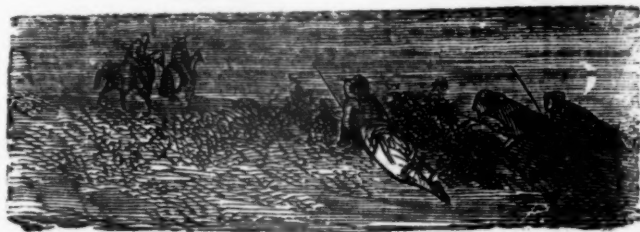
I botanized every day a little in the country, but never so far as I should have liked, for the brigands were encamped round Athens. I am not a coward, and the sequel of my story will prove it to you; but I cling to life: it is a present I received from my parents, and I wish to keep it as long as possible in remembrance of my father and mother. In April, 1856, it was dangerous to leave the city—it was even imprudent to remain in it. I never ventured on the slope of the Lycabetes, without thinking of that poor Madame Durand, who was stripped there in bright day. The hills of Daphne reminded me of the captivity of two French officers. On the road to the

Piræus, I thought involuntarily of that band of robbers who went about like a



THOROUGH RUFFIANS.

wedding party in six chaises, and shot passers-by through the windows. The road to Pentelicus reminded me of the arrest of the Duchess of Piacenza, or the recent story of Harris and Bobster.



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

They were returning from a ride, on two Persian horses belonging to Harris, and fell into an ambuscade. Two brigands, pistol in hand, stopped them on the centre of a bridge. They looked round them, and saw, at their feet in the ravine, a dozen scamps armed to the teeth, guarding fifty or sixty prisoners. All who had passed since daybreak had been plundered and then bound, so that no one could run and give an alarm. Harris was unarmed like his nephew, so he said to the latter, "Let us throw down our money: we must not let ourselves be killed for twenty dollars." The brigands picked up the crowns without leaving the bridles, then they pointed to the ravine and made them a sign to go down. At this Harris lost his patience; he had a repugnance to being bound, for he was not of that wood of which faggots are made. He looked at little Bobster, and at the same moment two heavy blows fell on the heads of the two brigands. William's opponent fell back, firing his pistol, while Harris's fellow, struck more powerfully, rolled over the parapet and fell among his comrades, when Harris and Bobster were already a long way off, digging their spurs into their horses. The band rose like a single man, and discharged all their firearms; the horses were killed, but the

riders ran off to warn the gendarmes, who set off in pursuit at an early hour on the next day but one.

Our excellent Christodulos heard with great annoyance of the death of the two horses, but he did not find a word of blame for the murderers, "What would you have?" he said, with charming simplicity; "it is their trade." All the Greeks are much of my landlord's opinion. It is not because the brigands spare their countrymen and reserve their favours for foreigners; but a Greek, when plundered by his brothers, says, with a certain air of resignation, that the money does not go out of the family. The population allows itself to be robbed by the brigands, as a woman of the lower classes lets her husband beat her, while admiring how hard he hits. Native moralists complain of the excesses committed in the country, in the same way as fathers deplore the tricks of their sons. They send them abroad, but love them in their hearts, and they would be sorry to see them resemble their neighbour's son, who has never done anything to be talked about.

This fact is so true, that at the period of my arrival the hero of Athens was indubitably the scourge of Attica. In the drawing-rooms and cafés; at the barber's, where the lower classes congregate; at



the chemist's, where the citizens meet; in the muddy lanes of the bazaars, in the dusty streets of the capital, at the theatre, at the Sunday music, and on the road to Patissia, nothing was spoken of but the great Hadji Stavros. They swore by Hadji Stavros: Hadji Stavros, the invincible; Hadji Stavros, the terror of the gendarmes; Hadji Stavros, the King of the Mountains! Heaven pardon me, but



A SAINT OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

I believe that a Hadji Stavros' Litany might have been said or sung.

One Sunday when Harris was dining with us, shortly after his adventure, I drew worthy Christodulos on to the subject of Hadji Stavros. Our host had been in former times well acquainted with him, during the War of Independence, when brigandage was less discussed than it is now-a-days.

He emptied his glass of Sautorino, wiped his grey mustache, and began a long story, intermingled with some sighs. He told us that Stavros was the son of a Papas or priest, on the island of Tino. He was born the Lord knows in what year: for the Greeks of the good times do not know their age, since the civil registers are an invention of the decadence. His father, who intended him for the

Church, had him taught to read. At the age of twenty, he made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and added to his name the title of Hadji, which signifies pilgrim. Hadji Stavros while returning to his country was captured by a pirate: the conqueror found him a useful man, and converted him from a prisoner into a sailor. It was thus that he began fighting against Turkish ships, and generally those which had no guns aboard. At the expiration of a few years he grew tired of working for others, and resolved to set up on his own account. He had neither a boat nor money to buy one, so he was obliged to carry on piracy ashore. The insurrection of the Greeks against Turkey enabled him to fish in troubled waters, and he never knew exactly whether he were brigand or insurgent, whether he commanded robbers or partisans. His hatred of the Turks did not blind him to such an extent that he could pass a Greek village by without plundering it. All money was good to him, whether it came from friend or foe, from simple robbery or glorious pillage. Such wise impartiality rapidly augmented his fortunes: the shepherds flocked to his banner when they learned that money could be made with him, and his reputation created him an army. The Powers that protected the insurrection heard of his exploits, but not of his savings: at that time, everything was regarded from the brilliant side. Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him; the poets and orators of Paris compared him with Epaminondas and that poor fellow Aristides. Banners were embroidered for him in the Faubourg St. Germain, and subsidies were sent him. He received money from France, he received money from England and Russia; I will not assert that he did not get some from Turkey, for he was a true Pallikar. At the end of the war, he was besieged with other chiefs in the Acropolis of Athens; he slept in the Propylæa between Margaritis and Lyzandis, and each of them kept his treasures by his bedside. On a fine summer's night the roof fell in so adroitly that it killed everybody excepting Hadji Stavros, who was smoking his nargileh in the open air. He inherited the property of his comrades, and everybody thought that he had fairly earned it. But a misfortune he had not foreseen stopped the course of his successes: peace was made. Hadji Stavros, who retired into the country with his money, then witnessed a strange

sight. The Powers which had made Greece free tried to found a kingdom. Unpleasant words buzzed round the hairy ears of the old Pallikar, and people talked about government, army, and public order. It caused him a hearty laugh when he was informed that his property was comprised in a sub-prefecture, but

when the officer of the Treasury went to him to receive the year's taxes, he became serious. He kicked the collector out of doors, after having first lightened him of all the money he had about him. Justice picked a quarrel with him, and he retired to the mountains; perhaps, though, he felt tired of living in a house.



A REAL PATRIOT.

He understood the value of a roof to a certain point, but on condition of sleeping upon it.

His old comrades in arms were scattered all over the kingdom. The State had given them land; they cultivated it with dislike, and ate the sour bread of labour. When they learned that the chief had quarrelled with the law, they sold their fields and ran to join him. For his part, he contented himself with letting his estates, for he possessed administrative qualities.

Peace and indolence had rendered him ill, but the air of the mountains did him so much good that he determined on marrying. He had certainly passed his fiftieth year, but men of his stamp have no cause to fear old age; even death looks at them twice before beginning a tussle with them. He married a rich heiress belonging to one of the first families of Laconia, and thus became connected with some of the greatest persons in the kingdom. His wife followed him everywhere, presented him with a son, caught a fever, and died. He brought up the child himself with almost maternal care, and when he dandled the little one on his knee, the brigands, his comrades, said with a laugh, "You only want the milk."

Paternal love gave a new fillip to his mind. In order to amass a regal dowry for his daughter, he studied monetary questions, on which his ideas had hitherto been primitive. Instead of piling up his

crowns in a strong box, he put them out; he studied all the turns and tricks of speculators, and followed the course of the funds in Greece and abroad. It was even asserted that, struck by the advantages of limited liability, he had the idea of converting brigandage into a joint-stock company. He made several voyages to Europe, under the guidance of a Marseilles Greek, who served as his interpreter. During his stay in England, he was present at an election in some Yorkshire rotten borough, and this glorious sight inspired him with profound reflections as to Constitutional Government and its advantages. He returned home, determined to work the institutions of his country, and derive an income from them. He burned a large number of villages in the service of the opposition; and he destroyed several others in the interest of the Conservative party. When it was wanted to overthrow a Ministry, it was only necessary to apply to him; he proved by irrefutable arguments, that the police system of the country was badly carried on, and that a slight degree of security could only be obtained by changing the Cabinet. But, on the other hand, he gave rough lessons to the enemies of order by punishing them where they had sinned. His political talents made him so well known that all parties held him in great esteem. His advice in electioneering matters was nearly always followed so thoroughly, that contrary to the principle of Representative Govern-



ment, which wishes one deputy to express the will of several men, he alone was represented by some thirty deputies. An intelligent minister, the celebrated Rhalittis, thought that a man who so frequently interfered with the springs of the Government, might eventually put the machine out of order, so he undertook to bind his hands with a golden thread. He appointed to see him at the country house of a foreign consul at Carvalli, between the Hymettus and Pentelicus. Hadji Stavros went there without escort or army. The minister and the brigand, who had been long acquainted, dined together like two old friends. Over the dessert, Rhalittis offered him a full and entire amnesty for himself and his men, a general's commission, the title of senator, and an estate of 25,000 acres of forest. The Pallikar hesitated for a little time, and ended by declining.

"I might have accepted twenty years ago," he said, "but now I am too old. I cannot at my age change my mode of life. The dust of Athens does not agree with me; I should sleep in the senate, and if you gave me soldiers to command, I should be capable of firing my pistols at their uniforms through the force of habit. So go back to your business, and let me attend to mine."

Rhalittis did not consider himself beaten, however. He tried to enlighten the brigand as to the infamy of the trade he carried on. Hadji Stavros began laughing, and said to him with amiable cordiality:—



TWO HONEST MEN.

"Gossip! on the day when we write down our sins, which of us will have the longer list?"

"Recollect, however," the Minister added, "that you cannot escape your fate; you will die some day or other a violent death."

"Allah Kerim!" he answered in Turk-

ish, "neither you nor I have read the stars. But I have at any rate one advantage, in the fact that my enemies wear a uniform, and I can recognise them a long distance off. You cannot say the same of yours. Good-bye, brother."

Six months later, the Minister was assassinated by his political enemies; but the brigand is still alive.

Our landlord did not tell us all his hero's exploits, for a day would not have sufficed for that. He contented himself therefore, with enumerating the most remarkable. I do not believe that in any country Hadji Stavros' rivals have ever done anything more artistic than the arrest of the *Niebuhr*. This is an Austrian Lloyd's steamer, which the Pallikar plundered at about eleven in the morning in port. The *Niebuhr* had arrived from Constantinople, and was discharging its cargo and passengers at Callimaki, to the east of the Isthmus of Corinth. Four wagons and two omnibuses were occupied by the passengers and goods to be transported to the little port of Loutra on the other side of the isthmus, where another vessel was waiting for them. It waited a long time. Hadji Stavros, on a bright day, on a fine road, and in a flat and unwooded country, carried off the merchandise, the luggage, the money of the travellers, and the ammunition of the gendarmes who escorted the convoy. "That day was worth 10,000*l.*," Christodoulos told us with a shade of envy.

A great deal has been said about Hadji Stavros' cruelty, but his friend Christodoulos told us that he did not do wrong for the sake of doing it. "If at any time he warmed a peasant's feet a little too much, it was merely to know where the rich curmudgeon had hidden his coin. Generally, he treats very kindly those prisoners from whom he expects a ransom. In the summer of 1854, he swooped down with his band on the house of Mr. Voidi, a great merchant in the Island of Euboea. He found the family assembled, and also an old judge of Chalci, who was playing a game of cards with the head of the house. Hadji Stavros offered to play with the magistrate for his liberty; he lost, and put up with it gracefully. He carried off Mr. Voidi, his son and daughter, leaving the wife to look after the ransom. On the day of the rape, the merchant had the gout, his daughter a fever, while the boy was pale and sickly. They returned two months later, perfectly cured by the exercise, the fresh air, and



CRUEL KINDNESS.

their excellent treatment. The whole family regained their health for 2000%. Was that paying too dear for it?

"I confess," Christodulos added, "that our friend is pitiless toward bad paymasters. When a ransom is not paid on the day it falls due, he kills his prisoners with commercial punctuality; that is his way of protesting bills. Whatever may be my admiration for him, or the friendship that unites our two families, I have not yet forgiven his murder of the two little girls of Mistra. They were twins of fourteen, pretty as two little marble statues, and both betrothed to young fellows at Leondaci. They were so exactly alike that on noticing them you fancied you must be seeing double, and rubbed your eyes. One morning they were going to sell their silk cocoons; they carried a large basket between them, and were tripping lightly along the road, like two doves attached to the same car.



THE HAWK AND THE DOVES.

Hadji Stavros carried them off into the mountains, and wrote to their mother that he would restore them for four hundred pounds, payable at the end of the month. The mother was a widow in easy circumstances, owner of two fine mulberry orchards, but short of ready money, as we all are. She borrowed on her property, which is not always easy, even at twenty per cent. interest. It took her six weeks to get the sum together, and when she had it ready she put it on a mule, and started on foot for Hadji Stavros' camp. But on entering the great *langada* of the ravines, at the spot where there are seven fountains under a palm-tree, the mule going on before her stopped short and refused to budge a step. The poor mother then saw her two daughters lying by the roadside; their throats were cut to the bone, and the pretty heads were but just attached to the body. She took up the two poor creatures, placed them on the mule, and brought them back to Mistra. Her grief was too great for tears, so she went mad and died. I know that Hadji Stavros regretted what he had done, but he believed the widow richer than she really was, and unwilling to pay. He killed the two children as a warning example. It is certain that since that time all payments have been regularly made, and no one has dared to keep him waiting a moment."

"*Brutta Carogna*," Giacomo said, as he dealt the table a blow which shook the house like an earthquake, "if ever he falls under my hands I will pay him a ransom of four hundred blows, which will permit him to retire from business."



"And I," little Bobster said, with his quiet smile, "should only like to have him fifty yards from my revolver."

Harris whistled a little American air, as sharp as the blade of a stiletto.

"Can I believe my ears?" good M. Mérinay, an harmonious mortal, added, in his flute-like voice. "Is it possible that such horrors are committed in an age like ours? I am aware that the 'Society for Rendering Malefactors Moral' has not established a branch in this kingdom; but, in the meanwhile, have you no gendarmes?"

"Certainly," Christodulos replied; "50 officers, 152 corporals, and 1250 gendarmes, of whom 150 are mounted. They are the best troops in the kingdom, after Hadji Stavros'."

"What surprises me," said I, in my turn, "is that the old rascal's daughter allowed him to do it."

"She is not with him."

"All the better. Where is she?"

"At boarding-school."

"In Athens?"

"You want to know too much, and I cannot answer you. It is quite certain that the man who wins her affections will make a splendid marriage."

"Yes," said Harris, "it is also asserted that Calcraft's daughter will not be a bad match."

"Who's Calcraft?"

"The hangman of London."

At this remark Dimitri, Christodulos' son, blushed up to the ears.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but there is a great difference between a hangman and a brigand. The trade of the hangman is infamous, but the profession of the brigand is honoured. The government are obliged to guard the executioner of Athens at Fort Palamedes, or he would be assassinated, while no one wishes Hadji Stavros any harm; and the most respectable people in the kingdom would be proud to shake his hand."

Harris was opening his mouth to answer, when the shop bell was heard ringing. It was the servant-maid returning with a girl of about fifteen or sixteen dressed like the last engraving in the *Journal of Fashion*. Dimitri rose, saying—

"It is Photini."

"Gentlemen," the confectioner said, "let us talk about something else, if you please. Stories about brigands are not fitted for young ladies' ears."

Christodulos presented Photini to us as the daughter of one of his companions-in-arms, Colonel John Torio, commandant of Nauplia. She was therefore called Photini, daughter of John, after the fashion of the country, where there are no surnames, properly speaking.



AN ATHENIAN BELLE.

The young Athenian was ugly, like nine-tenths of the girls in Athens. She had rare teeth and fine hair, but that was all. Her clumsy waist seemed ill at ease in Parisian stays. Her feet, rounded like a flat iron, seemed suffering torture; they were made for wearing papooshes, and not to be squeezed in Balmoral boots. Her face so little reminded you of the Greek type, that it was absolutely without profile; it was flat, as if an imprudent nurse had committed the fault of sitting on it in early youth. Dress does not suit all women, and it rendered poor Photini almost ridiculous. Her flounced robe, puffed out by an enormous crinoline, set in relief the awkwardness of her person and the clumsiness of her movements. The Palais Royal jewelry, with which she was studded, resembled so many notes of admiration, intended to point out the imperfections of her body. You might have taken her for a stumpy and short servant girl, out for a Sunday in her mistress's wardrobe.

Not one of us was surprised that the daughter of a simple colonel was so expensively dressed to spend her Sunday with a confectioner. We knew the country well enough to be aware that dress is the most miserable ulcer of Greek society. Country girls make a hole in silver coins, string them together in the shape of a cap, and put them on upon a holiday. They wear their dowry on their heads. Town girls spend it at the haberdasher's, and wear it all over their body.

Photini was at school at the Hetæria. This, as you are aware, is a seminary established on the rules of the Legion of Honour, but governed by wider and more tolerant laws. The daughters of soldiers are not merely educated there, but also sometimes the heiresses of brigands.

Colonel John's daughter knew a little English and French, but her timidity did not permit her to shine in conversation. I learned afterwards that her father calculated on us to improve her in foreign languages. Her father having learned that Christodulos sheltered respectable and well-educated Europeans, begged the confectioner to fetch her from school every Sunday, and serve as his agent. This bargain seemed to please Christodulos, and even more his son Dimitri. The young guide for strangers devoured with his eyes the poor school-girl, who did not notice it.

We had arranged to go all together and

hear the band play. It is a fine sight, which the Athenians permit themselves every Sunday. The entire population proceeds in full dress to a dusty field, to hear waltzes and quadrilles performed by a regimental band. The poor go on foot, the rich in carriages, the dandies on horseback. The court would not miss it for an empire. After the last quadrille everybody returns home with powdered clothes, but happy hearts; and they say, "We were uncommonly amused."

It is certain that Photini calculated on going to the music, and her admirer, Dimitri, was not vexed at the thought of appearing there with her, for he wore a new coat which he had bought ready-made from the Athenian Moses. Unfortunately the rain began falling so copiously, that we were compelled to remain at home. To kill the time, Maroula proposed to us to play at cards for sugarplums. This is a fashionable amusement in middle-class society. She fetched a jar from the shop, and gave each of us a handful of native sugarplums, flavoured with cloves, aniseed, pepper, and chicory. After this the cards were dealt, and the first who managed to hold nine of the same colour received three sugarplums from each of his opponents. Giacomo, the Maltese, showed by his sustained attention that gain was not a matter of indifference to him. Chance declared in his favour; he made a fortune, and we saw him swallow seven or eight handfuls of sugarplums, which had passed through everybody's hands, not excluding M. Mérimay's.

I, who took less interest in the game, concentrated my attention on a curious phenomenon that was taking place on my left, where the young Athenian's glances were broken off one after the other against Photini's indifference. Harris, who did not look at her, attracted her to him by an invisible force. He held his cards with a passably careless air, yawned from time to time with American candour, or whistled Yankee Doodle, without any respect for the company. I believe that Christodulos' narrative had struck him, and that his mind was trotting about the mountains in pursuit of Hadji Stavros. At any rate, if he were thinking of anything, it was assuredly not of love. Perhaps the young girl was not thinking of it either, for nearly all Greek women have a substantial pavement of indifference at the bottom of their hearts. Still,



she looked at my friend John as the lark gazes at the mirror. She was not acquainted with him; she knew nothing about him, neither his name, his country, nor his fortune. She had not heard him speak, and even had she done so, she was certainly not competent to judge were he clever. She saw that he was excessively good-looking, and that was enough. The ancient Greeks adored beauty, and it is the only one of their divinities which never had any atheists. The Greek women of to-day, in spite of the decadence, can still distinguish an Apollo from an ugly fellow. In M. Fauriel's collection of Greek songs there is one which may be thus translated—

"Boys, do you wish to know—girls, would you like to learn, how love assails us? It enters by the eyes; from the eyes it descends to the heart, and in the heart it takes root."

Decidedly Photini knew the song; for she opened her eyes wide that love might enter without stooping.

The rain did not leave off falling, or Dimitri ogling the girl, or the girl look-

ing at Harris, or Giacomo munching sugarplums, or M. Mérimay telling little Bobster a chapter of animal history, to which he was not listening. At eight o'clock Maroula laid the cloth for supper. Photini was placed between Dimitri and myself; she said little, and ate nothing. At dessert, when the servant spoke about taking her back to school, she made a violent effort, and whispered in my ear—

"Is Mr. Harris married?"

I took a delight in tormenting her a little, so I replied—

"Yes, miss; he married the widow of the Doge of Venice."

"Is it possible! How old is she?"

"Old as the world, and eternal like it."

"Do not mock me; I am a poor girl, and do not understand your European jests."

"In other words, miss, he has married the sea; he commands the American vessel, the *Fairy*."

She thanked me with such a beam of joy that her ugliness was eclipsed by it, and I fancied her pretty for at least a second.

(To be continued.)

## TRIPS AFTER HEALTH, AND HOW TO PROFIT BY THEM.

By SPENCER THOMSON, M.D.

### CHAPTER I.

HEALTH-SEEKERS GENERALLY: THEIR REASONS FOR GOING, AND THE PLACES THEY GO TO—LEAVING HOME—NEED OF CHANGE A NATURAL LAW—CHANGE OF SCENE—ACTIVE-MINDED MEN BENEFIT MOST—WHY AND HOW—AN OBJECT REQUISITE—CHANGE OF AIR—ITS ADVANTAGES—OZONE—GOOD EFFECTS OF LIGHT—HOW TO GET MOST AIR—EXERCISE—USE OF LUNGS AND SKIN—EFFECTS ON SYSTEM GENERALLY—DIET.

It has cost us some little thought how best to classify our "Trips after Health" so as to meet the needs as well as the wishes of our inquiring readers, albeit these readers being—as we hope—not only very varied as to their personal tastes, but also with respect to the motive which sends them roaming. First, we have those who betake themselves to holiday journeyings, not because they are ill, but because they wish to keep illness off, and wisely seek by needful relaxation to preserve the health they have. These form a very large proportion of our summer tourists, and appear in all shades of character.

There is the student, or the worn *young* man of business, mayhap some active *old*

man of business, who takes staff in hand, and knapsack on back, and trudges off on his pedestrian tour to Wales, Derbyshire, or Scotland, or, indeed, anywhere to which his own peculiar pursuits or fancies lead. Of such pedestrian tourists, Mr. White—the author of *The Londoner's Walk to the Land's End*, and *Month in Yorkshire*—is the model; but they are of all sorts—sportsmen, it may be—adding a fly-rod to their equipment, and a dish of trout to their evening meals on their progress—or geologists, or botanists. Happy are they who can walk their summer tour—happy, because of the greatly added enjoyment which they thus derive from their trip, and from the in-

creased benefit to themselves; happy, too, in the indication which such a mode of touring gives of yet vigorous health and limbs; but not unhappy must they be counted who, like the more familiar personage, Paterfamilias, too stout, perhaps too lazy, for active touring, quietly departs with all his belongings, by rail, to some noted or quiet-going sea-side place, as his tastes may be.

Now, all these persons we have enumerated are frequenters of Health Resorts, but they are not invalids; they go to keep health, not to recover it; they go, not to drink waters redolent of sulphuretted hydrogen, or inky with iron impregnation; they are not flying from north-easters with consumption in their train, but they simply go to seek the health-revivers of good fresh air, plenty of exercise, and freedom from business care, adding, it may be—perhaps not always wisely—a little sea-bathing to their other luxuries.

There are, however, frequenters of Health Resorts, who, on the other hand, go, not to keep health, but to recover it, to whom the going is less of pleasure than necessity—who have to seek the sheltered, and generally sea-side, nooks of our island, where they may shun the damp, the cold, and the cutting breeze—who leave home rather in winter than in summer. To a third set of persons, the mineral water to be drank, or bathed in, is the object of the journey. All these must be considered in our "Trips;" and so we have been led to divide their destinations into

#### PLEASURE RESORTS, AND SEA-SIDE QUARTERS; CLIMATE RESORTS; AND WATERING PLACES.

Some of the first, however, come under the heads of the second and third, seeing that at one season they are the property of the seekers of health and pleasure combined, and that at another they are almost entirely given up to invalids. Yet, before we take our departure, or even dismiss the whereunto of our health-seeking, let us get some idea of the whys and the wherefores, of the hygienics of change of air and scene, and of increased exercise—in short, of all we usually seek for when we leave home for health. What are the conditions of most of us at home? Justly do we cling to the things of home, and all that belongs to them and it; to its quiet comforts, its ease and its *abandon*; to our accustomed seat by fireside in easy-

chair, or at the study-table covered with books and papers. We think highly of our garden, if we are fortunate enough to possess one; in short, we love home and all belonging to it; but even home is not the best place always. There *is* a time for leaving it if we can, and we shall be all the better for doing so. We get sundry ideas or fancies that are somehow associated with every-day scenes and every-day business; they are not always wholesome ideas, or pleasant fancies, but we cannot shake them off. They, perhaps, cloud our brows, disturb our nights, and spoil our digestion. We know they are not real and true; but still there they are, looming large and ugly, like the mist spectres of the Hartz mountains, or, as Longfellow has it, like

An army of phantoms vast and wan  
that

Beleaguer the human soul.

Day by day we fight these phantoms, sometimes *they* beat, and sometimes *we*, but, on the whole, they have the best of it, and we call them the blues; we are "hipped," and we know it; but yet we cannot get out of the old tracks of thought as long as we stay with the old cares and anxieties about us, so, at last, either by our doctor's advice, or by our own, we pack up the "warranted solid leather" portmanteau, or the light knapsack, and are off for as long as our lucky star, as regards business or purse, will permit. Ere many hours are over, we find ourselves drawing in health and sea-breezes at the Telegraph on the Great Ormes Head; steaming round the Kyles of Bute; looking after sea anemones, with "Gosse" in our hand, at Tenby; or, mayhap, getting our ideas, and something else, turned topsy turvy in a chopping sea between Southampton and Jersey.

Now, what is there in change of air or scene that does us all so much good? It is often said, that till railroads gave the facility for moving, people could do without all this, and stayed at home and enjoyed themselves. People *did* do without it, that is certain; but that they would have been better for it, lived longer, and led happier lives is no less certain. It may be, too, that they did not require it quite so much as we do at the present day, for taking things more slowly, more easily some would say, their minds, kept at a lower pressure, did not, probably, require so imperatively the periodical "turning out to grass." Read the accounts of the



easy way in which the old road travellers took matters, dined on their journey, and smoked their pipes afterwards; or how the old merchants or tradesmen locked up counting-house and shop—they do so now in some places—and walked off to dinner. How different is it now, how prevalent is that condition, especially in large towns, which Dr. James Johnson\* calls “Wear and tear,” a condition between sickness and health, not curable by physic, and which he compares to a ship still seaworthy, but with rigging and seams requiring overhauling, caulking, &c. How common, too, is the etiolation or blanching caused by town life, and which the above quoted author traces as indicative, in the higher classes, of “no avocation,” in the middle and lower classes, of “unhealthy avocation.”

No avocation; unhealthy avocation! the one with its ennui, its indulgences, and its excitements, the other with its overwork and anxieties, and its excitements, are, one or other of them, wearing, tearing, blanching most of us, till it becomes, at some period or other of our career, a question of hopeless bad health, or hypochondriacism, or change of air and scene: we might cite it as one of those beneficent provisions, balances, if we may so call them, of Providence, by which those very powers of mechanism so productive of increased wear and tear in life—at least in business life—bring us also the remedy in the increased facilities for locomotion.

Taking another, and perhaps a higher view of this question of change, we cannot fail to recognise it as a principle prevailing so universally throughout creation, that we must look upon it as a necessity for the preservation, or, what is the same thing, orderly progression of all things. Man's physical nature goes not on well without change; keep an individual too exclusively to one system of diet, and he will come to loathe it, to digest it badly, and to derive little good from it; keep him, mentally, to one limited range of thought—especially of anxious thought, which is to the mind somewhat like food hard of digestion is to the stomach—and soon you will have him suffering mentally and requiring change. Albeit the man of much mind requires it all the more than one the reverse. Some men, it is true, go on from day to day and year to year, plodding in the same horse-and-

mill round of business, and feel unhappy if there is any interruption to their usual habit; but it will be found that these are not men of mental toil, but of comparative mental laziness; they have got into a routine requiring neither much thought or exertion of mind; it causes little wear, but it also causes apathy as regards things beyond the old well known track.

#### CHANGE OF SCENE.

The advantages to be derived from change of scene are as varied as the minds, dispositions, and habits of those who seek it; generally, the most advantage accruing to those who, when they do work, work well; in short, to those who have the most active minds. It has been remarked that no men seem to get so completely *dégagé* on foreign, or, indeed, home travel, as many of our hardest-working engineers, lawyers—the doctors, generally, have but few chances of travel—and men whose perceptive and reflective faculties are always on the *qui vive*, and who seek their rest, not in idleness, but in change of mental occupation, to a less irksome and freer exercise of the mind on novel objects, as Dr. Forbes remarks, in his *Physician's Holiday*—driving out old notions by forcing in new ones, on the principle of the pop gun.

On the other hand, the man of listless mind derives comparatively small benefit from change of scene; his faculties, the channels through which the advantages should flow, are dull and clogged, and he has yet to learn the distinction between “eyes and no eyes,” and that there is an eye of the mind as well as of the body.

There are men of active mind who, without going into any special pursuit, yet enter with interest into all things they come across: they are naturally endowed, perhaps, with a keen perception of the beautiful, and then every turn of the road or river is a new excitement—every passing cloud-shadow, or glint of sunlight on the landscape, is a strong pleasure. Another has an interest in studying character, and here travel opens up to him never-failing sources of amusement and interest. But even to such men, and, certainly, to the great mass of people, the cultivation of some special pursuit is the great source of advantage when change of scene is sought for the mind's health. Some branch of Natural History, Geology, Botany; the now po-

\* Author of the *Economy of Health*, &c.

pular studies of the seashore; any or all of them give a strong zest to the journey. Natural History we more especially press upon our readers' attention, but all have not these tastes, and to them antiquarian lore, historical and topographical interests come to aid. He must be a dullard, indeed, who cannot find some pursuit which will interest his mind; but, failing such as we have named, or rather in conjunction with them, let him take to fly-fishing; only get something that will carry his thoughts out of the old channels, and avoid lollings on the sea-shore with the last new novel, and listless, aimless strolling, which ends in wishing for the holiday to terminate: well, if the excitements of table indulgence do not step in to destroy what little good the holiday may bring.

We mention these things because we know they exist and take place. Some works, which show well how a holiday may be enjoyed and profited by, have been published of late years; as, for example, Dr. Forbes' *Physician's Holiday*; Erasmus Wilson's *Three Weeks' Scamper through the German Spas*; White's *Londoner's Walk to the Land's End*, and *Month in Yorkshire*; or poor Hugh Miller's *Impressions of England*—all the books of active-minded, hard-working men.

You want change of scene! think over our hints on the subject. Go off with as easy a mind as you can, look upon the step as a duty as well as a pleasure, pack up your cares, or at least as many of them as possible, put them at the back of your head, lock them up there, and leave the key at home, determine to do and see all you can, and if the change of scene does not work a good many of the cobwebs out of your head, and, may be, out of your heart too, and send all those misty giants, we spoke of a little way back, trooping, we give you up as a bad job, and unworthy of lesson No. 1, on the way to profit by our "Trips after Health." So patent for good, indeed, is change of scene, that even to the poor invalid unable to leave the sick chamber, the book of travel will in some degree—but only in some degree—supply the place of the reality. In her *Life in the Sick Room*, Miss Martineau speaks warmly from her own experience of the exhilaration produced by the unexpected volume of voyages and travels. "Blessings," says the authoress, "on the writers of voyages and

travels, and not the less for their not having contemplated our case in describing what they have seen. A schoolboy or a soldier's eagerness after voyages and travels is nothing to that of an invalid. We are insatiable in regard to this kind of book. To us it is scenery, exercise, free air. The new knowledge is quite a secondary consideration. We are weary of the aspect of a chest of drawers—tired of certain marks on the wall, and of many unchangeable features of our apartment, so that when morning comes, and our eyes open upon these objects, and we foresee the seasons of pain, or of bodily distress, or mental depression, which we know must come round as regularly as the hours, we loathe the prospect of our day."

When we find even the representation of change, the mere picturing of scenes which the reader may never hope to realize, so powerful for good to the mind, there is little need, perhaps, to add to what has been already said, but we have lately met with some remarks from a published work of note,\* so apposite, so perfectly in accordance with the above ideas, that we cannot but quote them. The author says—

"Let it be here remarked that recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savour. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how plain it is. Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness round it to make its presence felt. And besides this, a great part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of everything around him; and quite another thing when a hard wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has

\* *The Recreations of a Country Parson.*



brought some worthy work to an end, on the self-same tour. And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is 'used up;' it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate; you might as well think to prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle as to excite the interest of that *blasé* being by any amusement which is not highly spiced with the cayenne of vice. And *that* certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old Frenchwoman was drinking when she said, 'Oh, that this were a sin, to give it a relish!'"

Next to change of scene, and, indeed, necessarily conjoined with it, comes

#### CHANGE OF AIR,

an aid to health seeking which even they find of advantage who have the benefit of pure air at all times; how much more must it do good to the man who has been shut up, day after day, in the unventilated office or workshop, and who exchanges the close air for the free uncontaminated breezes of heaven, laden with the fragrance of earth or the exhalations of the ocean! Yet, putting aside the obvious causes of benefit, change of air alone does good, as we see it in the case of hooping cough, when even a pure air is exchanged for one comparatively less pure; and where, as in very young children, change of scene can have no effect. Not that we think it a matter of indifference into what air the summer—we must coin a word—Health-resorter goes, but yet he cannot go very wrong. It is only when invalidism comes in that this point requires to be closely studied, and then it does require much attention; moreover, it is oftener a winter than a summer consideration, and we must revert to it again. We would not, of course, have our advisees seek their summer quarters by the side of a marsh, where ague might lurk on the surface of the half-dried mud; and, in choosing, we would have them cast a sharp eye to the drainage of their favourite locale, and see, too, that the ebbing and flowing of the tide does not cause an ebbing and flowing of town filth poured in near the shore.

Generally speaking, however, few can exchange the air they usually live in for that of country or seashore residence, and not reap advantages. The habitual dweller on the coast must seek his change inland, and probably the more elevated the site the more certain the advantage; in-

land people do not require telling to go to the sea for change, for few seem to think, in Britain at least, of going anywhere else, unless, indeed, it is to the hilly regions of Wales, Cumberland, and Scotland. What people have done instinctively, science seems to confirm; for going to the sea-shore and to the hill countries, they go to where ozone is most abundant. This word ozone is perhaps a puzzler to many of our readers, and requires some explanation. Shortly, it is the term applied to a recently discovered principle, existing in greater or less intensity in the atmosphere—in greater, in those situations, as on the sea-shore or lofty mountains, where the air is most pure—in less, where, as in large cities, it is less pure. It seems more than probable that this ozone is the oxygen gas of the atmosphere in a peculiar condition; but whether it is so or no, its existence in greater or less proportion is evidently closely connected with health. As we are digressing into this little scientific explanation, we may as well embrace the opportunity to impress upon our readers how greatly health is influenced for good, especially in the feeble, by free exposure, not only to good air, but to the diffused light of day. This is not the place to discuss the subject, or to bring proofs of what is an undoubted fact, so pray take it upon our testimony—pray act upon it; we know not, even yet, how much the chemical rays of sunlight influence our physical well-being, so pray, reader, remember when we talk of getting plenty of fresh air, we mean plenty of sunlight as well.

If we seek change of air as a duty, it must be our interest to get as much of the commodity as possible: one way of course is to be as much out in it as possible, but there is a difference how we "take the air," whether we go about it in an easy *laissez faire* fashion, which does not quicken a respiration or heart-beat; or whether by climbing, walking, running, &c., and by all the modes of exercise we can indulge in—now that we have no dignity to support—we make the heart pump the blood through the lungs in double quick time, and make our respirations, as perforce we must, keep pace. And so one man goes to the sea-side, and lolls on the beach, or in the reading-room, and taking it easy, but gets half measure of the new air; whilst another exercising himself gets double measure and double good.

## EXERCISE

tells by inciting both heart and lungs to increased action and energy, and this, done in a pure air, is great gain to the purification of the blood; but exercise does much more, for not only are the lungs, with their large capacity for air, great purifiers, but the skin is little less effective towards the same end. All know the palpable effect of exercise upon the skin; but many, even still, are ignorant that the sensible perspiration is but an increase of an insensible perspiration which is unceasingly poured out from myriads of little pores, the mouths of the sweat glands, and the oil glands of the skin. Stop this insensible perspiration but for a short time—and, as has been proved upon unfortunate animals, death is the quick result; the speedy, fatal effect, however, being, perhaps, more especially due to the stoppage of the transpiration of carbonic acid gas, which is abundantly thrown off from the skin surface, as well as the oil, water, and salts from the little glands. Think a moment; the ordinary, insensible perspiration is continually freeing us from a mass of impurity which cannot be retained in our system without injury; convert the insensible perspiration into sensible by exercise, to speak strongly, produce moderate sweating; and if the clothing be rational, you will give off to the winds the cause of many a headache, and gloomy thought. Now, this increased skin excretion must come from somewhere, and so it does, for the increased exertion causes increased wear and tear of system; every step works up tissue; and muscles, blood-vessels, nerves, are all used quicker than when the man sat at his desk, or measured his goods. Off go these used-up matters, probably the worst first, through lungs and skin, as fast as they can, and, to make a long story short, the man begins to feel this waste, for from all sides there are telegraphs to the stomach for supplies, and he finds himself getting excessively hungry, the early-dinner hour very welcome, and the formerly capricious stomach

ready for anything; and so new supplies go in to supply the place of the old-used-up works, and the physical man is getting renovated, taken to pieces, as it were, and built up again, so that by the time his fortnight—or, if he be a lucky man, his month—is up, he has become a sort of *alter ego*, and returns home with the wheels so well oiled, and the works going so smoothly, that he forgets all his old grievances.

Our short sketch will be sufficient, mayhap, to give our readers some idea of the actual rational benefit to be expected from change of scene, change of air, and exercise. Have we nothing to say of

## DIET

to the health-resorter? We have very little; our chief hint is—do not make idleness, and the non-necessity for exertion of mind or body, an excuse for or incentive to gormandizing; do not let the mind get vacant and ennuièd so that it looks forward to meal-times as means of killing time. At the Health Resort the body should take the mind to dinner, not the reverse; nevertheless, that is no reason why you should not and ought not thoroughly to enjoy meals—as most do under the influence of new air and scene, only let not the table become an object, or then adieu to health, for excess is almost sure to follow, and, with excess, indisposition to exertion. But we are not writing you a book on dietetics. Take with you, to the country, the usual moderate habits every man ought to have when engaged in his ordinary occupation allowing always for increased appetite. If you are of the number who suffer from weak digestion—if you cannot at home indulge in such things as cucumber, raw vegetables, shell-fish, &c., with impunity, try them not now, they will do you no good, perhaps harm. If beer or wine are habitual to you, take them moderately as usual; in fact, keep to what you know is plain, wholesome diet, and you cannot go wrong.

In our next we shall treat of the Sea and Sea-side Doings.

(To be continued.)





## THE DEW-DROP,

### PART I.

A DEW-DROP, once,  
In a summer's night,  
Was touched by the wand  
Of a faithless sprite,

As the moon, in her change,  
Shot a trembling ray  
Down the bosky dell  
Where the dew-drop lay ;

And tainted with change  
By the wild-wood sprite,  
Was the dew-drop, till then  
So pure and so bright.

For what might be pure,  
If 'twere not the dew ?  
A gift from the skies  
Earth's sweets to renew.

What may be bright  
As the dew-drops are ?  
Kindred are they  
To the evening star.

Blest is the dew  
When the day's begun,  
It flies to the kiss  
Of the godlike sun.

Blest is the dew  
At the evening hour,  
Taking its rest  
In some grateful flower,

That gives forth its odour,  
To welcome the fall  
Of the dew-drop that sinks  
In the balmy thrall.

Enfolded in fragrance,  
Entranced it lies,  
Till the morning's dawn,  
When it lightly flies

From the balmy lips  
Of the waking flower,  
Which droops through the day,  
When the dew-drop's away,  
And mourns the delay  
Of the evening hour.

O, how the sprite-struck  
Dew-drop stray'd  
'Mong the wildest flow'rs  
Of the wild-wood glade!

Toying with all,  
She was constant to none,  
Though she held her faith  
To the lordly sun.

She sought a new couch  
As the eve grew dim,  
But at morning she ever  
Returned to him.

The fond rose pined  
In its hidden heart  
While the dew-drop play'd  
Her changeful part.

And though it was kiss'd  
By *some* dew-drop bright,  
Griev'd that it was not  
The one of last night.

The leaf-shelter'd lily,  
Pale "flow'r of the vale,"  
The love-plaint felt  
Of the nightingale;

Whose song never bore  
So much meaning as now:—  
O, sympathy!—subtile  
In teaching art thou.

The violet (heart-like),  
The sweeter for grief,  
Sigh'd forth its balm  
In its own relief;

While its jealous companions  
Conceiv'd it blest,  
And envied the pang  
Of an aching breast.

Thus, eve after eve,  
Did the dew-drop betray  
Some leaflet that smiled  
On the pendant spray;

And blossoms that sprang  
From a healthful root,  
Faded in grief,  
And produced no fruit.

But what cared she?  
Who was always caressed,  
As she sank in delight  
On some fresh flower's breast.

Though it died the next night,  
She could pass it, and say,  
"Poor thing—'twas my love  
Of yesterday."

At last, in her pride,  
She so faithless got,  
She even forsook  
The forget-me-not.

And Nature frown'd  
On the bright coquette,  
And sternly said—  
"I will teach thee yet  
A lesson so hard  
Thou wilt not forget!"

## PART II.

THE roses of summer  
Are past and gone,  
And sweet things are dying  
One by one;  
But autumn is bringing  
In richer suits,  
To match with his sunsets  
His glowing fruits;  
And the flowers the dew-drop  
Deserted now,  
For the richer caress  
Of the clustering bough.

So dainty a dew-drop  
A leaf would not suit,  
For her nothing less  
Would suffice than the fruit.  
The bloom of the plum  
And the nect'rine's perfume  
Were deserted, in turn,  
A fresh love to assume;  
And as each she gave up,  
If her conscience *did* preach,  
Her ready excuse  
Was the down of the peach.





But fruits will be gathered  
 Ere autumn shall close ;  
 Then where in her pride  
 May the dew-drop repose ?  
 Nor a bud, nor a flower,  
 Nor a leaf is there now ;  
 They are gone whom she slighted—  
 There's nought but the bough.  
 And the dew-drop would now  
 Keep her mansion of air,  
 With her bright lord the Sun,  
 Nor, at evening, repair  
 To the desolate earth ;  
 Where no lovers remain  
 But grasses so humble,  
 And brambles so plain,  
 So crooked, so knotty,  
 So jagged and bare—  
 Indeed would the dew  
 Keep her mansion of air !  
 But Nature looked dark,  
 And her mandate gave,  
 And the autumn dew  
 Was her winter slave.

When the lordly Sun  
 Had his journey sped  
 Far in the south,  
 Towards ocean's bed,  
 And short was the time  
 That he held the sky,  
 His oriflamb waving  
 Nor long nor high,  
 And the dew-drop lay  
 In dark cold hours,  
 Embraced by the weeds  
 That survived the flowers.  
 Oh ! chill was her tear,  
 As she thought of the night  
 She had wept in pure joy  
 At her rose's delight ;  
 While now for the morning  
 She sigh'd ;—that its ray  
 Should bear her from loathsome  
 Embraces away.  
 Like a laggard it came ;  
 And so briefly it shone,  
 She scarce reach'd the sky  
 Ere her bright lord was gone ;

And downward again  
 Among weeds was she borne,  
 To linger in pain  
 Till her bright lord's return.

And Nature frown'd  
 On the bright coquette,  
 And again she said—  
 "I will teach thee yet  
 A lesson so hard  
 Thou wilt never forget!"



LOUDMAN'S

### PART III.

THROUGH the bare branches  
 Sigh'd the chill breeze  
 As the sun went down  
 Where the leafless trees

Are darkly standing,  
 Like skeletons grim,  
 'Gainst the fading light  
 Of the west, grown dim;

And colder and colder  
 The embers decay  
 That were glowing red  
 With the fire of day,

Till Darkness wrapp'd  
 In her mantle drear  
 The withering forms  
 Of the dying Year.

Thus bleak and black  
 Was the face of the world,  
 When Winter his silvery  
 Banner unfurled,

His sprites sending forth  
 In their glittering array,  
 To seize in the night  
 Each fantastical spray



And the fern in the wood,  
And the rush by the stream,  
Were sparkling with gems  
In the morning beam.

So charm'd was the stream  
With the beauty around,  
That it stopp'd in its course,  
And it utter'd no sound ;

In the silent entrancement  
Of Winter's embrace,  
It sought not to wander  
From that charmèd place ;

For better it loved  
With old Winter to be,  
In the diamond-hung woods,  
Than be lost in the sea.

But the dew-drop's home  
Was in yon bright sky,  
And when in the sunbeam  
She sought to fly,

Chain'd to a weed  
Was the bright frail thing,  
And she might not mount  
On her morning wing.

"Ha ! ha !" laugh'd Nature,  
"I've caught thee now ;  
Bride of old Winter,  
Bright thing, art thou !

"Think of how many  
A flower for thee  
Hath wasted its heart  
In despondency.

"Now where thou 'rt fetter'd  
Thou *must* remain ;  
Let thy pride rejoice  
In so *bright* a chain."

"True," said the dew-drop,  
"Is all thou'st told,  
My fetters are bright—  
But ah, *so* cold !

"Rather than sparkle  
In diamond chain,  
I'd dwell with the humblest  
Flower again ;

"And never would rove  
From a constant bliss,  
If I might 'scape  
From a fate like this ;

"In glittering misery  
Bid me not sleep !  
Mother, oh, let me  
Melt and weep !

"Weep in the breast  
Of my chosen flower,  
And for ever renounce  
My changeful hour ;

"For though to the skies  
I shall daily spring,  
At the sunrise bright,  
On my rainbow wing,

"To my flower I'll return  
At golden even,  
With a love refresh'd  
At the fount of heaven !"

The Spirit of Spring  
Was listening near ;  
The captive dew-drop  
She came to cheer !

Her fetter she broke,  
And the chosen flower  
Was given to the dew-drop  
In happy hour.

And true to her faith,  
Did the dew-drop come,  
When the honey-bee,  
With his evening hum,

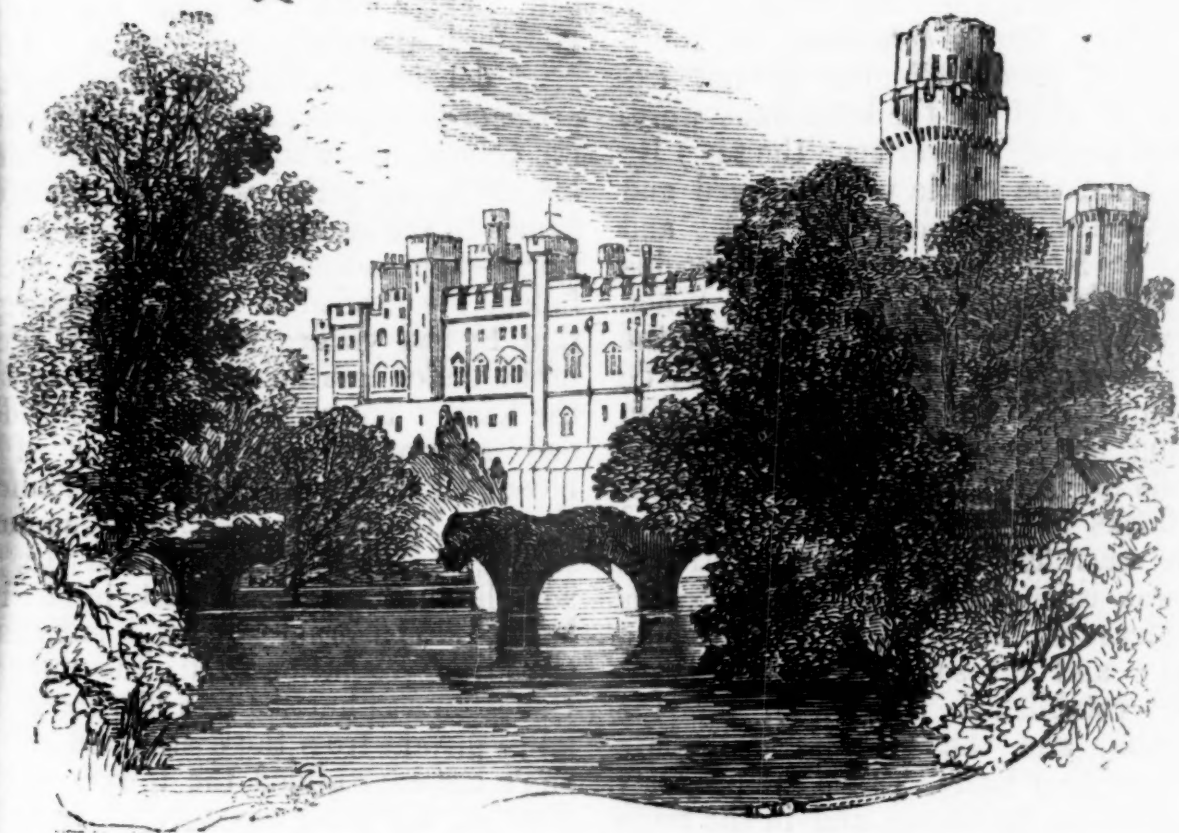
Was bidding farewell  
To the rose, which he taught,  
By his fondness, to know  
'Twas with sweetness fraught.

And the rose thought the bee  
Was a silly thing  
To fly from the dew  
With his heavy wing ;

For "Ah," sighed the rose,  
As it hung on the bough,  
"Bright dew-drop, there's nothing  
So sweet as thou !"

## PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE.

## No. 1.—WARWICK CASTLE.



THERE are in Merry England many noble castles still standing, which recal the memory of days long past, the changes of manners and of circumstances, and the vicissitudes of states. Most of them testify to the lapse of time by ruined walls and desolate halls: the Castle of Warwick, however, retains, with its historical interest, much of the splendour which has long characterized it, and though its changes have been numerous, they are not marked by decay.

Let us cast our eyes backward to those days when the warlike Romans possessed the land, ere yet a stone of the present venerable edifice was laid; see the Avon gliding through the fine grassy meadows, and skirting the noble forest of olive oak,—a bold, perpendicular rock rising on the northern bank, beyond which a high artificial mound marked the *Prætorium*. Here swarthy men kept watch and ward, within fosse and embankment, casting their eyes from time to time towards distant stations, which just appeared in the horizon. Such was the *Præsidium*, or garrison town, which was held to be a valuable point of observation, being situated nearly in the middle of the province.

And now change the scene. See the fair-haired Saxons keep their herds on the plains, or beneath the spreading oaks; a

fair tower has risen on the rock overhanging the river, which protects and commands a town adjoining—the name changed in sound, though not in signification—*War* (or *Waryn*) *Wik*, meaning a garrison or war station among the Saxons. Here dwelt the Lady Ethelfleda, daughter of the great King Alfred; and we may imagine her sitting with her handmaidens, in long gown and kirtle, her silken veil bound on her head, the light tresses escaping from beneath the folds; perhaps embroidering the hangings which were to decorate the hall—they might have been like those described by Ingulphus, with golden birds in needlework, or, soaring to higher delineations, they might bear a representation of the destruction of Troy. Or, we may fancy we may see her looking from her lattice on the town, which was much bound to her, for she had repaired it when decayed.

And after the lapse of a century was Turchil de Warwyk possessor of the domain; his ensign,—the Bear and Ragged Staff,—embroidered on the banner that waves over the tower—that ensign which he adopted from his celebrated ancestor Guy, and which continued the badge belonging to the title, as it passed through the families of Newburgh, Beauchamp, Nevil, Plantagenet, and Dudley.

The conquering Norman fortified the



town, and ordained that twelve burgesses "should accompany the king in his warres. He that upon warning given obeyed not, paid a hundred shillings to the king; but, if the king made a voyage by sea against his enemies, they sent either four *boteswans*, or four pounds of deniers." (It is not explained of what use the *boteswans* were, who had probably never seen the sea.) By royal order, the castle was enlarged and strengthened, Turchil removed, and Henry de Newburgh, established in his place, held the fief of the king. When Henry the First made, at Woodstock, the first park yet seen in England, Henry de Newburgh imitated his royal master in forming one near his castle; deer and animals for the chase replaced the peaceful flocks and herds, and the graceful antler was reflected in the Avon's stream. Nor was this earl devoted alone to his own pleasure: he founded in the town a priory; and his son, following the example, established a hospital for the Templars, and the beautiful collegiate church of Our Lady. Twice the property descended to heiresses; and in the reign of Henry the Third it was possessed by William Mauduit, who died childless. We may, in imagination, view the castle under another aspect—the walls in many parts demolished, the result of the wars between Henry the Third and his Barons; Gifford, governor of Kenilworth, being on the victorious side of the Barons, and Mauduit a faithful adherent of this king. In his chamber lay the dying warrior, a prey to sorrow and disappointment. His sister Isabel (married to William Beauchamp) was summoned to attend him in his last hours. To her he left the whole of his estates; but she had outlived the desire of worldly possessions, and, with her husband's concurrence, she transferred the fair domain of Warwick to her son. With this singular act of disinterestedness, the family of Beauchamp entered on their tenure. This William de Beauchamp was brave and loyal; his son Guy was present at the deathbed of Edward the First, and received that monarch's last request, that he would be faithful to his son, and not allow Piers Gaveston to return to England. The career of that favourite is well known.

Let us pass over five years, and return to Warwick Castle on a fine evening in the month of May; the budding verdure of the trees partly concealing the ruined wall, which had not been repaired; the

sinking sun gleaming with crimson rays on the armour of a body of men with whom the court is filled; the horses of the commanders led by the 'squires; while the lords assemble for council in the great hall. There were the noble Lancaster, Hereford, Warwick, and others. After brief debate, an order was given for the prisoner to appear; and the royal favourite, Gaveston,—who had so proudly borne himself in prosperity, who had given nicknames to the sternest of England's warriors,—approached, trembling and crest-fallen. He pleaded for his life; and urged that he had yielded to the Earl of Pembroke under assurance of safe conduct to the King. His words were not unheeded, and a proposal was made to shed no blood; but a fatal voice resounded through the hall at the critical moment, saying, "You have caught the fox; if you let him go, you must hunt him again." The cruel hint was sufficient; the stern resolution fixed; the unhappy Gaveston was hurried to a hill about two miles distant from the castle, and ere the sun's last rays gilded the towers of the fortress, his head was severed from his body.

The King never forgave the offence; and for a short space the splendour of the Beauchamps suffered an eclipse. The Earl ended his days, after a lapse of four years, at his Castle of Warwick, as was supposed by poison. Seven little children bewailed their father's untimely end. The sons were committed to the charge of another royal favourite, Hugh le Despenser; and on his fall the guardianship of the youths and the castle was usurped by the minion of the Queen, Roger Mortimer. From this resulted one of those romances in real life which prove that "*le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*." For a year or two after Edward the Third's accession, he was obliged to temporize; but as soon as he could venture to assume the power, the unworthy favourite was disgraced. Before this time he had placed the young Earl of Warwick and his brother, as pages, about the King's person; and we may suppose they attended at the rejoicings on the marriage of the young King with Philippa of Hainault, at which, we are informed, were held "tournaments, jousts, dances, carols, and great and beautiful repasts." We may fancy, too, that it was among the excitements of this time that the fair Catherine, daughter to Mortimer, captivated his ward. No romance could

feign a happier close to twelve years of trial and suffering, the ignominious end of her father, and the fall of her house, than to be brought a bride to the noble Castle of Warwick, by a husband whose love had stood the test of years. Nor did her happiness end quickly; she lived to see the ruined walls rebuilt, her husband return in safety from Cressy's fight, where he had led the van under the command of the Black Prince (where his brother bore the royal standard), and to behold him enrolled among the founders of England's most noble order of knighthood. He died, at Calais, of pestilence; and his body reposes beneath a magnificent tomb in the Church of Our Lady, Warwick. The remarkable tower at the north-east end of the castle was built by his son, and called Guy's Tower, in memory of the Saxon Earl Guy, for whom he had a special veneration. It may be remarked, as a token of the change in the value of money, that this edifice cost only in building 395*l* 5*s*. 2*d*. This Earl was exiled to the Isle of Man by Richard the Second, and his towers inhabited by a stranger; but on the accession of Henry the Fourth he was recalled, and reinstated in his possessions.

The exploits of Richard de Beauchamp, his son, are well known, though less connected with Warwick than with the courts of England and France during his life. His remains were brought from Rouen, where he died, to the home of his fathers, and his tomb is to be seen in the Beauchamp Chapel, attached to the church of St. Mary, in Warwick.

And now the star of Beauchamp set, and that of Nevil, which gleamed with a bright but meteor light, rose upon the towers of Warwick. Henry Beauchamp, son to the last-named lord, died at the age of twenty-two. His daughter lived only till she was six, and the inheritance descended to his sister Anne. She was wife to him who earned the opprobrious title of King Maker. He could seldom, during his turbulent career, have found a home in his fair castle. After his death, at the battle of Barnet, the Countess, rightful possessor of the inheritance, was obliged to retire privately to the north; for at that time festivity and hospitality reigned in Warwick Castle, under the occupancy of George, Duke of Clarence, who had married the elder daughter, but gloom overspread the castle on his death in the Tower. The old Countess was recalled to possession

by Henry VII., but only as it were in mockery; she came to her halls a stranger, and remained but long enough to make them over to the king. Her son and daughter were both beheaded; the latter was the old Countess of Salisbury, whose execution at the age of seventy, by the order of Henry VIII., is well known. With them ended the glories of Nevil and Plantagenet, Earls of Warwick.

For more than forty years no earl raised his banner over the towers of Warwick; and when a new one adopted the ensign, the Bear and Ragged Staff, we might almost imagine the spirits of the true and loyal Beauchamps disturbed in their resting-places, at the sight of a Dudley, son to an informer, and himself a "bold, bad man," ruling over the edifice which they had erected. The possession of the castle by this family was but short. After the death of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, as a traitor to Queen Mary, his son Ambrose was restored, and enjoyed the favour of Queen Elizabeth. In the Beauchamp Chapel, so often mentioned as the last home of the earls, is a small monument on the north side of the altar. The figure of a child lies on it, and the inscription tells us that it is erected to the "most noble Impe," son of the celebrated Earl of Leicester, and nephew to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, heir to dukedoms, earldoms, and other titles, to the number of sixteen; but he was taken from the burden of so many honours, and the Castle of Warwick reverted to the Crown.

Fulke Greville, to whom the Castle of Warwick was granted by James I., was collaterally descended from Richard Beauchamp, celebrated in the reigns of Henry V. and VI.; but, before we speak of him and his great worthiness, we must be pardoned for inserting, for the reader's amusement, a romantic incident which decided the fortunes of his grandfather.

This gentleman was the younger of two sons of Sir Edward Greville, of Wilcote. While he and his brother were still youths, the guardianship of Elizabeth Willoughby was given to their father. This young lady was granddaughter to the last Lord Brooke, who had left no male descendants, and heiress, also, to her grandmother, Lady Beauchamp, of Powyke. Her two younger sisters had been taken from her by death,



and we may well imagine that the kindly feelings of the two brothers would be called forth at the sight of the young mourner. No history, that we have seen speaks of her personal attractions, and perhaps it is too much to imagine that they were eminent, for she was one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom; yet we feel assured that our readers will allow that if this were wanting, the qualities of her heart and mind made amends. In course of time John Greville, the elder son, declared himself her suitor, but could gain no favour. Fulke, the second son, had been sent by his father to advance his fortune in the wars abroad.

Sir Edward watched with anxiety the progress of his son's courtship, and finding the lady still averse, resolved to interpose the authority of a guardian. Solicitations and authority were alike vain; and when urged more closely, she acknowledged that she "did like better of Fulke the second son." The manuscript which relates the tale, continues thus quaintly:—"He (Sir Edward) told her that he had no estate of land to maintain her, and that he was in the king's service of warre beyond the seas, and therefore his returne was very doubtful. She replied and said, that shee had an estate sufficient both for him and for herselfe; that shee would praye for his safetie, and wait for his coming." And she did wait, till he had distinguished himself, and won the honour of knighthood. He was fully worthy of the heiress who thus proved her constancy. But we must not delay to pursue his history, or to speak of his merits.

Pass we again to Warwick Castle, in March, 1603. Behold the walls decayed, the chambers where princesses and great ladies had reposed, tenanted by common felons; for it was now the gaol of the county. In the hall where Gaveston had been condemned with merely the form of a trial, were assembled the judges and magistrates, holding the annual Lent Assize. The news arrived of the death of the glorious Queen Elizabeth, and ordinary business being therefore stayed, the magistrates assembled to debate what should be done. Sir Fulke Greville (son to the one lately mentioned) thus spoke:—

"Shall our loyalty to our mistress expire with the breath which has left her noble body, that we stand thus in doubt? Rather let us show that a portion of the wisdom which directed her counsels has

descended to us; let us put in peaceable possession of the realm him to whom she looked as her heir. We may not dispose of the crown at our own will and pleasure, and there is none to whom it more rightfully belongs than to him."

It is said in the manuscript from which some of these particulars are extracted that Sir Fulke "was a gentleman full of affabilitie and courtesie," and that "no man did have a greater sway in the county of Warwicke than himselfe."

Yet on this occasion his counsels did not prevail; the greater part of the assembly were averse to James as a stranger, and they refused to decide for him.

"Then," said Sir Fulke, "I will be answerable, and take the matter on myself."

He called together the "brave companie of gentlemen" with whom, the manuscript informs us, he was "evermore attended," and with his son by his side proclaimed James VI. of Scotland as the first of that name for England. In the Baronial Hall, before the gateway, and in the market-place, his voice was heard announcing to the people the accession of a new sovereign. Two years afterwards he entered the same hall as master, the king having made to him a grant of the castle and domain. Immediate repairs and embellishments were begun: and ere the close of his life he had, at a cost of 20,000*l.*, restored the noble edifice, to be a suitable residence for his son. The high attainments, great reputation, and noble qualities of his son, were a theme pleasant to dwell on; but they belong rather to the annals of the Court than to memorials of the Castle. He resided there during many years, and erected for himself a tomb in the church where so many Earls of Warwick lie. On this he styles himself "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." He lived to the natural age of man, but met with a tragical end, being murdered by his servant. He never married, and left all his property to his kinsman, Robert. The patent of his title, Lord Brooke, which had been granted him by James, was drawn so as to descend to this same kinsman. It had been given him as the heir of the family of Wiltoughby Lord Brooke—the title being originally derived from a rivulet which flowed through the property (at Weetbury, in Wiltshire).

Had the loyal servant and "*councillor*"

of his sovereign known the principles which his successor would adopt, perhaps he would not have received the inheritance; certainly the joining in open war with the Parliamentary forces would have met his highest displeasure. And we will return to Warwick Castle, now turned into a garrison and stronghold of the Roundhead party; the militia of Warwick and Staffordshire often assembling in the park, the officers carousing or deliberating in the halls, the ramparts full of cannon, the store-rooms of arms and ammunition; Lord Brooke hastily arriving on the 22nd October, 1642, and dispatching cart-loads of stores for the army, following as soon as the arrangements were completed. We who happily live in peaceful times can scarcely picture to ourselves the suspense which filled the minds of the peaceful inhabitants during his absence—especially that of the lady his wife—the anxiety for intelligence as the first rumour of the battle of Edge Hill was circulated—the questioning of each messenger—the march of the Earl of Essex with the body of the army to the town—the arrival of Lord Brooke with orders hastily to prepare apartments for the prisoners of note—the entrance

of the dying Earl of Lindsay, who expired as he was being carried to his chamber. Then came the pride and gratulation at the appointment of Lord Brooke as Commander-in-Chief of the district—his immediate resolve to dislodge the Royalists from Lichfield—the clang of armour as the troops rode from Warwick Gateway—and in a few short days the bearing of his corpse back from the fight. Sir William Dugdale says that he “deserved to have fallen in a better cause;” and with that testimony to his general merits we will leave him. Nothing can justify rebellion; and it were vain to give the fight in which he was engaged another name.

The widow and young sons inhabited the now quiet halls. Three of these sons successively possessed the title, the second being instrumental in the restoration of the monarchy.

Since this period no warrior has possessed the once strong fortress, various embellishments have been perfected, and it remains a memorial of the glories of past times, and a testimony of the taste and elegance which have graced the later and happier days of English History.





## PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

TRANSPARENT GLASS-PAINTING FOR  
WINDOWS, ETC.

OUR readers may, perhaps, feel somewhat astonished when they find us recommending to them the painting of glass windows as a parlour occupation well worthy their attention and study; nevertheless, such is our intention, and we flatter ourselves that those who pursue these instructions will at once perceive how simple is the art we would introduce to their notice, and how well adapted it is to afford them a new and useful employment.

The producing a transparent pattern on the semi-opaque surface of ground-glass is thus effected:—

Having determined on the kind of window which is to be made, and the size of its panes, we cut out in drawing-paper the shape of the pane or panes, and sketch the pattern on this paper with Indian-ink in clear distinct lines. The pattern should be something bold and artistic; a scroll; any variety of star, or style of diamond or lattice-work; or groups of vine-leaves and grapes, or oak-leaves and acorns; or mottoes, or initials in old English letters. It is by no means necessary that all the panes should be alike in pattern or in size, diversity in these points, if tastefully managed, being an improvement rather than an injury to the effect.

When the pattern is drawn, lay the pane of ground-glass on it, with the rough or ground side upwards, and with a fine camel-hair pencil, moistened in copal varnish, trace the outlines of the pattern on to the glass. This done, remove the pane of glass on to a sheet of pure white paper, which will enable the tracing to be seen, and then, with appropriate brushes, put in the shading and the clear parts, and perfect the pattern. Wherever it is intended that the glass shall be clear, there with copal varnish fill up the space, as every touch of the varnish clears the glass; the untouched portions, by retaining their whitish semi-opaque appearance serve as a background, and throw up the pattern.

The varnish used should be obtained at an artist's colourman's, and should be as clear and devoid of colour as possible. The camel-hair pencils should be only moistened with it, for if loaded and saturated they are apt to make blots, or jagged, uneven outlines and strokes;

enough varnish to render the glass transparent, but no more than enough is to be laid on, or the pattern will look rough and unequal, instead of smooth and even. A small phial of spirits of turpentine should always be standing by, in which the camel-hair pencils may be washed before they begin to dry, for if suffered to dry, or put away with any varnish in them, they harden and become utterly useless. They must, therefore, be immediately well washed in spirits of turpentine, and then carefully wiped in a soft linen rag, or an old silk handkerchief.

When the pattern has been duly elaborated in the manner described, the pane of glass must be set aside for eight or ten hours, in a warm, dry place where nothing is likely to touch it, and where dust cannot settle upon the sticky surface. After it has thus had time to become slowly and thoroughly dry, it must be immersed in clear cold spring water for five or ten minutes, and then be placed on edge to drain itself. If the varnish is good, the pattern will now be firmly set, and stand out in clear relief on the semi-opaque ground.

Exposure to moderate heat will turn the transparent parts of the glass from crystal white to orange-brown; but this is an operation requiring great care, as too great heat will often split the glass, or at least render it very brittle.

A pretty window may be easily and quickly prepared thus: it may contain twelve square panes, and thirty-one long narrow ones: or six square panes and thirteen long narrow ones; or any number of each which will admit of each square pane being set in, or framed by four of the narrow ones. The square panes are to contain a transparent pattern on the ground glass; the narrow ones are all to be of one colour, as rich blue, or carmine, or yellow, or violet. To render them thus we must use water-colours in cakes, as Prussian blue, carmine, gamboge, or, for the violet, Prussian blue and carmine. Having rubbed down the paint we intend to use on a china palette, with a full camel-hair brush, we lay the shade evenly and smoothly over the whole of the narrow pane, and, when the paint is dry, varnish it with the copal varnish, and then having allowed the varnish the requisite number of hours to dry, immerse the pane

in water, and again dry it, when it will be fit for use.

Any person could prepare such a window as this, no knowledge of painting or drawing being requisite; all that is needful is a certain power of adaptation and combination, and some taste.

But most artistic effects may be produced, beautiful birds or butterflies, pleasant landscapes, groups of flowers, or of figures, animals, portraits; in short, anything the skill of an artist could delineate on canvas, paper, or ivory, may be

The following, with the combinations they are capable of producing, will be found sufficient for most purposes.

Prussian blue, ultramarine, indigo, gamboge, yellow-lake, burnt-sienna, purple-lake, carmine, scarlet, or crimson-lake; Vandyke-brown, madder-brown, and ivory-black. The greens must be made by combining gamboge with one of the blues; as almost all cake greens, except verdigris, are opaque.

We lay the square of glass which is to be painted on the copy, with the ground side towards us, and the glassy one downwards; with a fine lead pencil we then trace the outlines on to the ground surface, and having done so, remove the square on to a sheet of white paper, and proceed to work exactly as if we were about to paint a group of flowers, or a landscape with water-colours on card-board, working it up as artistically, and as carefully avoiding all that looks like daubing.

It is generally as well to let one shade dry before we add another to it, or work it up by deeper touches, for if the paint is washed out, or taken off by the touch of the brush, a patchy appearance is given to the thing.

When the painting is completed and thoroughly dry, it is to be smoothly varnished all over with the copal varnish; but this is a manipulation requiring great care, for if the outline be not *perfectly* kept, the transparency extends to the white parts of the glass, and mars the effect of what should be the groundwork of the picture. When the varnish is dry, the pane is to be immersed in water as before directed, and placed to dry.

In the design exhibited opposite, the square panes have a transparent pattern on the white ground glass, and the narrow side panes contain wreaths of convolvulus, painted and thrown up in transparency on the ground glass. All the black lines and marks in the cut are intended to represent the transparent or varnished parts of the pattern, while the white is the untouched ground glass.

In the following design, the square panes contain transparent groups of painting, while the narrow ones have a pattern in clear glass on the white ground; or the ovals and lozenges in the narrow panes may be made of some transparent colour, while the lines and dots are simply transparent.

All kinds of armorial bearings and heraldic devices may be given with great



CONVOLVULUS PATTERN FOR WINDOW-PAINTING.

produced on glass, and with beautiful effect, if the lights and shades are carefully studied, bearing in mind that it is a transparent, and not a surface picture we would produce.

The cake water-colours are those used for this transparent painting. We need not add that the best will alone produce such effects as will confer pleasure. Those which are opaque must be avoided.



brilliancy and effect in this transparent glass-painting.

Scriptural subjects, either with the quaint, hard outlines and glowing tints which we see in some illuminated missals, or delicately worked up and finished off; groups of brightly plumaged birds, or gorgeous butterflies, mottoes, devices, shaded scrolls; in short, anything fancy and taste may dictate and combine, and skill work out, can be produced.

Brilliancy of effect must be aimed at, and at the same time a lightness and smoothness of colouring maintained.

The simplicity of this art, and its perfect adaptation for a drawing-room occupation, as well as its usefulness in beautifying an abode, and giving an air of elegance to what would else be merely commonplace, renders it one that ought to become generally known. Wherever double windows are used for a house, the

turned towards the room, and the painted side towards the outer window, which will of course be of the ordinary clear glass; the effect will then be quite equal to that of a stained glass window, and the durability also, while the cost will scarcely be one-fourth as much.

#### OPAQUE GLASS PAINTING.

In our last paper on the subject of glass-painting, we described the process of producing transparent paintings on glass, adapted for windows, glass doors, and such like; we are now about to describe another style of painting on glass, which is opaque, and adapted for hand-some dessert services, sets of plates, or fruit dishes or baskets, and similar articles, and which will stand washing and using as well as any china, and may be worked up to any degree of artistic beauty, and adorned or diversified in any way that taste may suggest.

For the opaque glass-painting we use not only those transparent water-colours which were specified in our last paper—viz., ultramarine, Prussian blue, Antwerp blue, indigo, gamboge, burnt sienna, carmine, lake, Vandyke brown, and ivory black, but also some of the opaque colours, as chrome, vermilion, green, burnt umber, &c. And we likewise require some powder colours, as vermilion, cobalt-blue, flake white, and emerald-green. These should all be procured at a first-rate artists' colourman's, and purchased of the best quality.

Another material which will be required for this painting is fine bronze powder; it is immaterial whether the red or the yellow bronze powder be chosen.

Copal varnish, as pure and colourless as it can be obtained, or the glass varnish, will be necessary, and some fine brass or copper filings, technically called "sparklings," which can be obtained at most large colour-shops; the bright brass sparklings are more effective than the redder copper-coloured ones. A palette, some camel-hair brushes, a pencil, some Indian ink, and a phial of spirits of turpentine will complete the list of requisites.

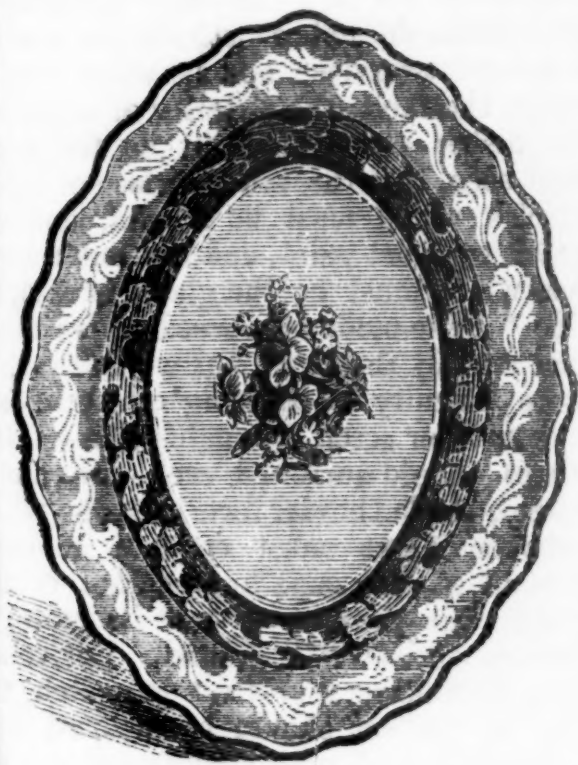
Ground-glass plates, or "ice-plates," as they are generally called, may be obtained at all glass or china shops; and at most of the large glass-sellers, plates and dishes, and various other articles may be



ORNAMENTAL DEVICES FOR WINDOW-PAINTING.

inner ones should be painted according to the instructions we have given, and then put up with the glassy side (which in all cases is intended to be the right side)

obtained, or at any rate can be made to order. It is on the rough or *ground* side we have to perform all our operations.



PATTERN OF ORNAMENTED DISH.

The cut of a plate next given will show our readers how the pattern or design should be arranged. In the centre should be a group of flowers, or fruit, or of birds, or a coat-of-arms, or any other device fancy or taste may suggest: this should be surrounded by a wreath of vine, or ivy, or oak leaves, painted in their native hues, or a scroll in shades of yellow and brown; and at the outermost edge of the plate should be another and narrower border, to match the inner one, and between the two borders lies the grounding.

We will now proceed to instruct our readers how to work up the various portions, and to complete the whole.

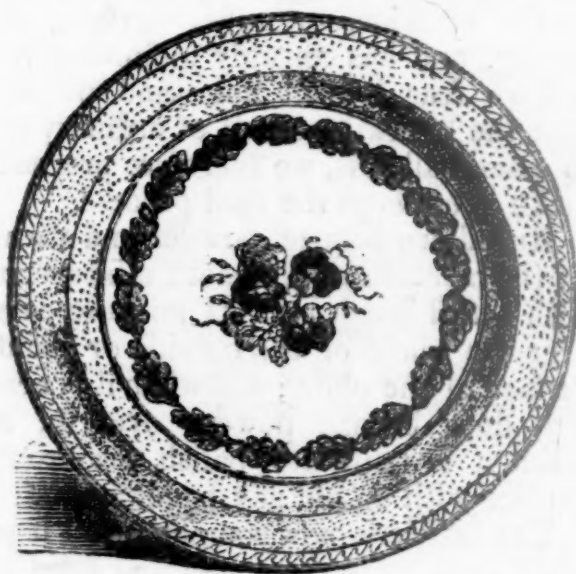
Those who draw well may commence by turning up the plate and sketching the design with a fine pointed lead-pencil on the bottom or frosted surface; those who cannot do this will have to pursue a more roundabout course in order to get their design transferred to the plate. They must cut a piece of paper exactly the size of the bottom of the plate, and sketch the central group and wreath boldly on it; then rub down some Indian-ink, and, having stood the plate upon the paper pattern, must, with a soft quill-pen, or a fine camel-hair brush, dipped in the Indian-ink, trace the outline in clear, distinct lines, on the glassy surface of the inside of the plate. When

this is thoroughly dry, the plate must be turned over, a piece of white linen or paper put inside it, to throw up the outlines, and these transferred with a fine lead pencil to the outside, or frosted surface, and then the first, or inked ones, wiped off. It should be borne in mind that by these means the design will be reversed.

The group of flowers, or design, whatsoever it be, is now to be painted in water-colours, the transparent colours being first and chiefly used, and the opaque ones only thrown in here and there in touches, to heighten the effect. The wreaths or borders must then be painted, or the scrolls shaded, and here, too, the transparent colours must be first and chiefly used. For shading scrolls, gamboge and burnt sienna, shaded with Vandyke brown, and deepened here and there by touches of carmine, and marked by traceries of ivory-black, will be found effective.

When these are finished, and are perfectly dry, they are to be varnished with the copal, or glass-varnish, taking care to keep the edges even, and neither to go beyond them nor leave any portion unvarnished. This, too, must be allowed thoroughly to dry.

Then with a palette-knife put some flake-white on the palette, and drop on it a little varnish, and rub these down together until they are perfectly mixed and smooth, and of the consistence of cream. With a camel-hair brush lay this white paint evenly over the central group,



PATTERN OF ORNAMENTED PLATE.

the inner wreath, or scroll, and the frosted glass between the group and that wreath; and also over the outer wreath, taking care not to pass the outlines of



either wreath, or touch the glass between them. Hold the plate up to the light, to ascertain that there are no interstices in this coat of white paint, but that all those portions which are intended to receive it be thoroughly and evenly covered by it. The plate must then again be set aside to dry for six or eight hours at least.

When perfectly dry, take it and varnish the yet untouched portion of glass between the inner and outer wreaths or borders, and while the varnish is still damp, spangle it with the sparkles, by shaking them over it, or powdering it with them, so that they shall gem it like stars in the sky. Time must be allowed for these to set and dry firmly on.

Next we take that colour which has been fixed on for the grounding of the plates, be it vermilion, cobalt-blue, or emerald green, and rub it down on the palette with varnish to the consistence of cream, and then daub it over that portion of the plate occupied by the sparkles. We say *daub* it advisedly; for to lay or smooth it on in the ordinary way might loosen or remove those sparkles to which it is intended to form the groundwork, and which are destined to relieve and gem it. The plate must once more be held up to the light, to see that no interstices have been left here either, but that all this part has been thoroughly covered, and must then again be set aside for eight or ten hours to dry.

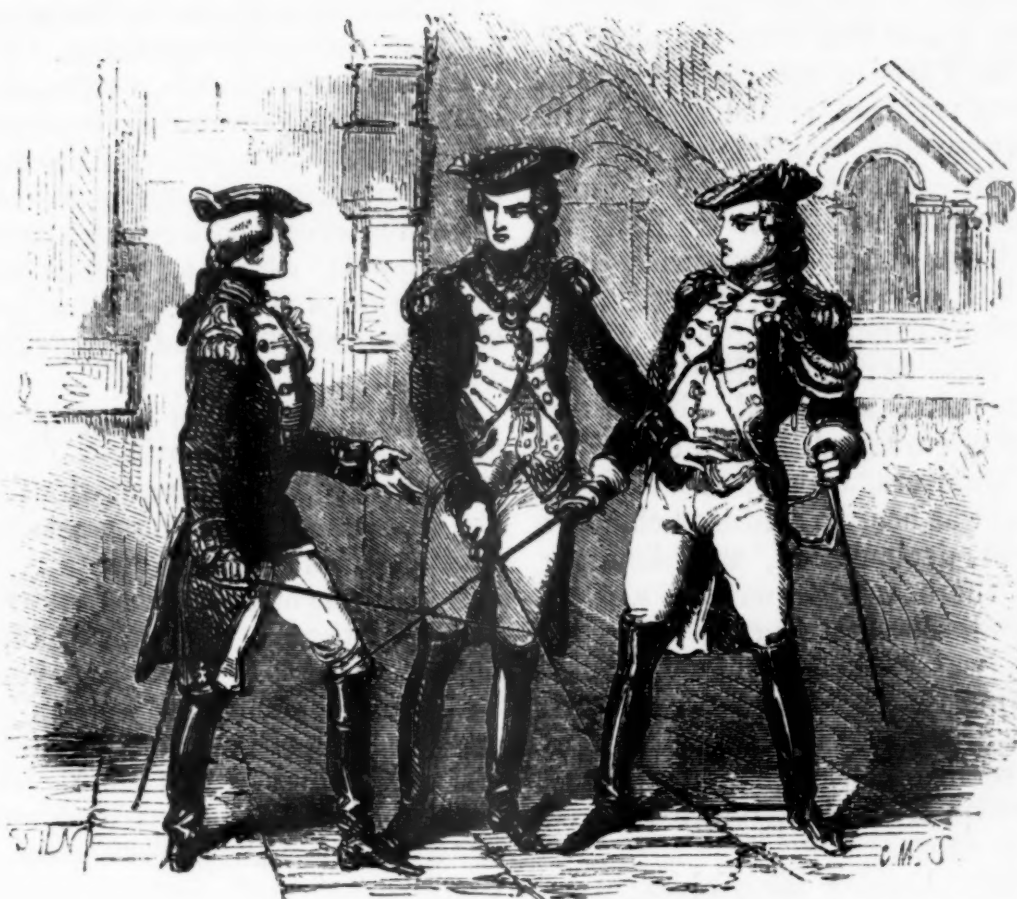
The pattern and the ground are now complete, and the article viewed from its interior or glassy surface has the appearance we intend to give it; but if we turn to the exterior, or under surface, it is patchy, and has an ugly unfinished look, and we fear it will not stand water, or bear the knocking about of ordinary use: to amend all this, we therefore proceed to make it undergo the final process.

Rub down bronze powder and varnish on the palette into a smooth mixture, and with a full brush lay this mixture evenly over the whole of the outside or painted surface of the plate; and when it is nearly dry, dust bronze powder over it; and when it is quite dry, polish the bronzed surface with an old silk handkerchief.

The article is now complete, and if properly done, presents a neat and solid surface which is impervious to water, and not affected either by wear or by atmospheric influences. It is as solid as the iron-stone china; and, with fair usage, will last as long.

In painting plates, as we have already stated, all the manipulations are performed on the bottom or under surface, while the inside, or glassy side, is that from which we view the effect produced. Now plates do not constitute the whole of a dessert-service: and as, when standing on the table, the exterior of many of the dishes and vases will be the part most seen, it is the inner surface of such articles which must be *ground*, and on which we must paint, and the outer surface which must be the glassy or "right side." The mode of proceeding is in this case exactly the same, but we find rather more difficulty in effecting our purpose. A wreath or scroll, to match that of the plates, should surround each dish, and a narrow-shaded border form the edge, while between these must come a gemmed ground of the same hue as that of the plates; the centre must have its group of flowers on a white ground. For vases, groups of flowers, or fruit to match, the rest of the set should be inclosed in a lozenge or oval, with a white ground, the edge or rim of the vase surrounded with a scroll, and from the pedestal should spring shaded points, or some appropriate device, while the foundation groundwork is the dark gemmed colour. Of course, the whole must be completed by the bronzing process.

This species of glass-painting may be used for the finger-plates of doors, for panels to be let into cabinets or cheffonniers, or salons, for pillars, or columns, and many other purposes. The sparklings on a blue ground strongly resemble *lapis lazuli*, while malachite, jasper, and almost all marbles may be simulated at pleasure by using the requisite colours, and veining them properly. It will be best to obtain a specimen of the stone or marble we wish to paint, and then carefully copy it. For the more transparent marbles, water-colours should be used, and when the painting is dry, a coat of varnish applied, and then a grounding of flake-white rubbed down in varnish laid over the whole. For the more opaque marbles, powder-colours only should be used; but great care will then be required, seeing that we cannot shade or alter them when once they are laid on, nor can we well judge of the effect we are producing, as we have to work on the wrong side, and it is from the opposite one our work will be viewed.



GLUCKISTS AND PICCINISTS.

## Tales of the Musicians.

### GLUCK IN PARIS.

#### CHAPTER I.

IN the Rue St. Honoré of that most delightful of all cities, Paris, on a clear evening in the autumn of the year 1779, stood two young officers engaged in a zealous dispute. Suddenly one of them sprang backwards a few paces, and, after a slight pause, the swords of both flew from their scabbards, and flashed in the lamp-light as they crossed each other.

"*Mort de ma vie!*" cried another voice, and a powerful stroke forced asunder the weapons of the combatants; "a duel in the open streets, and at night, without seconds? Put up your swords, gentlemen, till to-morrow; then I will second you. My name is St. Val, Captain of Hussars in the Body-guard."

"St. Val?" was the exclamation that burst from both the young men; and the new comer recognising them, cried, laughing—

"How! Montespan, Arnaut—Orestes and Pylades fighting? Why, that is amazing! What may be your quarrel?"

"Ah," replied young Arnaut, "talk not of quarrels. My friend and I were only settling a small difference of opinion with regard to the composers of 'Iphigenia in

Tauris.' My friend gives his voice for the Chevalier Gluck—I for the admirable Piccini;" and therewith the young men prepared to begin the fight anew.

"Put up your swords," exclaimed St. Val, once more interfering. "Is that the whole cause of your duel?"

"Does it seem to you insignificant?" asked M. de Montespan.

"Why, not exactly," replied the peacemaker. "I am aware that the citizens of Paris are at present divided into Gluckists and Piccinists; but, Monsieur Arnaut, if you are going to fight the Gluckists, you must first begin with your own uncle, and your idol, Jean Jacques. Follow my advice, Messieurs; put up your swords, and come with me to the Palais Royal, where you can cool your blood with a few glasses of orangeade in the Café du Feu. This is the first time I ever interfered to stop a duel. But it seems to me not the silliest thing I could do."

During the captain's speech, the rage for fighting had evaporated in the breasts of the young officers. They shook hands cordially; and sheathing their swords followed St. Val.



The brilliantly illuminated saloon of the *Café du Feu* was at that time the place of resort for the Parisian notorieties; every evening they repaired thither, and with them many young gentlemen of the higher classes—amateurs, connoisseurs, and artistes who had come to Paris to admire, or if possible to be admired.

Thus, when our friends entered, they found a various company. Many young men of the nobility resident in Paris were to be seen there, scattered about the several tables, surrounded by a crowd of followers, admirers, critics, &c. From every group was heard a confused clamour of argument, declamation, and dispute; in short, there was a perfect war of tongues, and the battle-cry here, as all over Paris, was "Gluck" and "Piccini." Though true Parisians, and used to all this uproar of a *café*, the visitors thought it best to secure for the present a place rather more quiet, and therefore entered a small side room.

Three men, besides themselves, were occupants of this retreat. One, somewhat advanced in years, sat in a corner opposite the entrance, by a table furnished only for one person. He was deep in the shadow of a pillar, so that no one could discern his features; comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair, he drummed lightly on the table with the fingers of his right hand; his head leaning back, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. He seemed to take no notice of those who entered, and was, to all appearance, equally indifferent to what passed afterwards.

Nearer the door, and on the other side from the table at which our friends took their places, the other two were seated. The youngest was scarcely twenty years of age; a handsome, animated Frenchman, well made, though not tall; the glance of his deep blue eyes, shaded by dark, heavy lashes, was free and unembarrassed. The outline of his features was expressive, his mouth and chin were classically formed, his complexion was of that rich brown which belongs to the native of Provence; his voice was agreeable, his manners easy and spirited without being assuming, and his dress poor, though decent and clean. His prepossessing exterior formed a strange contrast to that of his companion. The latter was a man about twenty-nine; and answered tolerably to the description which Diderot drew of Rameau's nephew, except that he was not so long and thin. There was something expressive of mental weakness in his movements; and the air

of discontent and spite in his whole manner was not to be mistaken. A rough, bristling, unpowdered peruke, of a pale brown colour, covered his head; his features were heavy, and might have passed for unmeaning, but for a pair of keen, squinting eyes, and a peevish twist about the mouth, which showed at once the disposition of the man. His pronunciation of French was bad, and betrayed him for a Saxon.

"You must pardon me, sir," said the young man, ingenuously, "if I trouble you with my numerous questions; but you are a German, and you must be aware that we French know how to value your great countryman, who has shown us new paths, hitherto undreamed of, to the temple of fame.\* You are yourself a musician—a composer; you can feel what we owe to the illustrious master! Tell me, what know you of him? Would he not disdain to be the friend and guide of a youth who aspires after distinction?"

His companion slowly passed his broad hand over his face, with an oblique glance at the enthusiastic speaker, twisted his mouth into a tragical smile, and answered maliciously—"Hem! yes! would you have me speak of M. Gluck? Indeed, very willingly! I do not exactly understand what a people so accomplished, of so much judgment and taste as the French, find grand and splendid in this man!"

"How, sir? Speak you of the creator of Armida, of Iphigenia, of Orpheus?"

"Hem, yes; the same. To say truth, he is not thought much of among us in Germany, for we know that of genuine art—I mean the rules—he understands little or nothing; as the learned Herr Forkel in Gottingen, and many other distinguished critics, have satisfactorily proved."

The handsome youth looked astonished at the speaker for a moment, then answered modestly—"I am myself far from being so learned in the rules of art as to be able to judge how correct may be the severe reproach his countrymen cast on the Chevalier Gluck; but"—with rising warmth—"of one thing I am fully and firmly convinced, that he is a noble and powerful spirit. All I have ever heard of his music awakens high feelings in me; no low or grovelling—nay, no common thought, can come near me while I listen to it; and even when

\* Gluck has been called the Michael Angelo of music.



spiritless and dejected by untoward circumstances, my despondency takes instant flight before the lofty enjoyment I experience in Gluck's creations."

"And think you," cried young Arnaut, who with his friend had drawn nearer, "think you, Sir German, the celebrated Piccini would condescend to enter into a contest with the Chevalier, were he not convinced that he was striving with a worthy adversary?"

The other was visibly nettled at this question, asked in an animated tone. With a furtive look at the young man standing over him, he muttered in broken phrases—

"Hem! I suppose not! how could I presume to think so? I have all due respect for M. Gluck, even though I have no cause to boast of his friendship towards me; *but* it does not follow that he is the best composer. We have men very different, as the learned Herr Forkel has clearly proved; and it is certain that M. Gluck, with regard to a church style—"

But!" interrupted the brown youth, with vivacity, "we are not talking of church styles, but of a grand opera style! Would your German musical critics have Gluck's 'Armida' made a nun's hymn, or his wild motets of Tauris sung in the style of Palestrina?"

"Not exactly," replied the squinter; "but as the learned Forkel has proved, the Chevalier Gluck understands nothing of songs."

All present, except the man in the corner, exclaimed in amazement—"Nothing of songs?"

"As I remarked," he continued, "Gluck understands nothing of songs; for he cannot carry through an ordinary melody according to rule, and in the old established way. His song, so called, is nothing more than an extravagant declamation."

The brown youth started up, and with vehemence replied—"Sir, you are not worthy to be a German, if what you say of your great countryman is in earnest. That Gluck is really a mighty composer we are all agreed in Paris; the dispute is only to whom the palm of superior greatness shall be yielded, to him or Piccini. We all acknowledge that Gluck, equally far from the cold constraint of rules, and from capricious innovation, seeks to convey the truest expression of feeling and passion; and sets himself the only true aim that exists for the opera

composer. Church and concert music present a different object for the master; whether Gluck could reach that—whether he attempts it—you—I—the multitude know not! He has set himself *one* task, pursuing that, however, with all his strength, according to the mission of the free-born spirit!"

"What is your name, young man?" asked a sonorous voice behind the speaker. All looked in that direction; the man in the corner stood up, the light of the candles shining full on his face.

"The Chevalier Gluck!" cried all in astonishment.

"The same!" replied Gluck, smiling; and then turning to the young enthusiast, he repeated his question.

The youth trembled with delight, and, bowing low to the master, answered—"My name is Etienne Mehul, and I am a musician."

"That I heard," said Gluck. "I shall be glad if you will visit me; here is my address." He handed it to him, then turned to the squinter, who sat without daring to look up, by turns red and pale. Gluck enjoyed his embarrassment a few moments, then addressed him with a mixture of indignation and contempt—"Mr. Elias Hegrin! I am rejoiced to meet you so unexpectedly in Paris, in order to tell you once more, out of my honest heart, what a miserable rascal you are. So, sir, I understand nothing of music and of songs! and yet you went the whole year at Vienna in and out of my house at your pleasure, and received instruction from me how to correct your works, and took without scruple what I gave you out of my own pocket, as well as what I procured you through patrons. Truly, your stupid arrogance must take umbrage because I candidly told you, you can master only the lifeless form, not the spirit. You seek what you can never obtain, not for the sake of art, but for your own temporary advantage; and you would do better to be an honest tailor or shoemaker than a mean musician. *That* is what you could never forgive me; and so you go off and abuse me for money in Gottingen! You are pardoned, sir, for I bear no malice. Go hence in peace, and grow better if you can. Adieu, Messieurs!"

And Gluck walked out of the room, nodding courteously once more to young Mehul.

A gay group was assembled in the



apartment of the young Queen Marie Antoinette. The Comte d'Artois, the favourite of the Parisian world of fashion, had just returned to the capital from his hunting-castle, and had come with his brother, the Comte of Provence, to pay homage to their lovely sister-in-law.

The Queen received the youthful Count with great kindness, Provence presenting him as grand master of the chase. D'Artois asked with vivacity, "What is there new in Paris? How many balls have they danced without me? How many flirtations have begun and ended without me? What is the newest spectacle? And what are the good Parisians quarrelling about?"

"A good many questions in a breath!" replied the Queen, with a smile; "I will answer the last, since we are all warmly interested therein. The newest spectacle we are looking for is the contest between Gluck and Piccini. Both have composed a piece on the same subject; and it is now to be decided which of the two shall keep the field. This is what the Parisians are disputing about."

"I am for Gluck!" cried D'Artois; "for by my faith, madame, your countryman is a noble fellow!—He was at the chase with me, and made five shots, one after the other. As to the Italians, they do not know how to hold a gun."

"Despite that," said Provence, "I like the music of the Italian better than the German, which can only be recited, but to which one cannot well either sing or dance, as our Noverre very justly observes."

"Oh! Noverre has been obliged to dance to it," interrupted the Queen; and she began in her lively manner to tell how Noverre had gone, one morning, to the Chevalier Gluck, and told him his music was worth nothing, and that no dancer in the grand opera could dance to his Scythian dances: and how Gluck in a rage had seized the little man, and danced him through the whole house, up-stairs and down-stairs, singing the Scythian ballets the while; and had asked him at last, "Well! sir, do you think any one can dance to my music?" To which Noverre, panting and blowing, replied, "Excellent sir! and the ballet corps *shall* dance!"

All laughed and thought that such a dancing-master just the thing for the gentlemen and ladies of the grand opera, who were all growing every day more arrogant and insufferable in their behaviour.

A page announced the Chevalier Gluck, who came to give her Majesty a lesson on the piano.

"Let him come in," said the Queen, and Gluck entered.—"We were just speaking of you," observed the Princess Elizabeth, addressing the composer; "the Queen has praised you as a good dancing-master."

"And my brother bears witness to your expertness in the chase," added Provence.

"Ah! let him alone," exclaimed the Queen; "do not vex him with your idle talk. He will have enough to do, not to lose his patience with me."

"Because you do not play half so well as Queen, as when you were Archduchess, madame," replied Gluck, gravely, speaking in German.

Antoinette replied, laughing, in the same language, "Wait a little, your ears shall ring presently.—Be quiet, ladies and gentlemen!" she added in French, and went to open the piano. In her haste she seemed to have made a mistake; for when she tried the key, she could not open the instrument. At length she started up impatiently, and cried,—"Come hither, Gluck, and help me!"

Gluck tried his hand in vain; the others followed, but were equally fruitless in their efforts.

"This is vexatious!" said the Queen; and Gluck exclaimed impatiently, "What fool can have made such a lock?"

"Take care what you say, chevalier," said Provence. "The King himself made the lock, and I believe it is of a new-fangled sort."

D'Artois now went out and returned with the King. Louis XVI., in his short jacket, his head covered with an unsightly leathern cap, his face glowing and begrimed with soot, with rough hands and a bundle of keys and picklocks at his girdle, looked in truth more like an industrious locksmith than a king of France.—He went and busied himself at the instrument; examined the lock with the earnest air of an artisan, and tried several keys in vain; shook his head dissatisfied and tried others; at length he hit upon the right one. The lock yielded, and with a look of triumph, as if he had won a battle, he cried—"Now, madame, you can play."

But the hour was over, and the Queen had lost the inclination for music. Gluck waited for the sign of his dismissal; and the Princess Elizabeth begged that he

would entertain them with something new from his *Iphigenia*. The master of sixty-five seated himself at the instrument and began the frenzy scene of *Orestes*. All were silent and attentive, particularly Louis, who, when the piece was ended, went up to Gluck, and said with down-cast eyes, in broken sentences—"Excellent, chevalier—most excellent! I am charmed—delighted; I will have your opera produced first—with all care—with all splendour—just as you please! and I hope the success will be such as to gratify you."

The Chevalier Noverre and the Signor Piccini were here announced and admitted. They came in together. Noverre started when he saw Gluck, and it was evident he was embarrassed at his presence, though his pride prevented him from betraying such a feeling more than an instant. Piccini was easy and unembarrassed; and when the king commanded him to salute his adversary, he did so with dignity and cordiality. Gluck returned the greeting in like manner.

"What do you bring us new, gentlemen?" inquired the Queen. Noverre answered, with solemn gravity, "Your Majesty was pleased to grant Signor Piccini permission to play you his last notes out of the opera of *Iphigenia in Tauris*."

"Very well!" replied Marie Antoinette; and turning to Piccini, she asked graciously, "What selection have you made, Signor?"

Piccini bowed and replied—"The Chevalier Noverre wished that your Majesty would permit me to play before you the *Scythian dance*, number one."

The Comte d'Artois burst into a peal of laughter; and even the other aristocratic personages, except the King, who shared the embarrassment of Piccini and Noverre, had some difficulty in restraining their mirth.

"You have my ready permission," said the Queen. Piccini seated himself at the piano, and began to play his *Scythian dance*, to which the Comte of Provence and Noverre kept time. The others confessed that Piccini's dance was far more pleasing, melodious, and adapted to the grace of motion, than that of Gluck. But D'Artois whispered to the King, that he thought the dance, considered by itself, admirable; but, beyond dispute, better fitted for a masqued ball, in the salon of the Grand Opera, than a private abode in *Tauris*.

Louis did not reply; Gluck stood listening earnestly and attentively; his sense of the merit of his opponent was visible in his countenance, except that now and then a light curl played about his mouth when Piccini indulged too much in his pretty quaverings and tinklings. Noverre responded with his foot, by a natural impulse, to the music.

## CHAPTER II.

GREAT applause rewarded Piccini when he had ceased playing before the royal family, as detailed in our last chapter; and Noverre neglected not to explain that the performer had displayed that inspiring rhythmus which alone had power to charm the dancer's feet, so that he could give soul and expression to his pirouettes and entrechâts.

"Very good, Monsieur Noverre," said the King, interrupting the current of the dancing-master's speech; "I agree with you that the music of Signor Piccini is admirable; but I hope also that you will make yourself acquainted with the compositions of the Chevalier Gluck."

"Sire," lisped Noverre, in reply, "we, the Chevalier Gluck and I, are on the most friendly terms." A deep sigh followed these words; but Louis took no notice of it, and after a while, permitted the composers to depart.

On leaving the Tuileries, after Gluck and Piccini had taken a courteous though cold leave of each other, Gluck said mischievously to the ballet-master—"Take care, Chevalier, not to forget what the King commanded you. If you have complained of me to his Majesty, because I made you dance against your will, I must take the liberty to assure you, that you have no cause to be ashamed of having gone through a dance with me; for granted I am not—and a pity it is!—such a proficient in the saltatory art as yourself, yet I am, as well as you, Chevalier of the Order de l'Esprit, in which character I have the honour to wish your worship a good morning."

And stepping into his carriage, he drove homeward. Noverre looked after him much vexed. Piccini laughed.

The rehearsals and preparations for the representations of the two *Iphigenias* were nearly finished, and the day was already appointed when the masterpiece of Gluck was to receive the sentence of the Parisians.



It was to be performed first,—for the precedence was yielded to him as the older of the two champions.

"When kings build, carmen have work." The truth of that saying was proved. Men who knew little or nothing of music, wrote, for the advantage of their party, treatises, learned and superficial, upon Gluck and Piccini, upon the differences in their style, and upon the operas in question, in a tone as assured and confident as if they had diligently studied the compositions of the masters. The partisans of both received the treatises with satisfaction, reading all that were presented with as much edification as if they had been the productions of Rameau or Rousseau; perhaps with even more eagerness, as the zest of scandal was added.

There was also much dissension among the performers; and poor Piccini had not a little to do, by a thousand attentions, flatteries, and favours, to propitiate those of them who were opposed to him, and induce them to promise not to spoil his work purposely. Gluck behaved differently; he resorted to threats, and compelled his enemies at least to conceal their ill designs, for they feared him. As for the rest, he trusted to the excellence of his work, and his motto—"Truth makes its way through all things;" and even in anticipation of the most unfavourable event, he consoled himself with the reflection—"Well, the worst success does not make a good work a bad one!"\*

He sat in his chamber the morning of the day before the representation of his *Iphigenia*, preparing for the final rehearsal, when the servant announced young Mehul.

"Come in, my dear friend!" cried Gluck, cheerfully, as he rose and went to the door to meet his visitor. "I am rejoiced to see you, and have expected you before this."

"I ventured not to disturb you before," replied Mehul, "but to-day——"

"Well—to-day——"

"My anxiety brought me hither."

"Anxiety!—and wherefore?"

"To-morrow your new opera is to be performed for the first time—you have so many enemies. Ah! should the success of your noble creation not be equal to its worth!"

"Then let it be so," said Gluck, smiling.

"Can you say that with so much calmness?"

\* Gluck's own words to Rousseau.

"Why not? Do you think of devoting yourself to dramatic composition?"

"I wish with all my heart to do so, and should be very unhappy if I found my powers inadequate."

"Prove them, young man! Go boldly to work: do not deliberate long; but what reveals itself to you lay hold of with glowing inspiration; plan and complete it with earnest heed. It will soon be shown what you can do, now or hereafter. And if I judge you rightly, I think it will not go wrong with you! Yes—that is the great matter, that we deviate not from the way. But it is hard in itself, and men and the world make it yet harder for the artist. Many, of whom better things might have been hoped, fall in the conflict."

"You remain victor!"

"Hem—that is as one takes it. No thing is perfect upon earth; and even I have gone through life neither a fool nor a knave, still I am not without faults. Each, for good or evil, must be experienced before he can truly value the better part. To the generality, the All-Benevolent has granted to know but little, till either what they have is irretrievably wasted, or they are in danger of losing it. Happy he who quickly apprehends and holds it fast, nor lets it go though his heart should be torn in the struggle. What will you say when I confess to you that perception of the highest the *only* good, came late, fearfully late, to me? When I look back on my earlier days, I am often astonished. Music was all to me from earliest youth. When a boy, in my home, in lovely Bohemia, I heard her voice, as a divine voice, in all that surrounded me—in the dense forest in the gloomy ravine, the romantic valley—on the bold, stark cliff—in the cheerful hunter's call, or the hoarse song of stream and torrent, her voice thrilled to my heart, like a sweet and glorious prophecy. All was clear to my youthful vision. Love commanded—and there was light. Then I thought there was nothing so great and godlike, that man, impotent man, could not achieve it. Too soon I learned that something was impossible. The royal eagle soars upward toward the sun; yet he can never reach the orb, and how soon are clipped the spirit's wings! Then come harassing doubts, false ambition, thirst of gain, envy, disappointed vanity, worldly cares—the hateful gnomes of earth—that cling to you, and drag you downward, when you

would soar like the eagle. So it is with the boy—the youth—with manhood—with old age. One, perhaps, redeems himself from folly; discerns and appreciates the right, and might create the beautiful. But with folly flies also youth, its ardour and its vigour; and there remains to him enthusiasm, passion for the sublime, and—a grave!”

“Oh, no, no!” cried Mehul, with emotion; “much more remains to *you*!”

“Think you so?” asked Gluck; and, after a pause, continued—“Well—perhaps something better, it is true; for when I freed myself from the fetters of the unworthy and the base, there came to me a radiant and lovely vision from the pure bright *Grecian age*. But, believe me, the work of holding it fast, and shaping it in the external world, is my last. And melancholy it is, that a whole vigorous, blooming lifetime could not be consecrated alone to such a theme. But I submit, for I could not do otherwise; and I will bear it, whether these Parisian bawlers adjudge me fame and wealth for my work, or hiss me down.”

The hour struck for the rehearsal; Gluck broke off the discourse, and accompanied by his young friend, went to the Royal Academy of Music.

Meanwhile Nicolo Piccini, morose and out of humour, was walking up and down his chamber, from time to time casting a discontented look at the notes of his opera, that lay open on the desk. At times he would walk hastily to the desk as if a lucky thought had struck him, to insert something in the work; but he would let fall the pen before he had touched the paper, shake his head with a dissatisfied and melancholy air, and begin again to walk the room.

There was a knock at the door; Piccini heeded it not. There was a second—a third! At length he went to the door, opened it, and Elias Hegrin entered. Piccini seemed disturbed at sight of him, and asked ungraciously—“What do you want? Why are you here again?”

With his usual sullen smile, Elias replied—“The Chevalier Noverre sent me; he said Signor Piccini wished to speak with me.”

Piccini remained a few moments in gloomy silence, as if struggling inwardly; at length he said with a sigh—“It is true; I wish to see you.”

“And in what can I serve my honoured patron?”

“By speaking the *truth*!” replied Piccini, regarding him sternly. “Confess it, Elias Hegrin, you uttered a falsehood, when you told me Gluck stirred up all his friends and acquaintances to make a party against me.”

Elias Hegrin changed colour, but he collected himself, and answered—“I spoke the truth.”

“It is *false*, Elias! and you spoke a falsehood when you told me you had read the manuscript of my adversary, and that the work scarce deserved the honours of mediocrity!”

“It was the truth, Signor Piccini, and I can only repeat my opinion of the opera of the Chevalier Gluck.”

“So much the worse for your judgment of art, for now, after having heard five rehearsals, I must, ay, and *will* declare before all the world, that Gluck’s *Iphigenia* is the greatest of all opera I know, and that in its author I acknowledge my master.”

Elias stared.

“I believed I had accomplished something worthy in my own work,” continued Piccini, speaking half to himself; “and, indeed, my design was pure; *that* I can say; nor is what I have done altogether without merit;—but oh! how void and cold, how weak and insignificant does it seem to me, compared with Gluck’s gigantic creation! Yes—creation! mine is only a work!—a human work, which will soon vanish without a trace—while Gluck’s *Iphigenia* will endure so long as feeling for the grand and the beautiful is not dead in the hearts of men.”

“But—Signor Piccini—” stammered Elias.

“Be silent!” interrupted Piccini, in displeasure. “Wherefore have you lied? wherefore have you slandered the noble master, and toiled to bring down his works and his character to your own level in the dust? Are you not ashamed of your pitiful behaviour? I have never fully trusted you, spite of Noverre’s recommendation; for well I know that Noverre hates the great master for having wounded his ridiculous vanity; but I never thought you capable of such meanness as I now find you guilty of. Gluck stir up his friends to make a party against me!—There! look at these letters in Gluck’s own hand, written to Arnaud, Rollet, Maurepas, wherein he judges my work thoroughly, dwelling upon the best



parts, and entreats them to listen to my opera impartially, as to his own, and to give an impartial judgment, for that he is anxious only for the truth. Through my patron, the Count of Provence, I obtained these letters from those gentlemen, whom he persuaded to send them to me, thereby to remove my groundless suspicions. How mortified am I now for having descended to make common cause with you! I have been deceived; but you—tell me, man, what has induced you to act in this dishonourable and malicious manner towards your benefactor?"

While Piccini was speaking, Elias had shrunk more and more within himself. Humbled, and in a lachrymose voice, he replied—"Ah, my dearest patron, you misapprehend me. Yes—I will confess, I have spoken falsely—I have acted meanly—shamefully! But I am not so bad as you think me. If you but knew all! Ah! I am an unhappy man, and deserve not your anger, but rather your sympathy. When a boy, I heard it daily repeated by my parents and family, that I had extraordinary talent for music; that I should become a great composer, and one day acquire both wealth and reputation. In this hope I applied myself zealously to art, hard as it was to me. My first work of importance was looked on as a miracle in the town where I lived; this strengthened me in the opinion of my abilities, and I thought I had only to go to a great city, to reap renown and gold without measure. I went to Vienna; but gained neither."

"I know it; but there Gluck took you by the hand, supported you, gave you instruction, corrected your works."

"He did so, indeed; but he likewise told me I had no genius, and that I never could be a great composer."

"And did he deceive you? what have you proved yourself? Can you hate and maliciously slander him, because he honestly advised you to desist from useless efforts, to limit yourself to a small circle in our art, or rather to become an honest tailor or shoemaker?"

Elias shrugged his shoulders with vexation, squinted sullenly at the speaker, and answered in a fierce tone—

"Yes—I hate him! I shall always

hate him! What need was there of telling me so, even if I was in error?—I dreamed of fame and gold—and have had neither! He has embittered my life; and I will embitter his whenever it is in my power."

"Go—wretch!" cried Piccini. "Go! we have nothing more in common. The divinity of man is honour; your gods are selfishness—vanity—envy—cowardly malice! Such as you deserve no sympathy—away!"

And, gnashing his teeth with spite and impotent rage, Elias Hegrin left Piccini's house.

Piccini's opera was greatly admired, but that of his adversary obtained a complete victory, and awakened an enthusiasm till then unknown even in Paris.

Followed by the acclamations of the enraptured multitude, after the third representation of his work, Gluck left the opera-house on his way to his quiet home. He was accompanied only by his favourite Mehul, who was to be his guest for the evening, and aid him to celebrate his victory.

Arrived at Gluck's house, they both entered the room where the collation was prepared, but started with surprise as they entered; for a man, wrapped in his mantle, stood at the window, looking out upon the clear starry night. At the rustling behind him he turned round.

"Signor Piccini!" cried Gluck, surprised.

"Not unwelcome, I hope?" said Piccini, smiling.

"Most welcome!" answered Gluck, taking and cordially shaking the offered hand. "Yes, I honour so noble an adversary."

"Talk no more of adversaries!" cried Piccini, earnestly; "our strife is at an end; I acknowledge you for my master, and shall be happy and proud to call you my friend! Let the Gluckists and the Piccinists dispute as long as they like; Gluck and Piccini understand each other!"

"And esteem each other!" exclaimed Gluck with vivacity. "Indeed, Piccini, it shall be so."

## Gems from Abroad.

## HATEFUL SPRING.

*(From the French of Beranger.)*

FROM my window I beheld her,  
 All the dreary winter through;  
 Strangers both, we loved each other,  
 Through mid air our kisses flew.  
 'Twixt the lime-trees' leafless branches  
 We would love-sick glances fling—  
 Now the leaves fall thick between us,  
 Why return, thou hateful Spring?

No more I see her angel form,  
 Hidden by those envious leaves,  
 Come forth to feed the shivering linnets,  
 When frost lay white upon the eaves.  
 My heart would watch, as some dear signal,  
 The fluttering of each tiny wing;  
 That snow than thee was far more lovely—  
 Then why return, thou hateful Spring?

Wert thou away, I still might see her  
 Rising from her gentle sleep—  
 Fresh and rosy as the morning,  
 Smiling on some cloudy steep—  
 Still might say, when eve was closing,  
 "My star's light now is vanishing—"  
 Her lamp expires, she calmly slumbers!"  
 Oh, why return, thou hateful Spring?

Winter, Winter, I implore thee,  
 With a longing heart to come;  
 Twine thy frost-wreaths round my window,  
 Fling thy hail-showers round my home.  
 But vernal breeze and tinted flowers  
 To my dull heart no joy can bring,  
 The weary days flit by in sadness—  
 Then why return, thou hateful Spring?

## LETRILLA.

*(From the Spanish of the Marques de Santillana.)*

On the borders of the nation,  
 None in loveliness excelled,  
 None inspired such admiration  
 As a maiden I beheld.  
 In Finojosa's plains I found her,  
 Watching o'er the herds around her.

Turning from Calateveno,  
 Santa-Maria's road I trod;  
 Feeling slumber o'er me follow,  
 Down I sank upon the sod:  
 Sod with sweetest fragrance laden,  
 Trodden by the lovely maiden,  
 In Finojosa when I found her,  
 Watching o'er the herds around her.

## SONG.

*(American.)*

THEY will not come to gild again  
 The skies of our advancing day,  
 Those youthful fancies, fond and vain,  
 That early tracked its joyous way:  
 Then why with cold  
 Disdain behold  
 The bliss that youth so soon must lose:  
 Ah! wherefore scorn  
 The blush of morn,  
 Since noon can boast no lovelier hues?

The blossom ne'er regains the bloom  
 That envious summer robs it of;  
 Our hastening year hath only room  
 For one short spring of hope and love:  
 If Winter's blight  
 Must cloud its light,  
 And wither all the charms it brings,  
 Then why despise  
 The flowers we prize,  
 Since earth can yield no fairer things!

When pensive age hath dimmed our eyes  
 To all but calmer faith and truth,  
 We shall not mourn that brighter skies  
 Once decked the sunrise of our youth:  
 Then not with cold  
 Disdain behold  
 The bliss that youth so soon must lose:  
 Ah! never scorn  
 The blush of morn,  
 Since noon can boast no lovelier hues!

## TO-NIGHT.

*(From the Spanish of Francisco de la Torre.)*

How oft, O Night! my upward glance  
 Is turned towards thy wide expanse;  
 Calmness and beauty round me shine,  
 Yet tumult stirs this heart of mine!

Ye stars, who know my secret pain,  
 Nor hear, unmoved, the mournful strain;  
 The coldest heart on earth must gaze  
 Enchanted on your beaming rays!

Yes; you can love, and you can know  
 When tears from distant eyes shall flow;  
 And, hidden in your mantle, bear  
 Those tears for me, their griefs to share!

Thou with thy thousand eyes canst see,  
 The griefs, the tears, I trust to thee:  
 And though, alas! a useless freight,  
 Bear to my love the gift, O Night!



## WINDOW GARDENING, AND THE CULTIVATION OF PLANTS IN ROOMS.

THE heat of the sun now tempts us to throw our windows wide open, to let in the air already filled with a delightful though scarcely describable perfume from the distant fields.

Having once opened our window, however, we perceive that it is time to remove the soot-blackened evergreens that have performed their task of simulating summer through the long dreary months of a London winter. They have braved both snow and smoke without flinching, and, like the advance guard of the great army of vegetation, have at last perished at their posts. Let us, therefore, remove them with all respect, while we make way for summer beauties.

The receptacles of the balcony cleared of their wintry denizens, leave us an open field for new arrangements in accordance with the same form, or we can remodel the entire plan. The accompanying illustration exhibits a distribution of vessels or receptacles for plants, which is, in many respects, a very desirable one, and we will, therefore, describe it in some detail.

In front, next to the iron-work of the balcony, a wire trellis is placed, low in the centre, so as not to impede the view, and high at the sides, in order to exhibit to advantage the climbing plants it is intended to support, and, at the same time, impart a variety of elevation to the arrangement, which is a great advantage, pictorially speaking—as the flat conformity of balcony decorations is generally their great and principal defect. The proposed arrangement of a trellis, rising in the form designed, has also another advantage: the trailing or climbing plants, such as *tropæolum majus* or *tropæolum canariensis*, if left to themselves, soon acquire a straggling untidiness of aspect, which ill accords with the architectural forms and lines with which they are in immediate contact, while their symmetrical training into such a form as the one suggested, would, on the contrary, form a pleasing variety of line, yet sufficiently defined and regular to blend pleasingly with those of the balcony and general building.

The long trough or vessel in the centre is, upon a similar principle, made to contrast as strongly as possible with the high, square tubs at the sides, in order to avoid

the flatness of effect before alluded to. These vessels may either be made of common deal by an ordinary carpenter, or formed with the elegant encaustic tiles now so much in vogue for such purposes; but when intended, as in the present instance, for external decoration, we prefer the simpler effect first named, and would colour them of one unbroken hue, according to the tone of the architecture with which they have to correspond. With a brick building we have generally found a dark green produce the best effect, unless, indeed, the windows and other features be dressed with architraves of cement or stone, in which case stone colour is sometimes best, as the addition of a third tint into the architectural combination might very seriously disturb the repose and continuity of its general aspect. In the case of stuccoed houses, painted stone colour, we have almost invariably found that not only any additions of the kind under discussion should receive a precisely similar tone of colour to that of the general building, but even the iron-work of the balcony itself should partake of the same tint, although violating to a certain extent one of the best defined principles of art, which, however, in the present instance, is not of so much importance as the attainment of a generally agreeable effect by the simplest possible means.

A very pleasing addition to the pleasant and cheerful effect of a balcony may now be obtained in a very inexpensive manner, by covering the stone slab with a layer of mosaic, as shown in the drawing. This not only spares the daily toil and slovenly effect of the "hearthstone," but imparts a certain value and neatness to the whole arrangement, which is highly agreeable to the eye, while an occasional shower of rain is all the cleansing process it ever requires. With regard to the flowers to be placed in the receptacles just described, the following arrangements must be attended to, in order to insure anything like a continuously pleasing effect. In the first place, both the long trough and upright square boxes, or tubs, must be considered as only external casings to the vessels which really contain the plants; for the beauty of any plant, however hardy, is but of comparatively short duration in London or the immediate



suburbs, and therefore a continued renewal becomes absolutely necessary. To effect this purpose most conveniently, two or three interior boxes, according to the length of the external receptacle, should be made to fit into the trough which forms the central portion of the design, and should be made to rest upon some cross bars rising about three-quarters of an inch from the bottom, both to insure drainage and prevent decay. Good drainage should also be secured in the internal boxes themselves, which may be effected by cross layers of wood charcoal, a substance the presence of which stimulates advantageously the growth of the plants.

The large tubs might be filled by five smaller square vessels of different sizes, and furnished with wire handles to lift them in and out, which may be made so as to fall flat upon the soil when the boxes are fitted to their places. It need scarcely be observed, that the same precautions as to drainage should be taken in this instance as in that of the central compartment.

The flowers which we have supposed to be placed in the central compartment are yellow and purple crocuses, and between them are clumps of either double red and double blue Hepatica, or of the *Arabis verna*, with its dazzlingly white flowers, the profusion of which has obtained for it the picturesque and poetical name, "Mountain Snow," by which it is well known in most cottage gardens. We have supposed the central compartments of the side tubs to be filled with a fine plant of the common *Daphne mezereum*, now so brilliantly in flower in every country garden, the flowers of which precede the foliage and clothe the stems profusely, and which emits one of the most delicious odours of the early spring, and the entrance of which to our apartments during the bright hours of the morning, when the windows are thrown open to admit the sunshine, cannot fail to be delightful. The side compartments of the same receptacle we would have filled entirely with *Arabis verna*, the mass of white flowers of which would form a very chaste and pleasing contrast to the deep pink of the *mezereum*. The plants described might have been easily removed at once from the open garden into the receptacles required, without previous preparation; but it is of course more desirable that they should have been previously "established" in their temporary

abode, so that no removal should be any check to their growth and development. To succeed the crocuses, mixed *mignonette* and *Virginia stock* or *Nemophila insignis*, which will last till the *verbenas* and other summer plants come in, should be already forward, in a set of successive boxes; while small bushes of *Persian lilac* should be in preparation to supersede the *Daphne mezereum*, till it is time to plant out the *tropæolums*, major *convolvulus*, *cobæa scandens*, and other climbing plants for the trellis.

Winter gardening is a delightful recreation, looked at from any point of view. Besides the adornment it sheds over our parlours, it cannot fail to improve the mind. Flowers always leave pure beautiful memories. True-hearted old Chaucer tells us, in his quaint rhymes, that as soon as the month of May came, with singing of birds and springing of flowers, he could not help laying aside book and business to see the daisies blow at sunrise. There is no day, he said,

"That I n'am up, and walking in the mede  
To see this flower against the sunne sprede,  
When it upriseth erly by the morowe:  
That blissful sight softenith all my sorowe,  
So glad am I, when that I have presence  
Of it, to doin it all reverence."

Chaucer was a wise man, he looked for the flowers; and why may not we look for flowers too? If we do not, we shall perhaps find, on close examination, that our good opinion of the past arises out of an uneasy feeling that we are not making the best of the present. It is so much easier to find fault than to rectify; and so, instead of looking for flowers, we say there is nothing but weeds, and we creep about bewailing the evil days on which we have fallen. Shame on us! Look for the flowers. There they are, growing in thousands on thousands, of manifold form, and hue, and beauty, along every pathway, with something to cheer every eye that looks upon them. We think we have a right to be discontent or wretched, and to say, "It was better in the former days;" when, if we would only shake the cobwebs out of our mind we should see that we lose years of happiness by not looking for flowers.

Argue as we will, there is no denying the fact that there are flowers for everybody. We may pervert our will, and darken our judgment, but the fact is still true. We are not bound to see nothing but weeds, nor have we any warrant for wasting the present in useless



wishes for the impossible. The past is gone; the future is not yet; but the present is ours to work in withal.

There are flowers for everybody. Truly, then, this is the time of all others which should be turned to account. Let us look at them. Up, with cheerful spirit; open the shutters and let in the daylight. Sweep out the cobwebs of indolence, of vanity, of deceit, of dissipation, of envy, of strife, of avarice, and how radiant will be the chambers of the mind, how joyous the pulses of the heart. Weeds will be uprooted from the garden as if by magic,

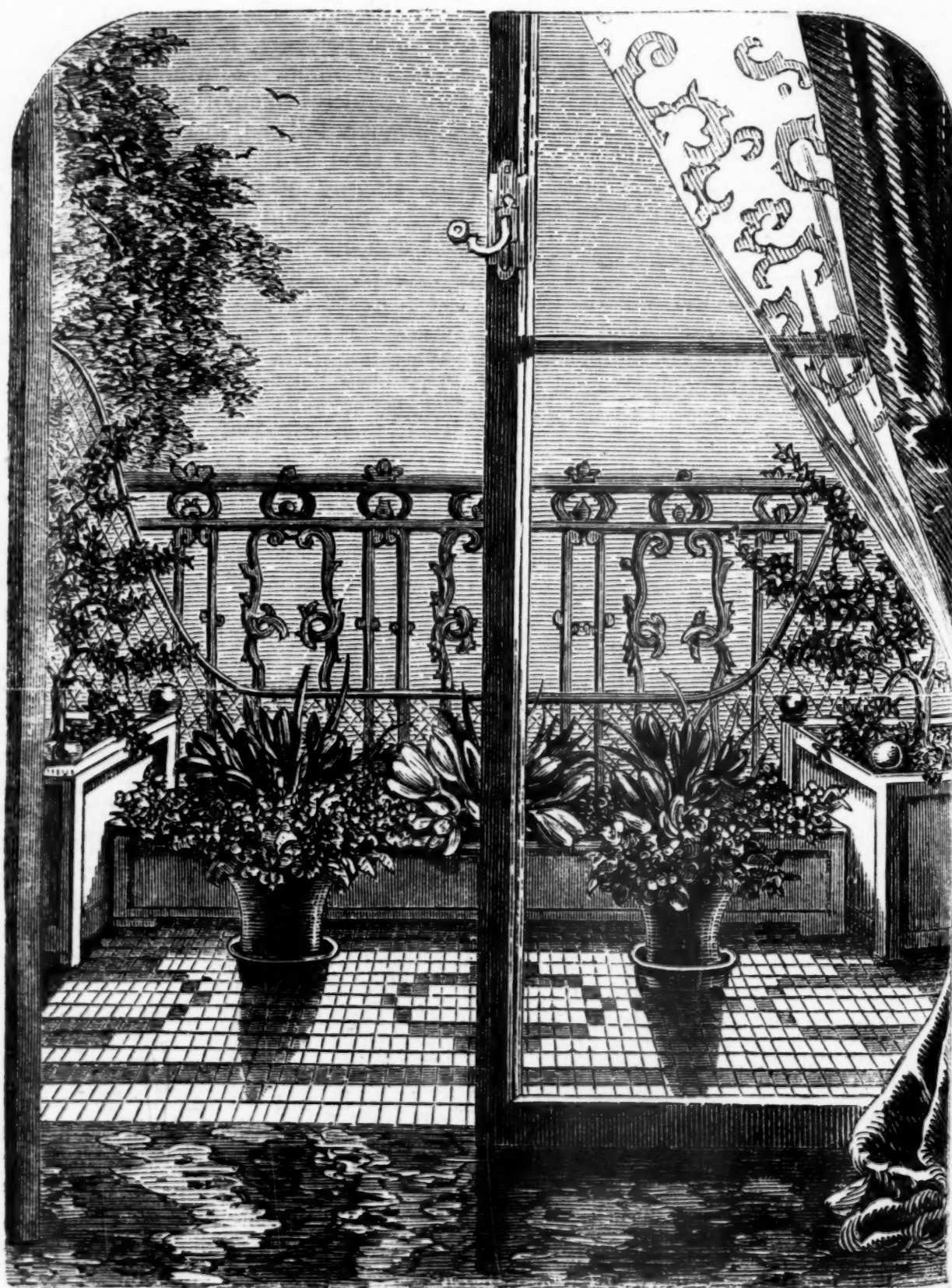
and flowers will bloom and blow in brightest hue and sweetest fragrance.

"Here we, earth's wanderers, timid and brave,  
Hasten with onward steps nearer the grave,  
And in our pilgrimage should we not see  
All that is beautiful, lovesome, and free?  
Should we with mourning hearts sit all  
forlorn?

Should we with sullen hand gather the  
thorn?

Should we in rambling on over the meads  
Look but for pestilent, poisonous weeds?  
Should not we manfully, hand locked in  
hand,

Press on unweariedly Hope's bravest band  
Looking for flowers?"





## A LEAF OF LIFE.

THE pool wherein my line was dropped, and the upland on either side, were gloomy and dark beneath a cloud, while behind me the fields through which I had sauntered, and the stream upon whose sandy banks my footsteps were sharply defined, weltered in waves of sunlight. I could not but think, with a melancholy pleasure, how like to this scene my life had been; how, from the sadness and weariness of existence, I had often looked back to scenes through which I had passed, that lay calmly and lovingly in the light of remembered happiness.

Why is it, when our feet are upon the borders of Life's fairy land, and our lips are just about to taste the cup that is filled for us but once, that no unseen guardian tells us to tread slowly across the narrow space, and to waste not a drop in the shallow goblet? Else, in that dear time, I had not trampled with heedless step upon many a flower of tearful tenderness; I had not so hastily drunk that magical draught; and the sweetness of the odour and the thrill of the libation had been fresher in my mind to-day.

Yet, while I thus mused, the cloud crept up the stream and along the fields. It seemed as if the light pursued the shadow with relentless hostility, driving it onward, onward, until its dusky banner was torn and rent amid the distant forest of pines. So the cloud fled from my heart, pursued by a name that trembled on my lips, and a memory that aroused itself in my heart; and the name and memory, Mary Linley, were yours.

Oh, how, as I write, the army of ancient remembrances marches down the valley of the past, and encamps before my heart, beleaguering and besieging it! And eyes look kindly upon me, and hands put softly back the hair from my forehead, though both, alas! sleep in the grave to-day.

I had gone to my uncle's to pass a college vacation. Those were days in which I date the birth of many new sensations, many gorgeous hopes. There are few men whose hearts are so cold that the remembrance of that golden age of life will not warm into transient life. To me it seems too full of delight ever to have been real. Until the season of which I write I had but rarely been thrown into the society of women. The wild and buoyant associates of my college life had hitherto supplied all craving for com-

panionship. The charm attendant upon familiar acquaintance and frequent intimacy with women of refinement, of elegance and truth, was to a great degree unknown to me. I had no sisters, and my earlier life had been passed at school; so that, although I was fully eighteen, I blushed like a boy at the tone of woman's voice addressed to me, and my eye sank beneath the ray that quivered and glowed in hers. My words, which among my college friends had been loudest and boldest, were hushed into silence, or uttered with stammering awkwardness in the presence of the most timid girl. Woman was to me a planet, whose orbit mine might never cross. I invested her with unreal attributes and a visionary nature. I adored at a distance the image before whose shrine I did not dare to prostrate myself. Her delicate beauty and tenderness of form seemed to me unfitted for contact with the coarser and less ethereal sex. When I was in her society I admired as well as was awed, but found no language wherein to express either feeling.

I dare say that many a man, in whom to-day the presence of the most beautiful, most gifted, most haughty lady of the land would only excite his most confident and successful endeavours to fascinate and charm, whose life has been a round of ever-shifting acquaintance, or perhaps a succession of passionate romances with the fairest and loveliest of earth, can recal the time when his cheek grew as crimson at the glance or voice of woman, as, it may be, hers did, to whom he last spoke the words of devoted and deathless love.

It was late at night when I reached my uncle's residence. I had not visited him for years, and only did so at this time at the invitation of his son, who was to pass some time at home, having just returned from abroad. John Guernsey, my cousin, was half-a-dozen years older than I. I remembered him as he looked years ago, when we played together at my father's; a bold, dark-eyed boy, with a complexion of the clearest olive. I remembered how I followed him, though timidly, in his daring and active sports. I remembered how we parted, he to go to the East, where his father had procured for him a situation in a large mercantile house, and I to go to school. I remembered my grief (it was my first) as he laughed at my



tears at our parting, though I thought I saw his own eye dimmed. Since then we had met but once; and now, two or three months after his return, he had written me, in the same frank, hearty style that characterized his boyhood, "to come and see him, and to be boys together once more."

My uncle had gone to bed, but my cousin was sitting up awaiting me. At his first warm, loving tone of greeting, I felt the years that had intervened since our boyish days melt away, and the true, honest love of boyhood was felt in the grasp of our hands.

We sat down together in the old parlour. Then it was that I first saw how much he had changed in form and face. The sun of the East had made his skin more swarthy, and the fire of his eye was tenfold more brilliant and piercing than I had known it before. Yet the tone of his voice, and the ringing truth of his laugh, smote with old-time familiarity at the doors of my memory.

"Hugh," said he at last, after the chimes of "lang syne" had been rung again and again, "you've not seen much of the world, I think, since I left you."

"Yes, indeed, this is my third year of college."

"College—what idea of life can that give you? Have you ever, after tossing for months upon the sea, found yourself thousands of miles from home in a strange land, amid strange faces and strange tongues? Did you ever feel that it was your own arm alone that must guard you, and your own quick thought that must find the path of success? Did you ever looked in eyes that blazed beneath another sky than this, and read the book of woman's heart in different languages, and find that the sense was always the same?"

He smiled meaningly as he said it, and it was with some confusion that I answered, "I don't know much about women; for you know, John, I never met many."

"What," said he, "haven't you got any love-secrets to tell me? Is there not the image of some dear girl nestling close to your heart now?"

I indignantly repelled the charge which implied, as I thought, so much weakness, and assured him that I considered such avowals quite inconsistent with manhood.

"No, John," said I; "all this reads very well in novels, and that sort of thing,

but it won't do, you know——." I paused for I saw him laugh again.

"Never mind, Hugh, Mary will tell you you are a fool."

"Mary!" exclaimed I; "what Mary?"

"Oh," replied John, "I didn't tell you that my father is guardian to the daughter of his old friend Linley? Mary was left an orphan at her father's decease, and Mr. Guernsey has adopted her. She has been here ever since I have been home."

If any thought came into my mind, it was one of dissatisfaction, for I thought that her presence would interfere with the execution of the various schemes of diversion and joviality which I had laid out to accomplish with John. So I only said: "How old is she?"

"About as old as you, you anchorite, and with twice your knowledge, if you are a bookworm." I puffed my cigar with an assumption of stoical indifference, and said that all Marys were alike, I supposed.

"Of course they are," said John, "you, who know woman so well, say so." I felt that he was secretly laughing at me, and resolved that my indifference to Miss Linley should show him that I was not the unskilled boy he took me to be.

We spoke no longer of Mary, but in a short time parted for the night, with a fervent "God bless you!" on our lips, and the love of boyhood warm in our hearts. Yes, John, I seem to see you now, as you stood at my chamber-door, smiling kindly on me as you bade me good night, and I thank God that I did not forget the honest affection of that smile in an hour when evil passions would have made me curse you.

I met my uncle the next morning before breakfast. He was a mild, quiet-looking man, and my heart warmed towards him, for his features were those of my mother. John joined us soon with a fresh, frank "Good morning," and we soon were busy in speaking of those who were dear to us all. I remember distinctly to-day in what part of the breakfast-room I sat; how the delicious odour of honeysuckle came in at the open window; how the nameless influence of the summer's morning stole into my heart and softened it.

We were waiting for Miss Linley. The door opened. I was looking out of the window, and did not turn round for a moment or two. As I did so, I heard John say, "Mary, this is my cousin, Hugh Hatton."

I think that there must be moments in men's lives when they are controlled by a power instantaneous and irresistible; when, by some strange chemistry, the whole nature of the heart is changed in a single interval of its throbs; when a new passion is given to them, the origin of which is too mysterious to be solved. For, before I turned from the window, I had never supposed myself capable of loving at all; and before John had finished his few words of introduction, the passion of a life-time had been condensed and crowded into my heart. Yes, I loved that girl as intensely when the last syllable of my name died upon John's lips, as I ever did thereafter; and how earnest, how burning that love has been I know, but cannot tell! I hardly know now what I said. If my speech was confused and hesitating, they ascribed it only to bashfulness and timidity, and took no farther notice of it. At the table their conversation was animated and lively, and I had ample opportunity of gathering into my heart's treasury her every feature, glance, and word.

As I recal her now, now when the experience and lessons of life have left their marks upon my soul, I do not think it could have been her beauty solely that caused such a sudden growth of love. No, it must have been some unexplained sympathy, some unappreciated affinity, that awoke and unveiled the slumbering passion of my soul. She might have been base-born, rude, unrefined, for aught I knew, and yet a single glance unsealed the fountain whose flow has cut a channel in my heart that is deep, though dry to-day.

I shut my eyes now, and I see her as she looked then. Not very tall, but with a form wherein every womanly grace was swelling in its most eloquent expression. Her hair was brown (how often I foolishly fancied that the hue of mine was like that of hers!) and put back in plain folds each side her cheek; her eyes I thought at first were blue, but really were of that hazel that changes with every rising thought; but when at rest they wore a mournful, tender look, that seemed to fathom the depths of my soul. Her face was oval, the mouth small, and the parting of the rich red lips disclosed the transparent and regular teeth. I remember, as I gazed on her, that I thought of a picture of the Madonna I had seen when but a child. And thenceforth she to my heart was its Madonna.

That forenoon John rode to the neighbouring village for letters and papers. My uncle was reading in the library, and I was left with her alone. I think that she noticed my awkward manner and incoherent conversation, for, with woman's true tact, she strove to make me feel at my ease. She spoke of everything which I might be supposed to be interested in, which might be familiar to me, of my studies, of my college life, of my uncle, of my future purposes. And when her kind intentions seemed to be baffled by the strange manner and repelling mien with which my madly-beating heart indued me, she said, with a smile, that she supposed I liked music; at any rate, she would try to teach me to, and so sat at the piano to sing.

Has the echo of that song ever died? will it ever die? Is it not burning in my brain? is it not ringing in the room to-night? Never before had every fibre of my heart so thrilled; never before had the coldness and falsehood of my nature been fused by harmony. I inhaled as it were every note; I prolonged with inward response every cadence. I thought that the summit of earthly fame was to have written "Mary of Argyle;" the acmé of earthly happiness, to have heard as I did, Mary Linley sing it. When the last strain ceased I felt as if some portion of my very being had been annihilated and stricken for ever away.

When John returned, he asked Mary if she had not found me poor company?

"No, indeed," she replied, laughing; "Mr. Hatton is the best of companions. He isn't so vain as you, you who want to say and do everything yourself."

"Ah!" replied my cousin, "you don't know Hugh. He is artful; and this very modesty and silence is the key-note of his tactics. While he is hanging on your words, and dwelling on your glances, he is, in fact, studying the best access to your heart. So, take care, Mary."

I could have struck him, though I knew that he was but jesting; though I felt she knew it too; yet I could not bear that she should ever be told, even in jest, that I had wasted a thought, a word, a look on any woman in the wide world but her.

Day after day passed. Though I was in her company constantly, I always was absorbed with but one thought, that of concealing from her the love that was crushing my heart to death. I suppose that at times I must have seemed even



morose and unkind in my endeavours to hide a passion as hopeless as it was absorbing. For she seemed so much above me, so far beyond my reach, so infinitely superior to my highest deservings, that I sometimes wondered that I dared even to love her in secret. But though that stifled passion ate into my very heart-strings, I thank God that no moan or complaint of mine ever told my pain; that my fear repressed the utterance of my love.

I noticed that her manner with me was different from what it was with John. With me she was always gay, lively; smiling at my shyness, laughing at my abrupt and unkind words, (oh, how bitterly they belied my heart!) She was always ready to sing to me, always ready to walk or ride with me; and if I showed any rude disinclination to either, though at the time I would be dying to consent, she would compel me to yield to her will by a charming assumption of authority.

But with my cousin she seemed entirely changed. She rarely, if ever, sought his side; her eyes were never fixed fully upon him, and her conversation with him, even upon the most trivial subjects, seemed constrained and suppressed. If he entered the room when she was alone, she would soon leave it, and in all our walks and drives she always seemed to choose my companionship rather than his.

Let not the man who is deeply skilled in the mysteries of woman's heart sneer at me because I only judged of things as they seemed. I had not been taught the lesson, that the noble delicacy of woman's love trembles at any act which might be evincive of her partiality until the words which she longs, yet almost fears to hear, steal from the lips of the loved one: until from the strength of manhood's passions are wrought out the syllables that burn like fire into her heart and memory, "I love you."

So our days went by. I was gradually losing my constraint, and found in my daily intimacy with her a charm that aroused new and undreamed-of powers. I no longer blushed when she spoke to me. I no longer avoided her glance, but would sit gazing into her eyes with such earnestness and devotion, that I wonder my secret was not revealed to her. I loved to hear her speak, and God only knows what gorgeous dreams of future happiness entranced me as I listened, spell-bound, hour after hour, to her words. But chiefly I loved to hear her sing. I

would stand by the piano in those sweet summer evenings, while the stars were up one by one into their places, and listened with hushed pulse and tearful eyes as she uttered those sounds that seemed even now in the stillness of night, echoing from heaven, to float from angel-lips down through the illimitable ether into my ear. Oh! seasons of voiceless light, do you never return? Is there a melody left for me on earth, that can revive you? Are the voices of sweet singers and the chiming of liquid and lulling strains for ever to fall coldly on my ear after that epoch of song?

I remember now, how as she would sing some strain of passion, her voice would grow lower and fainter, and her hands pause listlessly on the keys of the instrument, and how I, looking into her eyes, could see the tears. Then came over me a strange feeling of happiness for I thought—and I thank God for the bliss I felt in thinking so—that the secret might have awakened in her bosom some answer to the silent love that was coiled snake-like, round my heart.

But your hands, dear *Mary*, hold that night an angel's lyre, and your voice flows through the arches of heaven.

Oh! glorious visions, why did I ever awake? Why did I not die then? I was in the half-formed and timid hope, that on her heart's tree, one bud of tenderness and love was blossoming for me? I am thankful now that at those moments I resisted the mighty impulse that would have made me fall at her feet and utter my broken tale of burning passion; I am thankful that she never heard the words that thronged in those moments into my lips.

Sometimes John would come softly while she was singing, and stand silent behind her. But when she was aware of his presence, she would rise and glide from the room; and then I would feel angry that he should step within the charmed circle of my happiness, and cause the beautiful spirit whose presence was blessing me to vanish.

But for all that I was at times inclined to look upon my cousin coolly, both on this account, and because I thought he was distasteful to *Mary*, and so should be disliked by me, I loved him more and more every day. His manly heart, his unfeigned friendship, the countless exhibitions of his affection for me, the pleasant remembrances of boyhood, all conspired to link me to him with bonds that

grave has not broken and death has not decayed. And if it be given to departed spirits to revisit earth, to be at the side and read the heart of those they loved in life, you know to-night, dear John, that your memory is green and sacred in my soul.

A month had passed, a month that was to me one waking trance of fierce delight. I doubt if ever there had been a moment of it that had been divided from her possession: sleeping or awake, in his presence or out of her sight, the seething billows of passion still beat on the sea-beach of my life, with unchanging sound, with unaltered crests. I began to indulge myself in long and solitary walks, wherein I hugged and gloated over my new-found treasure, wherein I built up great arches for the bridge of the future: and the key-stone of them all was Mary Linley.

The night—I never shall, I never can forget that night—the twilight had just blended into the moonrise, and I had strolled across the fields and entered an old pine-forest that was of no great extent, and of which the trees were not so numerous as to impede one's progress. Indeed, it was pierced throughout with many paths, the work of art as well as nature, in which one might walk with great comfort. The delicious damp odour of the evergreens; the perpetual sighing of the tasselled pines, the bars of moonlight that lay across my path, heightened the ravished feeling that my thoughts had induced into a sense of delirious enjoyment and rapture.

I sat down on a fallen pine, and looked up through the tree-tops into the sky. I never felt so near it as I did then. I resolved that on the morrow I would confide to Mary all the stormy thoughts that were beating fiercely at my lips for expression: I would tell her all I had suffered, all I hoped; and I fancied that I could feel her soft arm round me, and her warm lip quivering on mine, and could hear her half-hushed, but still most intensely audible answer, "Yours, dear Hugh, in life and death."

I was seated out of the beaten path, from which I was separated by a thick growth of young fir-trees. The path itself was bathed in light, while the shadow of the trees fell deeply upon me; I heard footsteps coming along the walk, and resolved to sit in silence till they had passed. They stopped, however, directly in front of me. I caught the gleam of a female's dress through the fir openings;

I was about to start forward when I heard the voice of a man in earnest conversation with her.

I solemnly declare that I had not heard a single syllable, I had not even seen the face of either, before an awful and nameless dread crept over me. What it portended I knew not, but I felt a great agony sinking, and growing intenser as it sank, into the depths of my palpitating heart. I leaned forward with strained eyes and in sickening suspense. It was my cousin and Mary! They stood side-long to me, and the moonlight was full upon their faces. Her hands were clasped in his, and her face was upturned to his own with an expression of angelic sweetness and trusting love. He was speaking. Was each word a coal of fire, hot from the furnace, that it so scorched and burned into my soul? Was the air that I breathed an atmosphere like that of the damned?

"Mary, dear, you know my heart now; you trust in my love, don't you?"

A smile of tenderness was the only reply.

"Darling, I have dreamed of this for years!—of this very moment, when I should look into your eyes and see there the wealth of your heart's true love, glittering for me alone; of this very moment, when my passion and your reply should be sealed thus."

He stooped to kiss the lips that shrank not from him.

"Mary, I have never known before the secret of life. My feet have wandered to many a spot, my heart has beat to many a measure, but the spot where our feet stand now is to me, to both of us, the soil of Eden; and the throbbings of our hearts are laden with the fulness of a delight that must be lent us from Heaven. Here let me rest. Beyond the haven of your love let the bark of my passion never go; there let it furl its sails, and anchor for ever. Thither the storm and strife of life's under-billows shall never reach; thither the sound of its tempests shall come but faintly and hushed. I am henceforth to own but one memory, one hope; the memory of to-night; the hope that God will give you to me on earth and in the grave!"

And she answered: "John, dear John! it was long ago I loved you; but I feared that you never would care for me, and I hoped and prayed that you might never know my love for you, if your own heart was cold. I am sure I prayed so,



and I prayed, too, that you might love me dearly; that you might——”

She said no more, for he had clasped her in his arms, and they were locked in the long, lingering, passionate embrace of love.

In the open field, with my face on the cold damp ground; in the shadow of the pine forest, clutching the grass in my agony. How I came there I never knew. There I lay, with a thousand thoughts rolling like fiery billows over my heart, and a thousand hideous shapes grinning and howling at me. In that fearful phantasmagoria of torment, I could not arrest a single thought or a single shape. They rolled and whirled by in endless succession, but I felt, I knew that they were all alike. I sprang to my feet, as if to shake off with a vigorous effort these dreadful persecutors; and as I looked out in the field beyond the black, evenly-defined shadow of the pine forest, I saw them in the shapes of John and Mary, walking slowly along in the moonlight. The air about them appeared of a golden hue, and their steps seemed to be on beaten silver; but I was standing in the blackness and gloom of the forest shadow, with a yet more rayless blackness and gloom upon my heart.

How long I stood there I cannot think. I have thought since, that in that fearful season, all my powers of reason, reflection, and memory must have been swallowed up in the fearful vortex of passion that was hissing and boiling in my heart. When its waves grew calmer, and the fiery veil was drawn from my eyes, I walked hurriedly to the house. I paused in the flower-garden before it. The blinds of the parlour windows were closed, but the casement was up, and I heard her singing. I felt that John was beside her, leaning over her shoulder, his black curls mingling with her damp, soft brown hair. I could not see this, but a thousand daggers of conviction at my heart made me feel it. Presently the song ceased, and the low, earnest tones of impassioned words came on the still night air. I should have gone frantic to have waited there one instant longer. I opened the front door softly and stole to my chamber, entered it, and locked the door.

I sat upon the side of my bed. For some time I did not think at all; the only things that filled my mind, were pictures of what I had seen, and echoes of what I had heard. At last the silence and calm of my room restored me, and I endea-

voured to give my wild and shapeless thoughts some form; and first of all appeared, with stony, fearful, changeless, Sphinx-like gaze, the embodied conviction, “She does not love you! She will never love you!” Then arose (forgive me, John; I cannot forgive myself!) a bitter, desperate, and demoniac hatred of my cousin. May such cursed impulses and black resolves as flapped their ominous wings above my tortured spirit in that hour, never, never visit me again! I shudder when I think of them. But in the midst of the strife of my anguish, I lifted my eyes to the wall of my room, and there, hanging in the moonlight, I saw the picture of John, painted years ago, when we played together. It seemed to look upon me with a look wherein the ancient love-light was blended with a mournful chiding. It aroused the recollections of our spring-time of life; it pleased with the hearty friendship of our later days; recalled his last “God bless you, Hugh! Good night!”

I buried my face in the pillow and wept. Those tears were the gift of God; there flowed away with them all rancour, all malice, all loathsome revenge; and nothing, nothing was left behind but a great and deep sorrow, that they could not wash away. Are there not traces to-night where the lava and fire have been?

I arose with a calmer and a lighter heart. I thanked God that the affection of my heart for John had passed unmelted through the fiery furnace. I was thankful in being able to reflect, that neither of them suspected the secret of my heart, and that their love might never be embittered by the thought of the hopelessness of mine.

What a long and terrible night that was! What years of pain were crowded into its weary watches! They say that intense fear or a night of great bodily anguish will sometimes turn the blackest hair to the silver hue of age. I know that in those fearful hours my heart grew very old.

My purpose was fixed; my plans were formed. I must leave the place the next day, and never, never see her again. I packed my trunk, and as I finished my preparations for departure the morning was flushed and glorious. I softly stole downstairs, and sent a servant over to the post-town to direct the stage to come for me. I picked a little bunch of roses from a bush I had seen her tend, and wandered

listlessly around the house in the apathy of despair.

A sudden step in the gravel-walk and a ringing "Good morning, Hugh!" It was John. I grasped his hand with an iron grasp, as if thereby to wring out all remembrances of the evil thoughts of the night before.

"Why, Hugh, where were you last night? Mary and I hunted everywhere for you. But my father said he heard you in your room, and going up I found you locked in. Were you sick?"

"Yes," I answered; "I was taken suddenly and violently ill, and laid down."

"Poor fellow! you look dreadfully haggard and pale. But I have something to tell you which I think will restore you to something like your wonted spirits."

I did not look him in the face; I dared not. He continued:—

"Perhaps you have suspected all along that I loved dear Mary. Last night I knew for the first time that she loved me. I have seen my father this very morning, and he tells me that I could not have chosen any one that could have been more pleasing to him."

I could not speak. I feared least I could not control my words.

"We shall live here at the old homestead, Hugh, and you must stay with us as much as you can. Mary loves you almost enough for me to be jealous of her."

Another struggle to crush down the rising devil in my heart. Taking me by the arm, he continued:—"Come into the house, dear Hugh, and wish us both joy."

My brain swam as I entered the breakfast-parlour, where my uncle and Mary were seated. Both looked cheerful, joyous, and happy. I felt as a damned spirit might in gazing through the gates of Paradise. I do not know what I said in relation to John and Mary's engagement; I only know that as we rose from the table I announced my intention of departure. I met all urging and solicitation to stay longer with the brief reply that my vacation was nearly over, and that I could not remain any longer. My trunks were brought to the door, and I sat in the room with John and Mary, awaiting the stage. It came rumbling along the road. It stopped at the gate. I wrung the hands of my uncle and John, and was about to leave Mary with hardly a word of farewell, when she laid her hand on my arm and said:—

"Dear Hugh, are you going to leave me so?"

There were tears in her eyes as they looked up at me. I stooped and pressed my lips to hers, and with the fire and madness of that touch burning in my veins, I uttered a trembling "God bless you!" and in a minute was whirling down the road.

I saw the group as the stage turned a corner of the lane. John was standing with his arm around Mary's waist and her head upon his shoulder. My uncle was behind them. They were waving their hands toward me in token of a last good-bye. It was too much to bear. I sank back in the stage and wept as if my heart would break.

The wound of that first anguish was yet green, though many a month had gone by. I had left college, and was about to leave the country. I had heard occasionally from John, and sometimes from Mary. Their letters were like barbed arrows to my soul. They spoke of their mutual, trusting love, of their plans, of their sunny hopes. They were to be married in the autumn, and after a pleasure journey, return to the old mansion, there to stay for life. I had determined to remain till after their marriage, and then go, I hardly knew whither; but the fountain of Lethe flowed, I hoped, somewhere beyond the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

A letter from my uncle. I read and re-read it, for I hardly thought it real. It spoke of a sudden, an unexplained, a mysterious quarrel between his son and Mary. John had suddenly departed for India, and Mary was lying at the brink of the grave. Weeks went on, and the crisis in her illness had passed and she was recovering.

Everything still remained unexplained. Mary never spoke of the fatal word or act, whichever it might be, that had produced this wretchedness, and no one had the cruelty to probe the wound. All was conjecture, all was doubt. I had resolved, however, not to go away, but to stay at home, in the hope that time would solve the mystery. I had not as yet seen her since I left her that summer morning, when she stood by John's side. But I was to see her once more.

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I have but barely touched on these occurrences; they were so startling, so unexpected, that they hardly seemed true. The quarrel, John's departure, Mary's illness and convalescence, all were to me as a painful dream.



At last a letter came from Mary herself. They had just received intelligence that John was dead. He had fallen a victim to a fatal epidemic, and he was sleeping by the banks of the Ganges. Her letter was touching in the extreme. It told me of the sorrow that was preying upon her life; it asked me, for the sake of the old time, to come and see her once more before she died.

Whirling down the green lane again; stopping at the old gate. I saw the house through the trees; I felt the gravel that I had so often trodden on grating under my feet. My hand was again on the latch of the door, my step was again in the hall. My uncle met me cordially and affectionately. He forestalled the question that was struggling to my lip.

"She is sinking every day. She has been hoping to see you hourly."

"Where is she?"

"You must not see her to night. She is asleep, and I should fear to awaken her. To-morrow you shall see her, and I hope your presence may revive her. She has spoken much of you."

I slept that night in the same chamber wherein I had passed that other night that was branded upon my memory. But my feelings were changed. John, my noble cousin, was dead and resting beneath a far-off sun; and she, the beautiful, was sinking to the grave. Where were their hopes of happiness? Into what realm of vanished loveliness had fled their tender dreams of bliss? Oh, the tears I shed that night were not those that fell in that season of crushed hope! I saw John's portrait hanging in the old place, and gazing at it, I prayed long and earnestly; and rising, I felt a calm tranquillity flowing into my heart, and the old love that had ruled me so long and so sternly seemed to have lost the cruel and stony gaze that it wore in former hours, and looked on me with a tender glance, as of that of an angel. My love for Mary Linley was more like a sacred memory than a passion. Was she not dead to me—dead, and wrapped up in the shroud of John's love? I slept calmly and peacefully, for the spirit of one that had loved me faithfully in life floated through my dreams.

The morning came. She was sitting in the parlour, propped up in a huge easy-chair with pillows. I entered the room softly, and she did not hear me till I was kneeling at her side and sobbing in her lap. She put the hair back from my

forehead, and smiled faintly as she chided my emotion. I could not speak, I could not breathe, as I gazed in her face.

The same, but still how altered! Every feature was attenuated to a transparent delicacy, through which the very veins were visible. Her eye was more brilliant than ever; the soul looked more brightly out of it as it drew near its home; the wealth and richness of her brown hair was thrown back negligently from her forehead—the hair that in other days had been twined round my fingers. Her voice was very low, but of ineffable sweetness.

"Hugh, dear Hugh, I feared that I should not see you again."

"I would have come to you from the dead."

"Hush," she replied, "you must not speak of the dead. Is not John among them, and he will not come back?"

I could not answer her, and she continued:—

"I killed him, Hugh. If it had not been for my wicked unkindness, he would never have left me, he would never have died away from home, away from me."

"The issues of life," said I, "are not with us; he might have died here, beneath his own roof-tree. And Mary, wherever, however he died, I believe, with an unchangeable belief, that your name was last upon his tongue, and the thought of you was next to that of his God in his heart."

"Oh! if he had only come back!" she sobbed; "if he could only have heard me tell him that I loved him more fondly, more truly than ever; if I could have only felt his kiss upon my cheek, and have heard one syllable of forgiveness, I could die without a murmur. But he left me, Hugh, in anger! yes, it was I that killed him!"

I strove to soothe her, but in vain. Fearing that my presence would excite her into a dangerous state, I soon left her, and went out with a sad and mournful heart. For she was dying. I saw where the unmistakeable traces of decay were left upon her face and form. Death was stealing his prize away none the less surely, because he had wreathed her brow with flowers. A little longer, a little longer, and this pure, noble, loving heart would throb on earth no more.

It was inexpressibly touching to witness the sweetness and gentleness of spirit which she manifested; there was no repining, no querulous complaining at

her lot. The light and loveliness of earth had no charm for her to win her hopes from heaven. There, she would often say, was garnered up her heart; there she should meet again him, who could not come back to forgive her; there she should never hear the bitter word, or feel the unkind look; there both their spirits would dwell in an atmosphere of love that would know no change for ever.

She often told me that John spoke of me in the days of their happy trustfulness with strong and manly affection. That in all their dreams of the future I was mingled; that she was to be to me a sister, and he a brother; and I shed such tears at her simple narration as I never can shed again. She never blamed my cousin; she never revealed the unhappy cause of their alienation, and whatever it was, the grave keeps the secret well; you may listen to the waving of the tall grass that grows where she sleeps, but never a syllable comes thence. She had no love or longing for life, although she knew that each day brought her closer to the grave. A little lock of John's hair was always pressed in her hand, and she would keep her eye fixed upon it, saying, as a pang would rack her now feeble frame—"It is no matter, it brings me nearer to him."

I have seen in a lake the ice grow thinner and thinner beneath the waxing heat of the sun, dissolving every hour, wasting imperceptibly away into the water, which bore it up, and of which it had its birth. So, day after day, beneath the light and warmth which flowed upon her from heaven, the earthly fetters of her

soul grew weaker and weaker, and we could see how her spirit was melting into the pure source which had so far sustained it, and from whence it sprung.

One afternoon we were gathered round her, for we knew that death was very near to her; she had sunk very rapidly of late, and we felt that any moment might be her last. She was sitting in her easy-chair, looking out towards the sinking sun. I was kneeling near her, with her hands clasped in mine.

"Hugh," murmured she, "to-night I shall see John. Do you think he will forgive me?"

What could I answer?

"He will know me, and I shall know him, for I saw him last night as I shall see him again to-night. The light and glory of heaven was on his forehead like a crown."

The sobs of my uncle alone broke the stillness.

"Come nearer, Hugh, dear, for I think I am dying. Kiss me," she murmured very softly.

I bent my lips to her cold pale brow. As I did so, I heard my cousin's name trembling upon her tongue, and, with those dear syllables faintly uttered, she died—died with his name upon her lips, who was the first, it may be, to greet her as she entered the eternal gates.

Few ever knew what beauty and loveliness faded away from earth that day. Few ever stand where her weary heart is hushed for ever; but for me, the flight of that pure spirit left a void that time has never filled; for me earth has no spot so sacred as Mary Linley's grave.



## GENIUS AND TALENT.

SOME common ideas are so nearly alike in their bolder outlines and grosser qualities, and at the same time so intangible and evanescent in their nicer shades of meaning, and, withal, each of them in itself so complex and multiform in character; and more baffling than all, so closely allied to each other; that it is a severe task of discrimination to fix clearly in the mind distinct and separate notions of them. It is sometimes more difficult still to express, when so fixed, those distinct notions in intelligible language. However, there is no safety, and but little profit either, in discussion or dissertation, unless you *define* before you begin: nay, not unfrequently, where definition begins difference and discussion end. Then "there is the rub;" how to define precisely; how to express that definition in such language as to exclude everything foreign, and yet to comprehend with perspicacity everything cognate: in short, how to include everything proper, and yet include nothing too much.

Purely intellectual ideas are never easily defined. It is no light matter to avoid a confusion of such ideas with others closely resembling them, and to fix the particular notion singly before the mind. Then, too, our conception of them takes much of its hue and shape from our individual organization. Besides, the stubbornness of language will not bend at choice to embrace exactly the nicer shades of meaning we would express, without the hazard of expressing too much. All who have attempted discussion of subtle distinctions of this sort have painfully felt this embarrassment. Hence, definitions of such abstract ideas as Wit, Humour, Poetry, and the like, although exhibiting great intellectual acumen and power of thought, coupled with copiousness and felicity of phraseology, have generally been deemed unsatisfactory.

Genius, as we understand it, is the result of a peculiar and felicitous combination of mental faculties, moral qualities and physical organization. The combination is peculiar, inasmuch as it differs from every other known combination, in possessing some positive and subtle attributes that none other has, and it is felicitous, as it excels every other combination by its productions in a marvellous way. It is

not Taste, nor Wit, nor Humour. It is not Common Sense or Facility. Finally, it is not Talent. It may co-exist with each and all, or it may exist essentially independent of either. Now we apprehend there is but little practical danger of confounding either of these, except talent with genius. The difference between *them* is comparatively easy of illustration, but they are hardly susceptible of separate definition.

Genius may be said to be the ability to conceive, comprehend, and reproduce truth, beauty, and harmony: talent is the ability to explore, gather up, and re-construct truth, beauty, and harmony. Genius is creative ability: talent is executive ability. Genius, in its nature, growth, and power is "subjective:" talent, in its nature, growth, and power, is "objective." Genius is speculative and visionary: talent is practical and matter-of-fact. Genius revels in the ideal and possible: talent delves in the real and the actual. Genius conceives and invents: talent finds and remembers. Genius seeks by its own inward power to develop what it finds within itself: talent seeks foreign aid, and aims at a foreign object. To adopt a word, genius is *intransitive*: talent is *transitive*. In their works, genius is easy and natural: talent is fastidious and accurate. Genius, in its results, has a quality of unexpectedness, and produces wonder, as wit produces surprise: talent shows you its clue long before it attains the end. One might almost say genius is the *instinct*, talent the *reason* of the understanding. Genius "substitutes intellectual vision for proof," and has the "clear conception out-running the deductions of logic:" talent moves by regular processes of thought. The operations of genius are *à priori*, from cause to effect: the operations of talent are *à posteriori*, from effect to cause. Talent is sagacious appreciation; genius is intuition. Talent ascends; genius transcends. Talent is empirical and experimental; genius is transcendental and prophetic. "Nothing can be proved to exist," says Talent: "I know that I exist," says Genius. Thus Talent arrives at a conclusion: Genius has a revelation.

The moral characteristics, if one may be pardoned the expression, in considering this intricate subject, are broadly different in genius and talent. Genius

has more enthusiasm and self-devotion; talent has more zeal and energy. Genius is melancholy; talent is sober. Genius is affected by sensibility; talent by the passions. Genius overstrained is more apt to burst into madness; talent overtasked to lapse into idiocy. Genius is patient in conception, impatient in development; talent is impatient in conception, patient in development—each moving more freely where it feels its strength. Genius is moved by impulse, and is desultory; talent, chained to the will as a motive power, is methodical and direct. Genius *excels* unconsciously; talent is always aware when it produces an *effect*, and toils to reproduce it. Genius has its “end shaped” by a Divinity; talent “rough-hews” its own. Genius finds its motive in its own gratification, and is but half-conscious of effect and external accomplishment: talent dies without appreciation, seeks the plaudits of the world, and knows marvellously well when it has made “a hit.” Genius “wakes up in the morning and finds itself famous:” talent lies feverishly awake all night, and wonders why that morning and its fame don’t hurry along.

The growth of capacity and power in genius is like the growth of a fruit, or a tree; spontaneous, constantly adding to itself, yet indivisible and a unit, still having the same identity. The same growth in talent depends chiefly upon cultivation; it is like the growth of a crystal (as science reveals it), adding to itself, yet each addition separate, severable and obvious. The former grows by expansion from within; the latter by accretion from without. Genius seeks to discover the hidden providences of God, and the mystery of man’s nature, and, “by wreaking its thoughts upon expression,” to ally itself and mankind with the great GOD-HEAD Himself: talent labours to apply truth practically to the immediate wants of man. Genius penetrates far into depths unfathomable, led on amid the mazes and windings of error, bearing a *torch* in its hand, and, seeing what is good and what is worthless, gathers only that it seeks: talent gropes its way through the dark labyrinth, guided by a *clue*, gathering all it finds, and drags its indiscriminate booty into the daylight of other men’s minds. Genius is conscious of itself, and needs no circumstance to call it forth: talent often awaits the call of pride, ambition, or duty, and first discovers its power when passion has forced it into

exercise. Charles Lamb speaks of “crying halves to ideas” struck out, like sparks from the anvil, in the heat of conversation. Some one, perhaps Dean Swift, describes himself as catching by stealth, in its transit, “an idea Heaven intended for some other man.” But the most honest expression I have ever met with on this head, is a line or two of Sydney Smith. There is so much comfort to us slow mortals contained in it, that I shall be pardoned for repeating the whole passage. “The mind,” says he, quite as oracularly, if not quite as dogmatically, as myself: “the mind advances in its train of thought as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him; he is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path, to which it is your affair to bring him back. I have,” says the Rev. Sydney, “asked several men what passed in their minds when they are thinking; and I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together. Everybody has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to carry on any process of thought.” Now, I suspect this may very well describe the mode of thinking by men of more talent than genius, but that the “crying halves,” and intercepting “ideas intended for other men,” better illustrates the process by which men of genius arrive at their ideas; and I am the more inclined to this opinion, because of the quality of suddenness, without loss of harmony or beauty, often visible in the thoughts and ideas of genius; while those of talent are obviously slow and anticipated.

“By genius,” says Fuseli, “I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge; which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; while *talent* arranges, cultivates, and polishes the discoveries of genius.” That is to say, genius creates, while talent merely constructs. Thus, in art and letters the creations of genius are copious, vast, true, and in harmony with nature; the productions of mere talent are literal, hard, imitative and prosaic, or grotesque and fantastical. With the first, everything revolves on the pivot of truth; with the other, this common centre is wanting. Genius is a law unto itself; talent must



obey the law as it is written; and as it deviates, so it errs.

Perhaps no man was so peculiarly qualified to expound these distinctions as S. T. Coleridge. Certainly, in a few words he has thrown a flood of light upon the matter. "Genius," says he, "finds in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths for their TRUTH'S SAKE." Again: "To possess end in the means, as it is essential to morality in the moral world, and the contradistinction from mere prudence, so it is in the intellectual world the *moral* constituent of genius, and that by which true genius is contradistinguished from mere talent." Even as the true moralist, "does right" not from the paltry and contemptible motive that "honesty is the best policy," but simply because it *is* right, so the man of genius develops the great power within him from a law of *its* being, and because he finds that power there. In another place he says: "Genius is originality in intellectual construction; talent is the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others and already existing in books, and other conservatories of intellect." And in still another place: "This is a good gauge of genius, whether it progresses and evolves or only spins upon itself." These are golden sands, scattered here and there in the bed where the mighty current of his intellect flowed. I do but gather them up; I am not worthy to fuse or fashion them.

In the republic of the mind, genius is the source of power; talent is the executive or ministerial faculty. Genius invents and develops; talent collates and executes. Genius must not be confounded with tact, or even cleverness: these are but phases of talent, or its ready satellites, as imagination and sensibility are phases of genius. Genius is a "fiery particle," deriving its light and colour from within itself, and, like a burning coal, shines in the dark talent; borrows its lustre from without, and is seen only where there is light. Genius, too, leans to the poetical, and has a quality of feminineness, of which mere talent, hard and prosaic as it is, is deficient: indeed, genius is more common among women, while talent is more common among men.

In matters of judgment, I know not whether genius or talent is the more reliable; either, taken separately, can scarcely be trusted. The ideas of men of genius do so come in flashes—the blaze

suddenly lighting up some part of a subject, like torchlight in a cavern, glaring with excess of light, thickening darkness as it repels it—that the understanding may be deceived. Hence may come partial views, eccentricity and sudden inconsistency, though with all real sincerity. Now, with men of talent the light is more steady, but there may be a deficiency of light.

Genius is versatile, strikes out a new spark at every blow, is inexhaustible, and, like nature, never repeats itself. Talent elaborates, perfects, and polishes its ideas; but they are finite, have "iteration in them," and bear a family resemblance. Genius is the child of impulse; talent is born of the will. Genius is irregular, unsteady, and, "studious of new things;" talent obeys an iron master, and its action wears and frets a channel in which it flows the more easily and powerfully, as it is sustained and assisted by the momentum of *habit*. Genius has no habits.

Genius without talent finds itself much at a loss how to get on in the world. Its peculiarities are oftentimes a bar to its progress. Talent without genius generally gets on bravely, and succeeds oftentimes from the absence rather than the presence of qualities; as a man with a conscience will starve sometimes, where a man without a conscience will thrive and fatten: nay, its very peculiarities, or rather want of peculiarities, remove many a stumbling-block from its path; for as we know, genius is full of tremulousness and sensibility, while talent is full of nerve and energy. Genius sees so much and feels so much, that without talent it is timid in action, and hesitates. It "considers too curiously." To borrow from "Hamlet" the great dramatist's type of genius, we may say it doubts by

———"Thinking too precisely on the event;  
A thought which quartered, hath but one part  
wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward:"

and finally puzzles itself into inaction. But, on the other hand, with talent, whatsoever its hands find to do, that does it, with all its might: nay, to give the whole picture, not unfrequently it "rushes in where angels fear to tread."

Besides, genius often derives more strength from the *heart* than the head. It is prone to be warm, tender, profuse, spontaneous, gushing, full of sympathy, and careless of itself and the morrow. It soothes and loves the weakness of humbler

minds, and by all these outlets is constantly diverted from its purpose, and its time wasted: the tide in its affairs is *not* "taken at the flood," and opportunity is lost. Talent borrows little of the heart: is cold, prone to formality and elaborateness: is calculating, burns steadily, nurses its reputation, husbans its resources, spreads every inch of canvas, makes everything "tell:" nay, more, is cutting, sarcastic, and hates cordially the weakness of feeble men, and spurns them. Genius is fitful and erratic; talent is the essence of equanimity and imperturbableness. Moreover, genius groans at the curse of labour, and shudders at practical details; while talent likes to work, and cheerfully masters all practical details. Then genius is proud in the simple consciousness of possession; but talent glories in the

manifestation of superiority. And, too, genius is full of doubleness and a riddle; is mystic, and walks in a cloud; but talent is single in purpose, plain, practical, no greater or other than it appears. Genius is exclusive, and dreads lest its household gods should be jostled and profaned by strangers and barbarians; but talent *has* no household gods. In short, to sum up the whole matter, genius should have talent combined with it, and talent should have genius, to enable either to act with independence and compensating energy and success in the affairs of life. To quote from Coleridge: "Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as imagination must have fancy; in short, the higher intellectual powers act through a corresponding energy of the lower."

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## LOVE AND BEAUTY.

It is quite possible for a man, or woman either, to be too handsome. We do not pretend that it is an original remark, springing from our own brain, because our conscience forces us to acknowledge the working. Nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still will confess to be true. Therefore we intend to enter the lists in behalf of ugliness. From this declaration, it will doubtless be concluded that we are some old bachelor, ugly enough to "frighten the crows," as country children say; but decidedly not the case.

Having thus given out our thesis, it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an "over true tale," as the annuals would write; and, moreover, we judge it best at once to acknowledge that it is a love-tale—nothing but a common-place love-tale; no wonderful self-devotion, no "heroism in humble life," will be found therein; therefore, gentle reader, it is useless to seek it. And, after this exordium, we will begin.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town, where he was the beau *par excellence*—the Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every young lady from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome.—We have no intention of describing categorically his eyes, nose, and mouth, because beauty is entirely a personal matter. It is seldom

that two people agree on the subject. Each of them has his or her ideal of perfection, and judges others to a certain extent as they approach to, or diverge from, this image, formed in each mind. Ugliness becomes beauty, and beauty ugliness, according to one's own fancy. There is no glamour so complete as that of a loving eye. Therefore, let each fair one picture our young hero as resembling her own, and she will like Philip Heathcote all the better.

Philip was one of those persons who seem born with talents for everything. His conversation was winning enough to "wile a bird off a bush;" he was a man of "infinite humour," as Shakspeare has it, and possessed that ever-welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best flute-player, for miles round; wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang through the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart—if he had a heart, which some doubted—was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming,



not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishment save a sweet voice, which could warble for ever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashy Philip could bestow; and wonderful to tell, was quite insensible to her prize. She was not in love with any one else, that was certain; and that the sweet, gentle Margaret was heartless—oh! that was quite impossible too; and yet she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to waltz with any one else; would quietly, and without changing colour, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities, and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So, for months and months, these two moved through the circles of country gaiety, meeting constantly, and furnishing for some time a grand speculation. In worldly matters both were equal; neither very rich, nor poor—well matched, as the gossips said: but it was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it; paid attention equally to every new or pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle or charm, without ever really loving or being loved. Margaret was as apparently unmoved by her lover's dereliction as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

"Why could you not like Philip Heathcote?" asked Mrs. Lester. "You know, love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very handsome, and is the life of all society wherever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please me, dear mamma," answered Margaret. "I should not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I want more than mere outside qualities; and I should be inclined to distrust a man who was so very brilliant—he would never do for home. Don't you remember Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*, when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband. 'No,' she says, 'I should want another o' week days; your grace is too costly for every-day wear.' And," continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully, "I think it is much the same with myself and young Heathcote—he is, in truth, too handsome for me."

Perhaps Margaret's feeling was natural. Every true-hearted woman likes to feel

proud of her lover, or rather to have one that she can rightly and justly feel proud of: there is no sensation more delicious or more unselfish than this. But we doubt very much if a woman, sincere, simple-hearted, and good, as we wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love for a Philip Heathcote: the idol of a ball-room, the admired and admirer of all the vain and frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities than these, was as yet unknown; such was his apparent character; and yet Margaret was right when she said, that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat one morning at their work, when there was announced that bore of bores, a morning visitor; and one, never particularly welcome at any time—the news-retailer of the place—a sort of feminine Paul Pry. Country society, alas! has not the blessing of city visiting—no dropping the acquaintance of these human barnacles. There was a suspicious twinkling in Mrs. Doddridge's little black eyes, which showed she was brimming over with news; and out the information came, at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"

"What fire?" asked the ever-sympathizing Mrs. Lester.

"What! not about the fire at Farmer Western's, and young Mr. Heathcote, and his accident?" cried the delighted gossip, glancing meaningly at Miss Lester.

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret, quietly. "What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must have known—but, no; I forgot. Well, he is not quite killed—almost."

Both the ladies started; and, to their inquiries, Mrs. Doddridge answered with a long story, the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words.

Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen that most fearful of all sights, especially in a lonely country place, a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and reached it with assistance, but too late. The house was wrapped in flames; and the farmer's aged mother was within—no one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass, and they never thought to see him return, until he staggered forward, with his burden dead in his arms, and fell insensible on the ground. When he re-

turned to consciousness, he was found to be fearfully burnt, and one foot entirely crushed by a falling beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had danced so merrily a few hours before, and charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home by the grey morning twilight, disfigured for life.

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with mingled pity at hearing of this melancholy story of her former lover. She could not have believed him capable of such a deed. Her tender conscience smote her for having misjudged him, and many a slight instance of his kindly feeling rose to her mind, which showed he must have a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared.—There is nothing so sweet or so all-extenuating as the compassions of a gentle-hearted woman, though exercised towards a rejected or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lay on his lonely and desolate sick-bed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. Some few among those who had been so charmed with him, sent to inquire after the poor young man, for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the event soon died away; and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up garden of the old manorhouse where he lived, all had forsaken him except one or two kind souls, who sent him a book now and then out of charity. Among these was Mrs. Lester; and when at last the young man recovered, gratitude, or something else, warmer still, led him thither the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident.—Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognisable for the deep scars left on his face: and his finely moulded figure and elastic gait were changed into incurable lameness. It was a fearful shock; such as none but a strong mind could bear. But Philip, through his long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply; and his external appearance was scarcely more changed than his mind. Nevertheless, with all his courage he could not repress many a bitter pang, as he waited alone in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror which had so often beforetime reflected the graceful figure of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When the door opened and

Margaret entered, he could have shrunk anywhere from her view.

A hue, very slight, was in Margaret's usually colourless cheek; she looked once at the young man, and then, advancing, took his hand in both hers, and said, in a frank, earnest, friendly tone, that went to Philip's heart—

"I am very glad indeed to see you here again, Mr. Heathcote."

There was no condolence, no allusion to his illness; she did not avoid looking at him, but spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact, as if nothing had happened: so that Philip's dread and embarrassment wore off imperceptibly. Once only, when he was engaged talking to Mrs. Lester, he caught Margaret's eye fixed upon his face, with a deep expression. He thought, though he was not sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist with tears; and the young man would have parted almost with life itself for one tear of affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home, certainly happier than he had often been in the days of his bloom and gaiety. What Margaret thought of her old lover could not be known; she said very little; but that very night she heard the old church-clock strike one before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's re-appearance in society caused the usual nine days' wonder and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was no more; he could no longer join the dance in which he had shone brilliantly aforetime; he was often silent in company, and the *belles* who had so often gazed delighted on his handsome face, now passed him by with a slight recognition, or an audible "Poor fellow—how handsome he *was* once!" Philip had grown wiser through suffering; but still no one is ever quite insensible to the loss of personal attractions; and the "*has been*" grated harshly on young Heathcote's feelings for a long time. He gradually withdrew from society in a great measure, pleading, as his reason, the ill-health which he really did labour under; and at last his visits were entirely confined to Mrs. Lester's, where he met no altered looks or obtrusive condolence.

And now we must turn to Margaret. She, too, was changed; not outwardly, but in her own heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had stolen in there unawares. She had been perfectly indifferent to Philip in his days of triumph; but when



she saw him pale, feeble, thoughtful, without a single gay jest or sportive compliment to scatter round; treated with neglect, or else wounded by rude pity, Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She first felt sympathy, then interest, and so went through the regular gradations, until she loved Philip Heathcote with her whole soul. He, foolish man, humbled and self-distrusting as he was, never saw this; yet he nourished his affection for Margaret in his heart's core, never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

"If she did not care for me in the old days," he often thought, "surely it is hopeless to imagine she could love me now—a poor, sick, lame, ugly fellow like me." And he would look at himself with disgust; and turn away from the mirror with a bitter sigh. Ah! Philip Heathcote, with all his talent and brilliancy, still knew little of the depths of a woman's heart. We have heard of a man who broke the plighted troth of years because a heavy affliction—it was deprivation of hearing—fell upon the lovely girl he was to have married: and we have also heard others of his sex justify him in so doing. Such love is not like woman's, she would only have clung the closer to her betrothed in his affliction.

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the entire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart, still continued to hover about her unceasingly. He saw there was at least no other lover in the way, and that was one comfort. It was months before his eyes were opened to his error, and how that clearness of vision was effected, history sayeth not. Very few lovers can tell the precise moment when the blessed truth rushed upon their hearts, flooding them with delicious joy. To what hope—to what a new and blessed existence did Philip awake when he knew that Margaret loved him? He counted all he had lost as nothing, in comparison to the prize which his sufferings had won for him. Much he wondered at the change, not knowing that it was due to his altered character, for men look at the outward form, while women judge of the heart. But wonder and doubt were absorbed in

intense happiness, for Margaret—the timid, retiring, but loving Margaret—was all his own.

Once more the town's talk was of Philip Heathcote and Margaret Lester. They were seen walking together; one had met them in the fields; another, coming home from church; Mr. Heathcote was daily at the house; surely they must be engaged!—and this once the gossips were right—they were, indeed, affianced lovers; and in due time the old village church beheld them made husband and wife. A few years passed, and the old manor-house rang with childish voices through all its desolate nooks; and Margaret and her husband might be seen oftentimes slowly pacing the dark alleys of the garden, with a merry troop around them. Hand in hand, Philip and Margaret were gliding down life's river, nor feared the coming of middle age, when each year brought new happiness. Had they altogether forgotten the days of their youth? Not quite; for once, when they sat watching the sports of their eldest son, Margaret said, with a mother's pride and fondness—

"Is not our boy handsome, Philip? He will grow up almost as handsome as——"

"As his father once used to be," interrupted Mr. Heathcote, with a smile, not quite devoid of bitterness. "He was not perfect—the vain man."

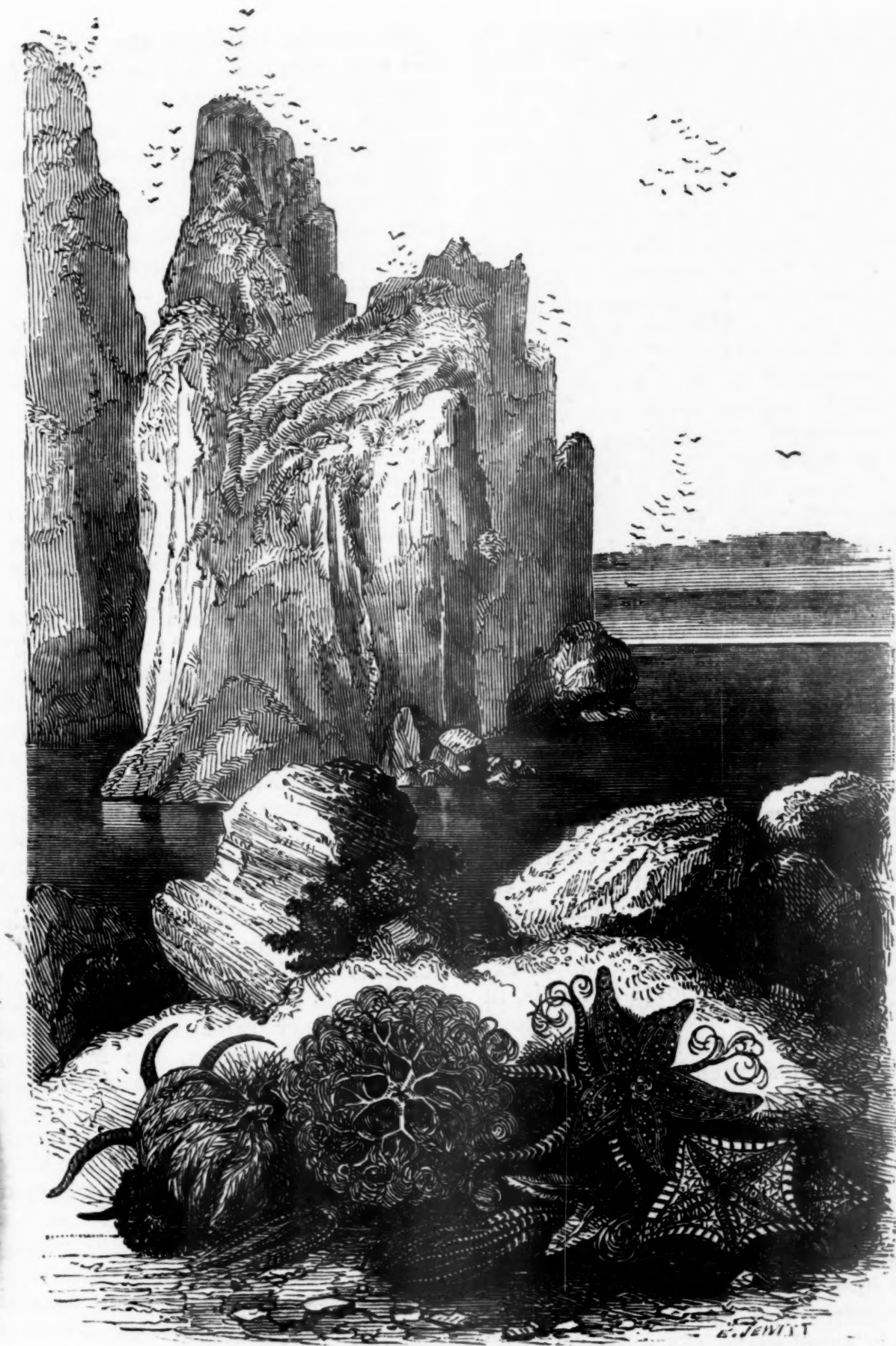
Margaret arose, clasped her arms around her husband's neck, and kissed his white forehead and still beautiful eyes, with intense and wife-like affection.

"You are always handsome to me, my own Philip—there is no one like you; and if I were foolish once——"

"When you said I was too handsome?" cried the happy husband.

"There, do not remember those days; I did not love you then."

"And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my dear wife," said Philip Heathcote; "and so I do not care in the least for being as ugly as an old satyr, since Margaret Lester can never again say that I am a great deal 'too handsome for her.'"



GROUP OF ASTEROIDS.

## ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

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GENERAL REMARKS ON CETACEA—THE GREENLAND WHALE—ITS FOOD AND ENEMIES—THE WHALE STRANDED AT OSTEND—THE SOUTHERN WHALE—THE SPERMACETI WHALE—THE NARWHAL—THE DOLPHIN—FICTION AND FACT—THE PORPOISE—HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE WHALE FISHERY—FISHING AT THE FERROE ISLANDS.

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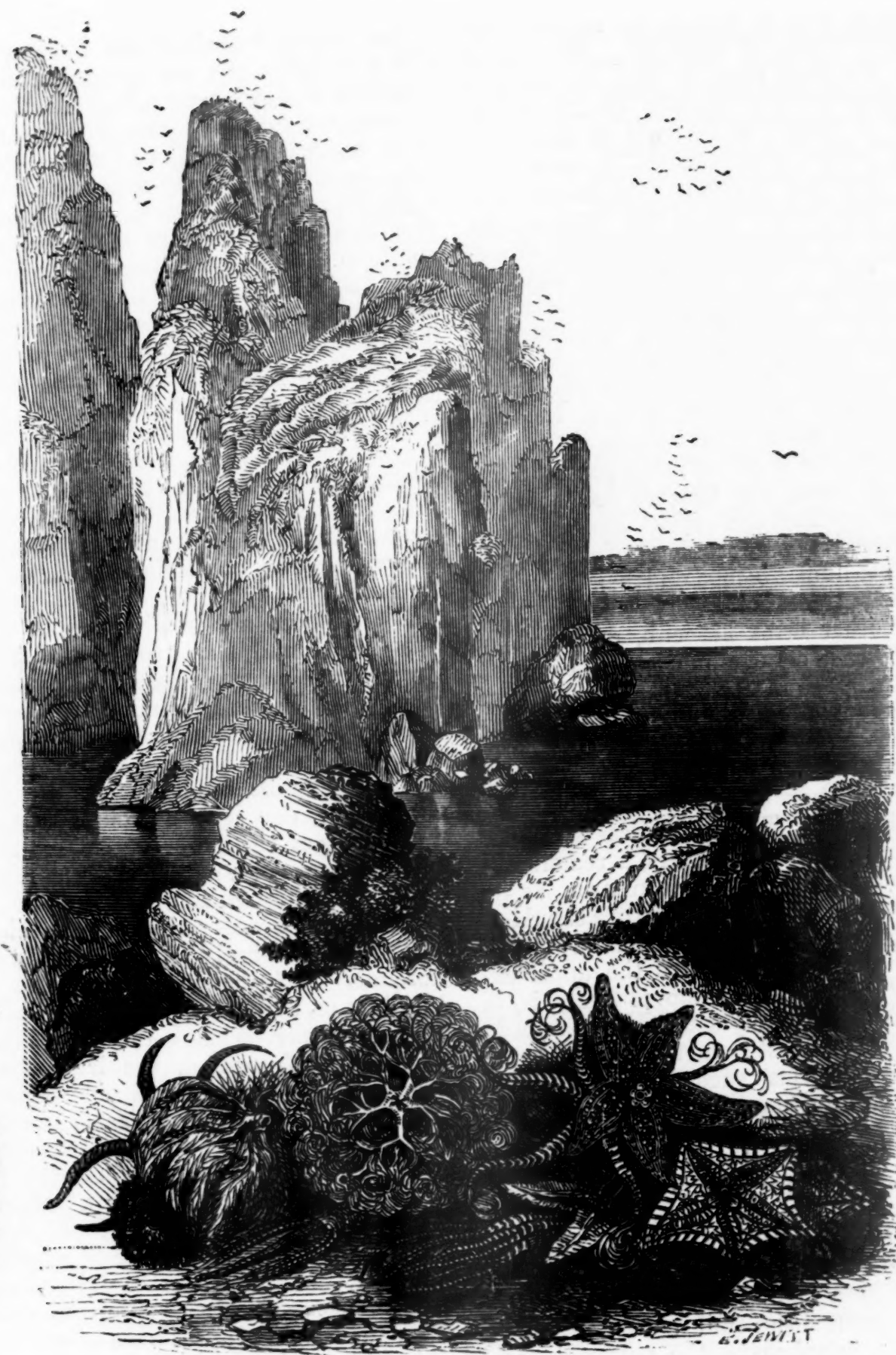
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creation, step by step, to the smallest and simplest types of existence. We regret that we shall have to pass by many of them in silence, or only devote a few lines to them; as in such an enormous field, where thousands on thousands of new and rare forms present themselves, only those which stand out prominently attract the attention of the casual observer. But if we can succeed in drawing our readers' notice to some marvels of the world of waters, hitherto unknown to them, or slightly lift the veil which conceals the mysteries of the deep, our object will be attained; and we trust that we shall have performed a meritorious task.

Of all the creatures that populate the mighty ocean, the Cetacea are the most perfect. Through their internal construction, they approximate in many respects to human beings, and their behaviour displays traces of a higher feeling; for the mother loves her cub, defends it in the hour of danger, and is apt to forget her own peril in her passionate attempts to protect it. Like ourselves, they respire through lungs, and possess a double (venous and arterial) heart, through which streams of warm red blood constantly flow. The anatomical structure of the pectoral fins bears a remarkable resemblance to the human arm, as its skeleton is equally composed of a shoulder-blade, arm, a two-boned fore-arm, and five parted fingers. But the upper extremity, which, in us, moves freely, is, in the Cetacea, firmly attached to the body down to the wrist; and the fingered hand, which performs such wondrous deeds under the guidance of the human will, is, in the case of the whale, covered with a thick skin, and becomes a broad, undivided fin. Yet it is designed for some higher function than mere steering, for with its assistance the mother guides and protects her cub. The pelvis is only found in a rudimentary form, and the lower extremities fail entirely. Their place is supplied by the powerful horizontal tail, by means of which the animal moves so rapidly through the water.

The Cetacea are also distinguished from fishes by being viviparous, by a much larger quantity of blood, by a smooth skin (not covered with scales, as in the former), beneath which is a thick layer of fat; but, above all, by having a single or double breathing-hole or blower on the upper portion of the head, which, though resembling the nostrils of other animals, is not employed for smell, but solely for respiration.

The natural history of the Cetacea is still very defective; and we need not feel surprised at it, when we reflect that these animals are generally met with in the most inaccessible seas, where the scientific inquirer can rarely approach them; while the rapidity of their movements only permits a transient glance at their external form. Since but little is known of their habits and mode of life, and while many a species is still utterly unknown, it may often happen that the same variety is described under different names, thus causing great confusion.

It would be beyond our scope and limits to point out such errors, or write a more detailed monogram on the Cetacea; we will, therefore, content ourselves with enumerating the most interesting facts known about the predominant varieties of the family.

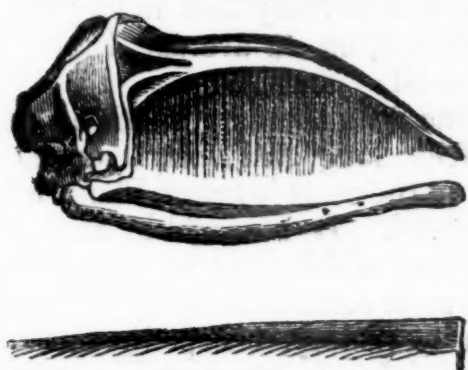
The Cetacea are subdivided into the "toothless" and the "toothed." The former, or baleen whales, have two blowers on the head, running longitudinally; but in the toothed Cetacea (Spermaceti, Narwhal, Dolphin) the orifice is single, and across the head. As they do not breathe, they have no voice; though the puffing of the larger whales sounds, at the distance of a mile, like the murmur of the wind through an organ-pipe.

The baleen whales are again subdivided into the smooth-backs (*Balaena*), and the Rorquals (*Balænoptera*), which have a dorsal fin on the lower part of the back. To the former belongs the Greenland whale (*B. Mysticetus*), the largest of living animals, and most valuable to man of all the Cetacea. Its extreme length, according to Scoresby, is sixty to seventy feet; and at the thickest part of the body, behind the pectoral fins, it has a circumference of thirty to forty feet. As it is very nearly of the same specific gravity as water, its weight can be determined with sufficient accuracy. Scoresby estimates the weight of a whale that measured sixty feet at a hundred tons.

Other naturalists give it still larger dimensions; and it is possible that, in former times, ere man pursued whales with such pertinacity, they may have attained a length of one hundred feet, with a corresponding circumference. But whales of three hundred feet in length, such as Tilesius describes, must have been seen through the magnifying-glass of a luxuriant fancy, and belong to the same race as Pliny's three hundred feet saw-fish, which, as he tells us (*Hist. Nat.*, lib.



ix. 2), inhabit the Indian waters. This clumsy animal's organism is in every respect disproportionate. While the tail, which is twenty-four feet wide, covers a space of from eighty to a hundred square feet, the pectoral fins are only about six feet in length. The monstrous head takes up one-third of the body, and is provided with such an enormous mouth, that, when open, it forms a cavity as large as a ship's hold. The monsters of *terra firma*—the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus—are gifted with claws and teeth corresponding with their size, which can uproot trees,



WHALEBONE.

and crush the scale-plated crocodile: but it is very different with the giant of the ocean, whose masticating instruments are scarcely able to chew a paltry herring. In its tremendous throat, some five hundred triangular horny plates, hanging from the palate, and arranged in the manner of a comb, supply the place of teeth. The largest laminae, which hang on the sides of the mouth, attain a length of fifteen feet, and a width of twelve to fifteen inches: before and behind they are much shorter. On the palate there are also false layers, of a quadrangular shape, about the thickness of a quill, and about four inches in length. Thus the mouth of the whale resembles a hide covered with thick hair, beneath which lies the monstrous tongue, ten feet broad, and nineteen long.

This peculiar arrangement of the mouth suits the requirements of the whale admirably, as its food does not consist, as might be assumed, of the larger sea denizens, but of the small creatures (Medusæ, Crustaceans, *Clio Borealis*, and other soft animals) with which the northern seas, especially between the parallels of  $74^{\circ}$  and  $80^{\circ}$ , are crowded. In order to obtain its food, the whale swims rapidly, with open jaws, along the surface of the water. When it shuts its mouth, and expels the swallowed stream through the whalebone fringe, thousands of these small animals are caught in the forest of fibres as in a

net, and are rubbed off and swallowed by the aid of the tongue. What a quantity of these creatures is needed to support a colossus weighing a hundred tons! The back of the whale is of a handsome black, with white stripes; the belly and lower jaw are bright white. The skin is about an inch thick, and covers a layer of fat of fifteen inches in thickness, which, though a famous protection to the animal from cold, attracts the death-dealing harpoon.

The Whale usually proceeds at the rate of four miles an hour, but its speed is marvellously increased when terror or pain drives it through the waves. At times it rises to the surface with such violence, that it leaps quite out of the water, as if in sport. When it falls back, the shock creates a miniature storm, which can be felt for some distance; or at times it lifts its enormous head perpendicularly out of the water, so that the deceived sailor fancies it is but a rock after all. Suddenly the supposed rock heaves over, and the enormous fin begins lashing the water with such fury, that the sound rolls over the solitudes of the Arctic Ocean like the thunder of cannon. The utter want of pluck the whale shows is in great contradiction to its strength; for even a bird, if it sit on the whale's back, causes the latter great restlessness and terror. Besides men, whose pursuit we will presently describe, a number of enemies—great and small—constantly follow the whale, and embitter its life. The Sword-fish (*Xyphias gladius*) and the Thresher (*Carcharias vulpes*) often attack it in alliance. So soon as its back appears above the water, the threshers spring several yards into the air, and, in falling, give the whale the most tremendous blows with their long tails. At the same time, the sword-fish are boring and wounding it beneath; and thus, after an engagement of several hours, the poor bleeding, persecuted animal, yields to the attacks of its raging foes. The Greenland shark, again (*Squalus borealis*), is one of the whale's most bitter enemies, and tears pieces out of its body as large as a man's head.

This Shark, according to Captain W. Scoresby's report, is so greedy and insensible to pain, that even after it has been stabbed by the flencers who are cutting up a dead whale, it will return in a short time, and continue its interrupted meal. At the same time, it is so tenacious of life, that its heart, when cut out, beats for several hours after death, and the



body, if cut up, displays similar signs of life. Hence it is very difficult to kill; and it is even said to be dangerous to place your hand in the mouth of a head recently cut from the body. Strangely enough, it never attacks human beings; for though the flencers frequently fall into the water at a time when the sharks collect by hundreds, Scoresby cannot mention a single instance in which any one was ever bitten or wounded. The polar bear also pursues the whale, when it finds a chance, in the gulfs of the Arctic Sea; but the enmity of the Nar-whal is erroneous, for they have often been seen living together on amicable terms.

In addition to these dangerous attacks, the giant of the ocean is exposed to the torments of many tiny animals, which seem to take revenge for the wholesale slaughter of their brethren. The whale-louse burrows into its back, and devours it so greedily, that you fancy some beast of prey has torn off large lumps. In summer, when the plague is at its height, swarms of gulls may be seen accompanying the whale; and so soon as it rises to the surface, they settle upon it, to devour these disgusting parasites. By this they doubtlessly do the whale a great service, though the pecking of their beaks in the wounded skin may not produce an agreeable feeling. Barnacles, too, cover the whale in such quantities, that its black back appears to be spotted white; and at times its mighty head is overgrown with sea-weeds, which have taken root in this moving soil, and remind the spectator of Birnam Wood.

The habitat of the Greenland whale, as its name indicates, is in the Arctic seas of North America, Davis' Strait, Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, and it is also found in large numbers along some parts of the northern coasts of Asia and America. It never finds its way into the Baltic, and is rarely seen within two hundred miles of the British coast.

The Rorqual (*Rorqualus borealis*), although longer than the Greenland whale, is far inferior to it in bulk, for it has a tapering head. The whalebone it produces is smaller and stronger than that of its smooth-backed congener, and hence it is not so good for the purpose of catching food. But this variety of whale feeds on herrings and mackerel, whose shoals it follows. Like the Greenland whale, it is black on top, and white below; but is distinguished from it by numerous deep furrows, of a blood-red

hue, which run beneath the throat and breast to the middle of the belly. It also inhabits high northern latitudes, and is frequently seen on the skirts of the ice-fields between Bear Island and Jan Mayen; but at times it visits lower latitudes, and is often stranded on the Baltic coast.

Confining our attention exclusively to Ostend, we find, not only in the olden chronicles, but in present history, more than one instance preserved. Thus, in November, 1402, a storm cast eight rorquals ashore close to the port. The largest was seventy feet in length; and they yielded, on an average, twenty-four casks of oil.

On the 20th January, 1762, a rorqual, fifty feet long and forty round, was found on the coast between Blankenbergh and Ostend. It was sold by auction for 192 florins, which went to the crown.

The most celebrated Rorqual, however, known to history, except the one which swallowed Jonah, was found by a fishing boat, floating dead in the Baltic, on November 3, 1827, and the next day towed to the mouth of Ostend harbour. Here, however, the ropes broke, and the giant corpse drifted ashore, about a hundred yards from the port. There was an enormous rush to see this distinguished visitor. From all parts of the country crowds came in; and, of a surety, Gulliver did not create a greater sensation in Lilliput, than this enormous eighty-four-footer did through Flanders and Brabant. Generally, such valuable "finds" are lost to science through the ignorance of the fishermen; but fortunately there were two men present who knew how to obtain advantage from it, though in different ways: one, a speculator, who, seeing an opportunity to make money, bought the whale on the spot for 3000 florins; the other, Dr. Paret, who undertook the difficult task of separating the skeleton from the festering mass, and putting it together in a right order.

As it was feared the next spring-tides might carry off the body, sixty-two workmen were employed day and night in flencing it. The valuable fat was collected in barrels, the meat and entrails buried in the sand, and by the 19th November, the bones were perfectly freed. On this occasion, the purchaser instituted a remarkable festivity: sixteen persons danced a quadrille in the lower-jaw, and a hundred and thirty-four men drank, at the same time, the king's health. It may

be supposed that it was no trifle to carry the tail fins, nineteen feet long and nine broad, which had been preserved in spirits of wine, into the town: special vehicles had to be built to remove the gigantic cases. At length, all was brought together in the Hotel de Commerce: and Paret, assisted by ten intelligent workmen, began binding the skeleton together artistically, so that it might be easily taken to pieces and put together again. No anatomist had ever had such a gigantic experiment, and Paret gained the applause of all men of science by the manner in which he solved the problem.

In the meanwhile, an elegant transportable pavilion had been got ready, in which the monster would be shown to the astounded world. On the 30th April, 1828, it began its tour, which extended to Petersburg, and thence to America, where the skeleton is still preserved in a museum.

In the antarctic hemisphere, the southern whale (*B. arctica*), by its abundance of oil, supplies the place of the Greenland whale. It keeps along the coasts in the temperate latitudes, and in those positions of the adjoining seas where the varying colour of the water shows that immense quantities of Medusæ and Molluscs are present. It is never seen, however, in the central parts of the Pacific. In spring it seeks the bays on the steep west coast of South America, where quiet water supplies it with abundance of food, and gives birth to its cub. At this period, which is called the "bay season," the whalers cast anchor in the Gulfs of Chiloe, Talcahuano, Conception, St. Vincent, &c., and often reap a rich harvest. At the southern extremity of Africa, as well as on the coasts of Brazil, Australia, New Zealand, Kerguelen's-land, &c., this variety of whale is also frequently found. In the higher southern latitudes the hump-back, and nearer to the pole the razor-back, are visible, but they are not nearly so valuable to the whaler. When Dumont d'Orville, after the southern expedition, in which he discovered Terre Louis Philippe, put into Talcahuano, in May, 1838, and told the whalers of the enormous quantities of Cetacea he had seen in the high Polar Seas, their eyes sparkled with delight; but when he added, they were chiefly hump-backs and razor-backs, they were greatly disappointed. The hump-back is lean, and yields but little oil: while the razor-back dives with such rapidity, that it often breaks the

cord to which the harpoon is attached, or pulls the boat down after it. Still it is sometimes chased by Americans, in those shallow parts of the sea, where it is forced to return to the surface soon.

While the smooth-backs bleed to death by thousands for the sake of their oil and whalebone, the spermaceti, or cachalot (*Physeter macrocephalus*), arouses avarice by its peculiar tallowy fat, which does not form a thick stratum beneath the skin, but is found mainly in the upper portion of the gigantic head. Ambergris, which is rarely met with, is a production of the sperm whale. This odorous waxy substance is found in lumps, weighing several pounds, floating in the sea, or hanging from the rocks. It is sold for a guinea an ounce in London, but is, after all, only an unhealthy secretion.

The sperm attains the size of a moderate whale: one stranded on the coast of Brittany, in 1784, was forty-four feet long, and had a circumference of thirty-four feet at the thickest part. The tail is small in proportion to the size; the layer of fat under the skin is about six feet thick on the back, but thinner on the belly. The colour of the back is slatish grey with white spots; the belly is white. The want of beard, and the presence of sharp teeth in the lower-jaw, prove to us that the food of the cachalot is very different from that of the true whale. It lives principally on cuttlefish and other polypods, which attain an extraordinary size in the southern waters. It also swallows small fish, but does not go out of its way to catch them.

The central bottomless deserts of the ocean, or the vicinity of the most precipitous rocks, are its usual habitat, and it is rarely found in shallow water. Its geographical extension occupies an extraordinary space; for, with the exception of the Polar Seas, it leaves no portion of the ocean entirely unvisited. From the southern hemisphere, which is its principal abode, it wanders up to the northern Polar Seas. The sperm whale is gregarious, and generally swims in company with a band of brothers. Large parties of forty or fifty are called by the whalers "schools," smaller ones, "pods." If a sperm be seen alone, it is generally an elderly or philosophic animal, which has either been expelled from society because of its moroseness, or else in the evening of its life it devotes itself to solitude. The sperm whale does not throw a jet of water into the air through its blower, but only a



dense column of steam, which rises several yards, like smoke from a chimney. At least, excellent authorities maintain this; among others, the circumnavigator Lütke and Scoresby, who killed four hundred and ninety-eight whales in twenty-eight voyages. The noise made by the sperm whale in blowing off the steam is so great, that the practised whaler can detect its presence in the neighbourhood by the ear. The sperm whale is very rarely found covered with barnacles and seaweed; this is explained by the fact, that it inhabits deeper water, and moves about with great rapidity, while the other variety stays principally in shallow water, and is slow in its movements.

The Narwhal, or Unicorn-fish, attains a length of twenty to twenty-five feet. It is of a greyish-white colour, with numerous white spots, which apparently penetrate the skin; and as its head is in correct proportion to the body (one-seventh of the length), it is justly considered one of the handsomest of the Cetacea. It is distinguished from all the other members of the family by its powerful horizontal horn, nearly ten feet long, which grows out of the point of the upper jaw. This tremendous weapon, whose use no one can exactly explain, for it is absent in the females, formerly produced enormous sums; for it was ascribed to the fabulous unicorn. Even now it is valued on account of the excellent ivory, which is harder, heavier, and less liable to turn yellow than that of the elephant. Hence the whalers are always very glad to harpoon a narwhal; but they only succeed in doing so in the narrowest bays, for it is a first-rate swimmer, and has a watchful eye. In spite of its menacing appearance, the narwhal is a harmless, social animal. They are frequently seen sporting together, crossing their horns, or striking them together, as if fencing. The opening of the mouth is proportionately so small that it hardly admits a man's hand. Scoresby found in the belly of a narwhal the arm of a cuttlefish, which appears to be its staple food, as well as pieces of plaice and skate. The narwhal inhabits the Polar Sea, is found in large numbers in Davis' Straits and near Disco, but never in the Pacific. It very rarely goes further south, though, in 1800, one was captured at Boston, in Lincolnshire, and, in 1736, two were killed on the German coast.

The Dolphins are distinguished from the Sperm-whale by the more correct pro-

portion of the head, from the Narwhal by the absence of the horn. They usually have sharp teeth in both jaws, all of one shape. The number of varieties, all of which are not yet known, appears to be very considerable. Linné distinguishes four varieties of Sperm, and three of Dolphins; but now only one spermaceti whale is allowed to exist, while the dolphin family has increased to more than thirty varieties. They are divided into Cæing whales (*Delphinus melas*) whose forehead descends almost in a straight line to the end of the snout; Grampuses (*Orcini*), which are distinguished by a tall dorsal fin; and Porpoises (*Phocææ*), which, though of smaller size, are provided with a larger number of teeth.

Among the latter, the classic Dolphin of the ancients (*Delphinus delphis*), which is very prosaically known as the "common," is the most remarkable. It attains a length of nine to ten feet, and, according to Pliny, is the swiftest of all animals, parting the waves more quickly than the bird flies through the air. The sportive schools follow ships for days, and relieve the monotony of a long voyage by their extraordinary vivacity. As if mocking the swiftest sailing-vessel, they shoot so far a-head of it, that they disappear from sight, and then return with equal speed to repeat the same joke. Often, too, in their high spirits, they will leap clean out of the water.

Fables have been invented about no animal so much as this. What reader is ignorant of Arion's history, who, when the piratical boatmen forced him to leap overboard, continued his voyage comfortably to Tænara on the back of a dolphin, which he had enchanted by his glorious song and lute? Pliny tells an even more extraordinary story of a boy at Baiæ, who, by frequently feeding a dolphin with bread, rendered it so attached to him, that it carried him daily for several years across the bay to school at Puteoli, and brought him home at night-fall. When the boy died, the dolphin still returned to the accustomed spot, and gradually pined away at the loss of its favourite. We also read in the pages of the same classic author, that the dolphins of the coast of Narbonne helped the fishermen in capturing mullet, and were rewarded for their services not merely with a portion of the haul, but with bread dipped in wine. Once, when a king of Caria chained up a captured dolphin in the harbour, a large number of these

animals made their appearance, apparently imploring, with manifest signs of grief, the release of their comrade, until the king granted their prayer. We also find in Pliny, that the younger dolphins are always accompanied by their elders or guardians. Dolphins have been seen removing a dead one, for fear of it being lacerated by other fish.

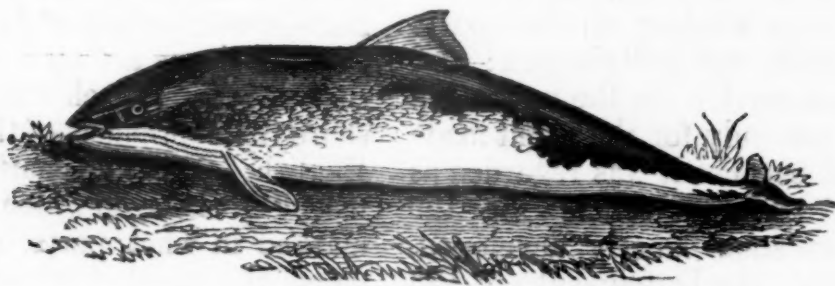
Our incredulous age shakes its head at these and other equally wondrous stories of the wisdom of the dolphin, the truth of which was not doubted by the greatest naturalists of antiquity. They are as little true as the portrait which artists usually draw of the dolphin resembles reality. It has no more sense than the other Cetacea; its feeling for music is so slightly developed, that it could not distinguish "Kemo kimo" from one of Beethoven's symphonies; and if it accompanies vessels it is not through any desire for human society, but for the sake of the pieces of meat that are thrown overboard.

The Porpoise (*Phocæna communis*) is often confounded with the Dolphin: it is generally from five to six feet long, and seems the smallest of aquatic mammals. It is found through the whole of the North Atlantic, and in the Mediterranean and Black Seas. While the Dolphin generally prefers blue water, and is more rarely seen on the coasts, the Porpoise likes quiet bays, and a shore protected by rocks; and it often swims a long distance up rivers, so that it has been seen at Paris and Dessau.

The Porpoise is also an excellent swimmer and its speed is estimated by Lesson (*Voyage de la Vénus*) at six leagues an hour. It chases the smaller fish, which rarely escape its sharp teeth. When it rises to the surface to breathe, it only

raises its back out of the water to the blowing-hole, but the head and tail remain hidden. The peculiar undulating movement of the porpoise, and its curious bounds, are the pleasantest sights on board a ship.

The Grampus, or Sword-whale (*Phocæna grampus*, *D. orca* of Lapepède), attains a length of twenty-five feet, and a circumference of twenty-four. One twenty-four feet long was caught off Sheerness in 1759. The upper part of the back is black, the belly white. The dorsal fin is of a conical form. According to Tilesius, they swim at great speed, side by side, in columns of five, like a squadron of Hussars, with head and tail bent downwards, and raise their back, with its black sabre, from the water simultaneously. This is the most notorious of the Dolphin family for its piratical way of living. Its usual food consists of seals and a variety of flat-fish; but it also hunts the porpoise, and the whale would probably regard it as its most dangerous enemy, were there no men. We find in Pliny a masterly description of the combat between these aquatic monsters. At the season when the whale visits the bays for the purpose of giving birth, it is attacked by the grampus, which lacerates it with its fearful teeth, and runs with the strength of a battering-ram against its sides. The startled whale can only save itself from this furious attack by trying to put an entire ocean between itself and its foe. But the latter, active and watchful, drives it further and further inland, till it is stranded or driven on the rocks, and never quits it till the victory is entirely gained. During such a contest, the sea appears enraged with itself; for even if no wind is blowing, waves, such as



THE PORPOISE.

a storm hardly produces, rise beneath the blows of the snorting monsters.

When the Emperor Claudius was engaged in making the port of Ostium, a grampus was stranded there. The back projected above the surface of the water, and resembled an overturned boat. The

emperor ordered large nets to be drawn across the mouth of the harbour, to cut off the animal's retreat, and then attacked it at the head of his Prætorians. The soldiers who surrounded the monster, and threw javelins at it, afforded the Roman people a most amusing spectacle. One



of the boats was upset and sunk by the violent lashing of the furious animal.

It is one of the most brilliant triumphs of man's courage and skill, that he dares to seek the hugest monster of the deep behind floating icebergs and amid the impenetrable fogs of the polar seas, and nearly always succeeds in conquering it.

The breast of the first sailor, Horace says, was girt with triple brass; of what stuff must the hunter have been formed, who with a firm hand hurled the first harpoon at the gigantic whale?

History has not preserved his name, as is the case with many another hero: he fared like those brave men who lived before Agamemnon, and descended to Orcus without leaving a trace, because no Homer as yet lived to immortalize their deeds. But history indicates the Basques as the first civilized race that equipped vessels for a whaling expedition; although long before them, Icelanders and Normans, as well as many wild races of the north—Eskimos, Kuriles, and Aleutians—may have pursued the giants of ocean, though, perhaps, not so scientifically.

At first, the Basques contented themselves with seeking in the adjoining seas the whales (probably Rorquals), which at that time were frequently seen in the Bay of Biscay; but as the persecuted animals soon began to grow scarcer, the boldest of the whalers steered north and sought them in their own icy home, where the capture of the rich smooth-back amply rewarded them. Their success naturally aroused the zeal and avarice of the other sea-faring nations, and thus, by the end of the sixteenth century, we find first the English, and then the Dutch, steering north. In 1598, Hull equipped the first vessel for the Greenland whale fishery. In 1611, a society was formed at Amsterdam to commence whaling on the coasts of Novaia Zemlia and Spitzbergen; and as both nations carried on the new trade most eagerly, not only for the profit made by the oil, but because it was regarded as an excellent training school for the sailors, it was soon largely developed. In the year 1661, the Dutch sent out 133 whalers; and between 1676 and 1722, 5886 vessels left their ports, which captured during that period 32,907 whales, whose value may be estimated at least at one hundred million dollars.

In 1788, 222 English vessels were engaged in the northern whaling trade. Nor were Germany, Sweden, and Denmark long behind. In 1703, the Ham-

burg Greenland fleet consisted of sixty-five sail. Frederick the Great, whose attention nothing escaped, ordered whaling ships to be equipped at Emden in 1768. In 1774, the Swedish government gave a company, started at Gothenburg, an exclusive privilege for twenty years; and in 1770, Denmark at length decided on appropriating a portion of the profits which other nations, gifted with greater enterprise and activity, had so long acquired on the coasts of the Danish possessions.

The Biscayans (Bayonne) had, in the meanwhile, fallen greatly astern: in 1735, they only sent out ten or twelve vessels; and in 1744 gave up a branch of commerce which they had been the first to open up with such admirable perseverance.

At the time when Napoleon I. commanded the entire continent, while Britain was the mistress of the seas, the rivalry of the Dutch and Hanse Towns naturally ceased; but the English found more dangerous opponents in North America. At the present moment, no nation carries on the whaling trade with greater zeal and luck than the Americans. According to Dekay, 650 sail and 13,500 men were employed in 1841, solely in the southern fisheries.

In the year 1848, the American whaler "Superior," Captain Roys, was the first to penetrate through Behring's Straits into the Arctic Ocean, and had a very successful season. The next year, no less than 154 vessels followed his example, and the same number in 1850 and 1851. The icy sea in that part has already produced millions in oil and whalebone.

Wherever in the whole immeasurable southern ocean the Sperm Whale shows itself, from Chili and Patagonia to the north-eastern coast of Japan, everywhere the Americans are on its track, and prove that in this branch they will, ere long, share the supremacy of the ocean with the English. Whaling charts were first published by them, in which the captain finds marked in what parts, and at what seasons, the most Cetacea can be found. These charts are, however, not merely a useful direction for the whaler, but they also promise science several explanations about the not yet settled question of the migrations of the whale. While, namely, some writers assert, that the Cetacea are retiring further and further from the pursuit of man, and quitting their usual habitats to fly to still more inaccessible



seas, others, like Jacquinot (*Zoologie, Voyage de l'Astrolabe et de la Zélée*) are of opinion, that though the whalers are continually compelled to seek their prey in new waters, it is not because the whales have migrated, but that they have been almost entirely extirpated in some parts, and hardly at all disturbed in others.

The Greenland whaling was formerly confined to the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland; nor was it till the beginning of the eighteenth century that Davis' Straits began to be visited. At a later date, the explorations of Ross and Parry acquainted the whalers with new productive stations at the other end of Davis' Straits, and in the higher latitudes of Baffin's Bay. The ships intended to fish there leave England in March, and first visit the coast of Labrador and the entrance of Cumberland Straits, where they carry on what is called the south-west fishery. Remaining there till the beginning of May, they cross to the eastern shore, and fish upwards along the coast, especially in South-East Bay, North-East Bay, Hingston Bay, and Horn Sound. In July, they usually sail across Baffin's Bay to Lancaster Sound, into which they at times steer, but frequently advance some hundred miles into Barrow Straits. On their return, they fish along the western coast, where Pond's Bay, Agnes' Monument, and Home Bay, are their principal stations.

In September, the Arctic Ocean is generally deserted by the whalers, though some of them remain till October. The losses are always very considerable. In 1819, ten ships out of sixty-three were lost; in 1821, eleven out of seventy-nine; but 1830 was a specially unfortunate year, for, out of eighty ships, no less than twenty-one were crushed by the ice. The shipwrecks take place, for the most part, on the passage from the east coast of Baffin's Bay to Lancaster Sound, in the attempts to pierce the great ice-bank which almost entirely fills this enormous lake, and opposes an impenetrable wall to the ships till the end of summer. If, during this narrow and difficult passage, the vessel is driven by the drift-ice against the compact pack-ice, its loss is inevitable, with the exception of the rare chance that it is lifted by the pressure out of the water, and sinks again into the sea on the breaking up of the ice. Fortunately, in such shipwrecks lives are rarely lost, for the sea is almost always calm, and the crews have time to save themselves on

board other vessels. Whaling is, however, not only a very dangerous and wearying task, but it is also a regular lottery. Sometimes a ship is loaded with oil and whalebone in a very short time, through which the owner of course makes a splendid profit, and the crew are handsomely rewarded; but, at other times, not a single fish has been caught by the end of the voyage, and then the crew, whose wages are paid out of a portion of the haul, have had all their toil for nothing, while the owner is considerably poorer. How greatly whaling depends on chance, is clearly seen from the following statement, which we take from an official table. In 1718, the 108 ships of the Dutch Greenland fleet captured 1291 fish, worth about 4,000,000 dollars, or an average to each ship of 36,000 dollars; while, in 1610, 137 vessels only captured sixty-two fish. The next year, probably owing to this ill-success, only 117 vessels were equipped, which, however, killed 631 whales, and thus repaid the owners in part for the loss of the previous year. Unequal meteorological conditions, winds, temperature, the character of the summer and preceding winter—probably these are the causes of such varying results.

But the South Sea is not a whit inferior to the northern in its freaks. Thus, Dumont d'Urville found in the Bay of Talcahuano several whalers, one of which had procured half a cargo in a short time, while the others had not killed a single whale during twelve to fifteen months. In such cases, the unlucky captains have the greatest difficulty in keeping their crews together, for, deceived in their expectations, they embrace the earliest opportunity for deserting.

The whale fishery has been so often described, that we can confine ourselves to a very cursory account. As soon as a whale is sighted, the boats are lowered very hastily, and the men pull as noiselessly as possible toward the monster. One of them—the man with the sure eye and nervous arm—stands up in the boat, harpoon in hand, and when the right moment has arrived, hurls the javelin with all his strength into the animal's sides. The wounded whale dives with the speed of lightning, dragging after it the rope attached to the harpoon; but the necessity of breathing soon forces it again to the surface, when a second harpoon is cast at it, followed by a third and fourth on each fresh appearance. Maddened with pain, it makes incredible exertions to free it-



self from the javelins that are lacerating its flesh; but it is all in vain. From the gaping wounds, "though they may not be so deep as a well, or so wide as a barn-door," sufficient blood flows to exhaust even a whale. Its movements grow gradually more powerless and slow, its panting and snorting more timid; a few convulsive spasms agitate the giant mass—then it drifts senseless and motionless on the water, and the ship is some two hundred pounds richer. If quite convinced of the whale's death—for up to the last moment, a blow of its tail would crush any boat that came too near—it is towed to the side of the vessel, and fastened by chains. The sailors, dressed in leather, and with ice-cramps on their boots, to prevent them slipping off the smooth slimy skin, then get on the captured animal, and cut off the fat in long strips with large axes. After the whale-bone, or, in the case of the cachalot, the spermaceti, has been collected, the worthless carcase is left to the current, and a glorious feast is provided for the sea-birds and fishes.

Swarms of arctic petrels and varieties of gulls croak round the bleeding giant; but their pleasure—so rare is perfect fortune on earth—is too frequently interrupted by their troublesome cousin and fellow-diner, the Skua, or great gull (*Lestris catarrhactes*), which, equal to them in voracity, and superior in strength, forces them to give up the most dainty morsels. Albatrosses and sea-swallows fly up in flocks; while sharks and saw-fishes, and all the other brutes that have sharp teeth and impudence enough not to shun the contact of such companions, dive below the water-line.

But the chase does not always end so fortunately as we have described. At times, the whale, in coming to the surface, hurls the pursuing boat into the air, and upsets it; or it succeeds in giving it a hard blow, or else it loosens itself from the rope, and escapes.

Among the Sperm Whales there are some martial gentry, who do not wait to be attacked; but, before the harpoon is cast, rush furiously on the pursuing boats. Dumont (*Whaling Voyage round the Globe*) observed one of these dangerous fellows in the South Seas. Swimming up at full speed, the whale first attempted to sink a boat by a blow of its clumsy head; but a clever move of the rudder turned it on one side, and the monster shot past. Turning back again quickly, it attempted

to crush the boat between its jaws; but did not succeed, owing to its unfavourable position. The whale, however, renewed the attack with considerable cleverness; it threw itself on its back when a few yards from the boat, and snapped at it with widely-extended jaws. A powerful stab compelled it to close the awful abyss; but it flew against the boat with such force, that the latter was all but upset. Finally, it turned once again on its back, and drove its lower jaw through the boards. Luckily, several well-aimed harpoons put an end to its tricks before it could do more mischief. It was sixty feet long, and full of spermaceti.

Although vessels are only equipped to chase the larger Cetacea, men do not despise the various sorts of Dolphins when they come too near land, and give themselves up. The news that a School of Cáing Whales (*Delphinus melas*) has appeared on the coast, electrifies a whole village in the Ferroe Islands. Old and young run straight to the shore, and a squadron of boats soon puts off to cut off the animals from the open sea. They are slowly driven into a bay, the net draws them closer together, and, frightened by stones and blows, they at length run ashore. In this manner, a large number is often captured in a single day.

Their visits to the coast are, however, very irregular. From 1754 to 1776, not a single one was seen; but on the 16th August of the latter year, such a blessing (as the islanders rightly call it) was bestowed, that their want was converted into superabundance, as nearly 800 were driven ashore. During the four months Langbye spent on the Ferroes, in the summer of 1817, 623 were killed. The inhabitants paid for half the corn imported with the oil. Langbye was present on one occasion, when forty-six dolphins were killed, each thirty feet long.

The division of the booty takes place in the presence of the bailiff, after the old patriarchal fashion. Each fish is measured, and its size written on its skin in Roman characters. Then the fishes are laid on one side; the largest fish belongs to the boat which first discovered the school; others are bestowed on the poor and the clergy; while the rest is equitably divided between the owners of the coast and the men engaged in the capture. The flesh is eaten either fresh, or hung up to dry in strips; the fat is converted into oil by boiling down, or salted and smoked to be eaten as bacon.

(To be continued.)

## THE ROUND OF WRONG.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

IN the centre of the Rue de l'Université, in Paris, there are four mansions, which may be reckoned as among the handsomest even in that city of palaces. It is in one of these, belonging to the Baron de Sanglié, and joining the corner of the Rue de Bellechasse, that our story opens.

It is certainly a house of very stately aspect. The gate opens on a courtyard covered with the finest sand, and surrounded by evergreens. The porter's lodge is to the left, hidden beneath a thick trellis of ivy, where the sparrows and the porter try to outvie each other in gossiping. The ground and first floors of the mansion are occupied by the Baron himself; they look out on a large garden peopled by tom-tits, blackbirds, and squirrels, which visit each other at perfect ease, just as if they were the denizens of a wood, and not citizens of Paris.

The arms of the Sanglié family are painted on the panels along the Hall. They consist of a Boar, *or*, on a field *gules*. The shield is supported by two greyhounds, while underneath runs the motto, SANG LIÉ AU ROI.\*

Half-a-dozen living greyhounds, grouped according to their fancy, are biting at the veronicas blossoming in china vases, or lying on the matting, with their snake-like heads resting on their paws. The footmen, lounging about on the benches, have their arms solemnly crossed, as befits people attached to a noble family.

On the 1st January, 1853, at about nine in the morning, all the servants of the house were holding a noisy congress in the hall, for the Baron's steward, M. Anatole, had just given them their New Year's Gifts.† The head cook received twenty pounds, the valet ten pounds. Even the least favoured of all, the scullery boy, looked with inexpressible tenderness

\* "Blood allied to the King." It is a pun on the word "Sanglier," or boar, which cannot be rendered in English. Hence we pray our readers to pardon the enforced Gallicism.

† In France it is the custom for everybody to give everybody presents on New Year's day, and servants look for a species of bounty, varying in amount with the position of the family they serve, and their own status in the domestic hierarchy.

on two brand new Louis-d'or. There might be jealousy among them, but no dissatisfaction, and each said in his own peculiar language that it was a pleasure to serve a master at once so rich and so generous.

These gentry formed rather a picturesque group round the stove. The earliest risers among them were dressed in full livery, while others still wore the sleeved waistcoat, or undress uniform of servants. The valet was dressed all in black, with list slippers; the gardener resembled a villager in his Sunday clothes; the coachman had on a striped waistcoat, and his gold-bound three-cornered hat; while the porter wore his golden aiguillettes and wooden shoes.

As the master usually slept till mid-day, after spending the night at his club, there was plenty of time for them to go to work. Each was spending his money beforehand, and the castles in the air had reached the seventh story. After all, every man, great or small, has some of the Alnaschar blood in his veins.

"With that, and what I have already saved," the steward said, "I shall have a very tidy annuity. Thank Heaven! there is bread on the shelf, and I shall not want for anything in my old days."

"Hang it," the valet remarked, "you're a bachelor, and have only yourself to think of. But I've got a family. So I'll give my money to a young man I know on the Stock Exchange, and he'll turn it over well."

"That's a good idea, Mr. Ferdinand," the scullery boy said, "so pray take my forty francs too, when you go."

The valet replied in a protecting tone, "How green he is! What can be done with forty francs on the Exchange?"

"Well, then," the young man said, stifling a sigh, "I will place them in the savings-bank."

The coachman uttered a loud laugh, and struck his stomach as he said, "That's my savings-bank. I always put my money there, and never was the worse for it. Don't you think so, Master Altroff?"

Altroff, porter by profession, Alsacian by birth—tall, vigorous, bony, with wide shoulders and enormous head, and as rubicund as a young hippopotamus, perpetrated a wink and gave a "cl'c" with his tongue worth a long phrase.



The gardener, a true Norman, fingered the money in his hand, and remarked, "Ah! bah! money drunk is money sunk. There is no investment like a hiding-place, in an old wall or a hollow tree. Hide your pelf, you'll enjoy it yourself. He who lends loses his friends. Money in your purse, let the old one do his worst."

All present protested against such simplicity as burying money instead of letting it turn over. Some twenty exclamations were heard simultaneously. Each revealed his secret, and betrayed his weakness. Each tapped his pocket and enjoyed his certain hopes—the clear and liquid happiness he had pouched that morning. Gold mingled its shrill weak voice with their conceited, vulgar passions, and the clinking of the Napoleons, more heady than the odour of wine, or the smell of gunpowder, turned their poor brains and heightened the beating of their coarse hearts.

At the height of the tumult a small door opened on the staircase, about half way up. A woman dressed in black rags, came down the steps hurriedly, crossed the hall, opened the glass door, and disappeared in the court-yard.

It was the affair of a moment; yet this gloomy apparition destroyed all the happiness of the servants. They rose as she passed with marks of profound respect. The shouts were arrested in their throats. The gold no longer rung in their pockets. The poor woman left behind her, as it were, an exhalation of silence and stupor. The valet, as a strong-minded man, was the first to recover.

"Confuse it," said he, "I really fancied I saw Misery in person pass. My New Year's Day is spoiled. You'll see that I shall succeed in nothing till next New Year's Eve. Bru! I'm cold all up the back."

"Poor woman!" the steward said; "she has had her thousands and her hundreds, and now see! Who'd believe she was a duchess?"

"Her rogue of a husband spent it all."

"A gambler!"

"A glutton!"

"An old scamp, who runs after all the petticoats from morning till night."

"I don't feel any sympathy with him; he's only got his deserts."

"Does any one know how little Germaine is?"

"Their negress told me she is at the last stage. She spits blood by the handkerchief-full."

"And hasn't even a carpet in her room. That poor child could only recover in a warm country—at Florence, or in Italy."

"She'll become an angel in heaven."

"Those who remain behind are most to be pitied."

"I don't know how the Duchess can get on much longer. They've run up bills with every tradesman, and the baker is talking of stopping their credit."

"What's their rent?"

"Eight hundred francs. But I should be surprised if master ever saw the colour of their money."

"If I were he, I would sooner have the rooms empty than keep people who disgrace the house."

"What an ass you are! I suppose the Duke de la Tour and his family are to go to the workhouse.—No, no; *we* have all an interest in keeping the matter from becoming public."

"But why don't they work?" the scullery-boy said. "Dukes are men like others."

"Boy," the steward said, seriously, "we are talking of things you do not understand. The proof that they are not like other men is, that I, your superior, shall never be a baron, even for an hour in my life. Besides, the Duchess is a glorious lady, and does things of which neither you nor I would be capable. Would you like to eat stewed beef for every meal through the year?"

"Hang it! stewed beef ain't particularly jolly!"

"Well! the Duchess only puts the pot on to stew every other day, because her husband is not fond of broth. He has a rich tapioca soup, a beef-steak, or a couple of chops for his dinner, while the poor dear lady eats the shreds of meat of which the soup was made. What do you say to that?"

The scullery-boy was touched to the heart,—*"My good M. Tournoy,"* he said to the steward, "they are really interesting people; could we not send them something nice, by coming to an understanding with their negress?"

"Oh, no: she is as proud as they are; she wouldn't have anything to do with us, and yet it's my belief she don't break-fast every day."

This conversation would have lasted longer, had not M. Anatole come to interrupt it; he arrived just at the moment to stop the porter, who was opening his mouth for the first time. The meeting dispersed with all speed; each orator

carried off the implements of work, and the hall was deserted.

In the meanwhile, Marguerite de Brisson, Duchess de la Tour d'Embleuse, was walking with hasty steps in the direction of the Rue Jacob. The passers by, who elbowed her as they hastened to give or receive their New Year's gifts, found her like those wretched Irish girls who wander about the streets of London in search of a penny. Daughter of the Duke of Brittany, wife of an ex-governor of Senegal, the Duchess wore a black straw bonnet, the edge of which was in rags; her veil was torn in five or six places, and hardly concealed her face. An old China crape shawl, rusty and weather-worn, hung from her shoulders, the ragged fringe trailing in the snow; the dress under it was so worn that the material could not be recognised; it would have required a very close examination to see that it was a *moire unmoiré*, muddy, cut in the folds, worn out at the bottom, and corroded by the mud of Paris streets. No linen was to be seen at the neck or cuffs. As she crossed a gutter, she would lift her dress, and you might observe a grey worsted stocking, and a plain black mohair petticoat. The Duchess' hands, stung by the piercing cold, were concealed in her shawl, and she dragged her feet after her as she walked—not from any bad habit, but simply through fear of losing her slippers.

And yet by a contrast you may have noticed sometimes, the Duchess was neither thin nor pale, nor in any way disfigured by wretchedness. She had received from her ancestors one of those rebellious beauties which resist everything—even hunger. Prisoners have been known before now to grow fat in their dungeons to the day of their death. At the age of forty-seven the Duchess retained the greater portion of her beauty. Her hair was black, and she had two-and-thirty teeth, strong enough to pound the hardest crust. Her health was less flourishing than her face, but that was a secret between herself and her physician. The Duchess was approaching a dangerous period of life, and had received several serious warnings. Dr. le Bris, a young physician and old friend, recommended a gentle course of life, without fatigue or emotion. But how could she endure such harsh trials without giving way to emotions?

Duke Cæsar de la Tour d'Embleuse, son of one of the émigrés most faithful

to the king, and most vindictive against his country, was magnificently rewarded for his father's services. In 1827, Charles X. appointed him Governor-General of the French possessions in Western Africa. He was hardly forty years of age. During his eighteen months' stay in the colony he made head against the Moors and the yellow fever, and then requested leave to come to Paris to be married. He was rich, thanks to the indemnity, and he doubled his fortune by marrying the lovely Marguerite de Brisson, who had an estate bringing in 2500*l.* a-year. The King signed his marriage contract on the same day as the Ordinances, and the Duke saw himself married, and discharged from office at one blow. The new Power would gladly have welcomed him among the turncoats, and it was rumoured that Louis Philippe's Ministry made some advances to him. But he despised all offices, in the first place, through pride, and then, through his invincible sloth. Whether it was that he had expended in three years his entire stock of energy, or that the facile loves of Paris held him by an irresistible attraction, his only labour, during ten years, was parading his horses in the Park, and showing his yellow kid gloves at the opera. Paris had been hitherto a *terra incognita* to him, for he had lived in the country under the inflexible ferule of his father until the day that he started for Senegal. He enjoyed every pleasure so late in life that he had not time to outgrow many of them.

All pleased him—the enjoyments of the table—the satisfaction of his vanity—the emotions of gambling, and even the placid joys of domestic life. He displayed at home the attentions of a young husband; and abroad the impetuosity of a youth just of age. His wife was the happiest in France, but she was not the only woman whose happiness he promoted. He wept tears of joy on the birth of his daughter in the summer of 1835. In the excess of his delight he bought a country villa for an opera dancer with whom he was madly in love. The dinners he gave at home were unrivalled, save by the suppers he gave at his mistress'. The world, which is always indulgent to men, pardoned him for thus squandering his life and his fortune. He was considered to act as a gentleman, because his pleasures abroad awoke no painful echo at home. Looking at it in the right light, ought he to be reproached for spreading around him the superabundance of his



purse and his heart? Not a woman pitied the Duchess, and, in fact, there was no reason to pity her. He carefully avoided compromising himself; he never appeared in public with any lady but his wife, and would sooner have missed a rendezvous than allow her to go to a ball by herself.

This double life, and the decent veil a gentleman always seeks to throw around his pleasures, soon encroached on his capital. Nothing costs so much at Paris as obscurity and discretion. The Duke was too great a gentleman to bargain with anybody; he could never refuse anything to his own wife, or another person's. You must not suppose that he was ignorant of the enormous breaches he was making in his fortune; but he calculated on play to repair them all. Men to whom fortune has come in their sleep, accustom themselves to place unlimited confidence in destiny. The Duke was as lucky as every man who takes to cards for the first time. It was supposed that his gains in 1841 more than doubled his income. But nothing is permanent in this world, not even luck in play, and he speedily discovered this fact. The Revolution of 1848, which exposed so much misery, taught him that he was irretrievably ruined. He saw a bottomless abyss yawning before him, but where another man would have lost his senses, he did not even lose hope: he went straight to his wife, and said, gaily, "My dear Marguerite, this unlucky revolution has stripped us of everything. We have not fifty pounds left."

The Duchess did not expect such a piece of news; she thought of her daughter, and wept bitterly.

"Do not be afraid," he said; "it is only a passing storm. Trust to me, and trust to accident. People say I am a light-minded man: all the better—I shall not sink."

The poor lady wiped away her tears, and said to him,—

"I suppose, my love, you will take office?"

"I—fie! I will await fortune; she is a coquette, but she is too fond of me to think of leaving me without some intention of returning."

The Duke waited for her coming eight years in a small set of rooms, over the stables at the Baron de Sanglié's. His old friends, so soon as they had time to look round, helped him with their purses and their credit. He borrowed without

scruple, like a man who had lent much without any acknowledgment. He was offered several appointments, all honourable; an agricultural company proposed to place him on the direction with a handsome salary. He refused, through fear of lowering himself: "I do not mind selling my time," he said, "but I cannot consent to lend my name." Thus he descended, one by one, all the rungs of misery's ladder, wearing out his friends, exhausting the patience of his creditors, causing every door to be closed against him, staining the honour he would not compromise, but never thinking of the threadbare coat in which he promenaded the streets, or the fireless grate at home.

On the first of January, 1853, the Duchess was carrying to the government pawnbroker's her wedding-ring.

A person must be totally destitute of all human help to pledge an article of such slight value as a wedding-ring. But the Duchess had not a farthing in the house; and it is not possible to live without money, although confidence is the mainspring of commerce in Paris. Many things may be obtained without payment if you can throw on the counter a card bearing a high name and an imposing address. You can furnish your house, fill your cellar, and cram your wardrobe without letting your tradespeople see the colour of your money. But there are a thousand daily expenses which can only be defrayed purse in hand. A coat may be got on credit, but mending a rent costs ready-money. It is at times easier to buy a watch than a cabbage. The Duchess had a remnant of credit with some tradespeople, which she managed with religious care; but as for money, she knew not where to turn for it. The Duke had no friends left: he had expended them like the remains of his fortune. One college friend is fond of us up to fifty pounds; an acquaintance may be the man to lend us a twenty-pound note; or a charitable neighbour may represent the value of a dinner. Beyond a certain figure, the lender is liberated from all the duties of friendship;—he has no reason to reproach himself; he has behaved well; he owes you nothing more, and has the right to turn his head away when he meets you, or to be "not at home" when you call. The Duchess' lady-friends had withdrawn from her one by one. The friendship of women is assuredly more chivalrous than that of men; but in both sexes affection is only lasting among equals. A delicate

pleasure is felt in climbing a difficult flight of stairs two or three times, and sitting down in full-dress by the side of a truckle-bed; but there are few souls sufficiently heroic to live on familiar terms with the misfortunes of others. The poor woman's dearest friends, those who addressed her by her Christian name, felt their hearts chilled in this room, without carpet or fire—but they did not come again. When the Duchess' name was mentioned, they spoke highly of her, sincerely pitied her, and said, "We still love her dearly, but we hardly ever see her. It is her husband's fault."

In this lamentable state of desertion, the Duchess had recourse to the last friend of the wretched—the creditor who lends at high interest, but without reproach or objection. The pawnbroker took care of her jewellery, furs, and the best of her linen and wardrobe, and the last mattress on her bed. She had pledged everything under the eyes of the old Duke, who saw article on article of his furniture disappear, and gaily wished them a pleasant trip. This incomprehensible old man lived in her house, as Louis XIV. did in his kingdom, without care for the future, while saying, "After me, the deluge!" He rose late, breakfasted with a good appetite; passed an hour at his toilet-table, curled his hair, plastered his wrinkles, put on some rouge, polished his nails, and promenaded his graces about Paris until the dinner hour. He did not feel surprised at seeing a good meal on the table, and was too discreet to ask his wife where she obtained it. If the fare were meagre, he only smiled at his ill-luck. When Germaine began coughing, he made some agreeable jokes about this bad habit. He was a long time before he saw that she was pining away; and on the day he perceived it, he experienced considerable annoyance.

When the doctor told him that the poor girl could only be saved by a miracle, he called him Dr. Croaker, and said, as he rubbed his hands, "Pooh, pooh! it will be nothing!" He did not really know whether he assumed this jaunty air to reassure his family, or if his natural levity prevented him from experiencing grief. His wife and daughter adored him, such as he was. He treated the Duchess with the same attention as on the day after their marriage, and jumped Germaine on his knee. The Duchess never suspected that he had been the cause of her ruin; she had seen in him, for three-and-

twenty years, a perfect man; she considered his indifference to be courage and firmness; she hoped in him, spite of all, and believed him capable of raising her family again by a stroke of fortune.

According to Dr. Le Bris' opinion, Germaine had still four months to live. She would die at the beginning of spring, and the white lilies would have time to blossom over her tomb. She foresaw her fate, and judged of her condition with a degree of clairvoyance very rare among consumptive persons. Perhaps, too, she suspected the evil that was undermining her mother's health. She slept by the side of the Duchess, and in her long nights of watchfulness she was at times alarmed by the panting sleep of her dear nurse. "When I am dead," she thought, "mamma will soon follow me; we shall not be separated for long—but what will become of papa?"

Every possible anxiety, privation, physical and moral pain, inhabited this nook of Sanglié House; and in Paris, so pregnant with wretchedness, there was not, probably, a family more thoroughly wretched than that of the La Tour d'Embleuse's, whose last resource was a wedding-ring.

The Duchess first hurried to a branch pawnbroker's office, but found it closed, for was it not a holiday? Then she tried another—also closed! Her resources were exhausted, for there are few such establishments in an aristocratic quarter like St. Germain. Still, as the Duke could not begin the year by fasting, she went into a small jeweller's shop, where she sold her ring for eleven francs. The tradesman promised to keep it for three months, in case she would like to repurchase it.

She tied up the money in the corner of her handkerchief, and walked, without stopping, to the Rue des Lombards. She went into a chemist's, bought a bottle of cod-liver oil for Germaine, crossed the market, purchased a lobster and a partridge, and returned, muddy up to her knees, to her apartments.

She found in the ante-chamber her only servant, old Semiramis, weeping silently over a piece of paper.

"What have you there?" she asked her.

"It is all, madam, the baker has brought us; we cannot have any more bread unless we pay him."

The Duchess took the bill; it amounted to twenty-four pounds. "Don't cry,"



she said, "here is some change, and run to the nearest baker's; you will get a roll for your master, and some household bread for us. Carry that into the kitchen, it is your master's breakfast. Is your young mistress awake yet?"

"Yes, m'm. The doctor saw her at ten o'clock; he is still in master's room."

Semiramis went out, and the duchess proceeded to her husband's room. On opening the door, she heard the duke saying, in a clear and resonant voice—

"Two thousand a year! I knew that luck was changing!"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

DR. CHARLES LE BRIS is one of the men most liked in Paris. The great city has its spoiled children in every art, but I do not know one she treats with greater tenderness. He was born at a pretty little town in Champagne, but he studied at the Henri IV. College. One of his relations, who is a surgeon in the country, destined him from an early hour for the profession. The young man walked the hospitals—passed his examination, and gained certain medals, which are the ornament of his study. His sole ambition was to succeed his uncle, and finish the patients the good old gentleman had begun. But when he appeared, armed with his successes, and doctor to the teeth, the health inspectors of the town, and his uncle, who was not much better than they, asked him why he had not remained in Paris. He was so good looking and so clever that they felt sure success awaited him there. His venerable relation considered himself much too young to think of retiring, and the rivalry of his nephew restored him his long-lost legs. In short, the poor fellow was so badly received, and so many obstacles were placed in his path, that, in his despair, he returned to Paris. His old masters had such a high opinion of him that they soon got him a practice. Great men are rich enough not to be jealous. Thanks to their generosity, the doctor's reputation was made in five or six years. Some people like him as a clever man, others as an excellent dancer; but all because he is a gentleman. He is ignorant of the first principles of charlatanism—speaks very little of his success, and leaves to his patients the care of stating who has cured them. He lives in a most

unfashionable part of the town, on the third floor; but the poor people in his quarter have no reason to complain of his being among them; for he attends to them with so much application that he sometimes forgets his purse at their bedside.

M. Le Bris had been for more than three years *Mademoiselle de la Tour's* physician. He had watched the progress of the disease without being able to do anything to check it. It was not that Germaine was one of those children condemned at their birth, who have within them the germ of an hereditary death. Her constitution was robust—her chest wide, and her mother had never coughed. A neglected cold, a freezing room, and want of actual necessities had caused the whole evil. Gradually, in spite of the doctor's attention, the poor girl had grown pallid as a statue of wax; her appetite, gaiety, breath, and delight in life, all failed her. Six months before this history begins, M. Le Bris had called in two celebrated physicians to her; they gave their opinion that she could still be saved. One lung was left her, and nature is contented with that. But she must be taken without delay to Egypt or Italy.

"Yes," the young doctor said, "the only prescription is a villa on the banks of the Arno, a quiet life, and an income. But look!"

He pointed to the torn curtains, the straw chairs, and the naked floor.

"These condemn her to death."

In the month of January the other lung was attacked: the sacrifice was being consummated. The doctor transferred his care to the Duchess, and his last hope was to lull the daughter gently to sleep and save the mother.

He paid his visit to Germaine, felt her pulse as a matter of form, offered her a box of sugar-plums, kissed her fraternally on the forehead, and went into the Duke's room.

The Duke was still in bed; his face was not made up, and he showed all his three-and-sixty years.

"Well, my good doctor," he said, with a hearty laugh, "what sort of a year do you bring us? Is fortune still angry with me? Ah, you coquette. If ever I get hold of you! You are witness, doctor, that I am waiting for her in bed."

"My Lord Duke," the doctor replied, "as we are alone, we can talk on serious matters. I have not concealed from you your daughter's state."

The Duke gave a little sentimental pout, and said,

"Really, doctor, is there no hope left? Come, do not indulge in false modesty; you are capable of a miracle."

M. le Bris shook his head sadly. "All that is in my power," he replied, "is to assuage her sufferings."

"Poor little one. Just imagine, my dear doctor, that she wakes me up every night with her coughing. She must suffer fearfully, though she denies it. If there is no hope left, her last hour will be a mercy."

"That is not all I had to say to you; still, pray pardon me if I begin the year with evil tidings."

The Duke sat up in bed. "What is it? you alarm me."

"The Duchess has caused me great anxiety for the last few months."

"Now, really, doctor, you are trying your evil omens again. The Duchess, thank Heaven, is in good health—I only wish I was as well."

The doctor entered into certain details which shook the old man's frivolity tremendously. He fancied himself alone in the world, and he was seized with a fit of shuddering. His voice was lowered a tone, and he clung to the doctor's hand as the drowning man does to the last branch. "My dear friend," he said to him, "save me! I mean, save the Duchess! I have only her left in the world. What would become of me? She is an angel—my guardian angel. Tell me what I must do to save her, and I will go by you like a slave."

"My lord Duke, the Duchess requires a calm and easy life, free from emotions and special privations; a careful dietary, nourishing food, a comfortable house, and a carriage."

"And the moon, I suppose!" the Duke exclaimed, impatiently. "I thought you had more sense, doctor, and better eyesight. Carriage, house, good food? Go and find them for me, if you wish me to give them to her."

The doctor replied without the slightest trace of irritation: "I bring them to you, your grace, and you have only to take them."

The old man's eyes sparkled like those of a cat suddenly going into a dark room. "Speak!" he shouted; "you are torturing me alive."

"Before telling you anything, I think it necessary to remind you that I have been the nearest friend of your family for the last three years?"

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"You may say the only one; nobody will contradict you."

"The honour of your name is as dear to me as to yourself, and if—"

"That will do; that will do!"

"Do not forget that the life of the Duchess is in danger; that I promise to save her, provided that you supply me with the money."

"Hang it all! you must find it for me: to the point, doctor, to the point."

"I have come to it. Have you ever met in Paris the Count de Villanera?"

"The black horses?"

"Exactly."

"The handsomest turn-out in Paris."

"Don Diego Gomez de Villanera is the last scion of a great Neapolitan family that was transplanted to Spain in the reign of Charles I. His fortune is the largest in the whole Peninsula. If he cultivated his estates, and worked his mines, he would have at least a hundred thousand pounds a year. As it is, he has half that amount: he is thirty-two years of age, is good-looking, perfectly educated, possesses a most honourable character—"

"You can add—and Madame Chermidy."

"As you are aware of that fact, I can shorten my story. The Count, for reasons too long to explain here, wishes to leave Madame Chermidy, and marry into one of the most illustrious families in Paris. So little does he seek fortune, that he will settle on his father-in-law two thousand pounds a year. The father-in-law he desires is yourself; and he has charged me to find out your views. If you assent, he will come this very day to ask your daughter's hand, and the marriage ceremony will be performed in a fortnight."

The Duke bounded to the foot of the bed, and looked the doctor fixedly in the face.

"You are not mad?" he said, "you are not playing with me? You cannot forget that I am the Duke de la Tour, and twice your age? Are you really speaking the truth?"

"On my honour!"

"But he does not know that Germaine is ill?"

"He knows it."

"Dying?"

"Yes!"

"Given up?"

"He knows that, too."

A cloud passed across the old Duke's face. He sat down by the side of the



empty fireplace, not noticing he was almost naked. He leant his elbows on his knees, and pressed his head between his hands.

"It is not natural!" he went on. "You have not told me all; and the Count must have some secret motive for asking the hand of a girl who may be regarded as dead."

"It is true," said the doctor; "but pray return to your bed. I have a long story to tell you."

The Duke returned to his blankets. His teeth rattled with cold and impatience, and he fixed his eyes on the doctor with the restless curiosity of a child watching a box of sugarplums being opened. M. le Bris did not keep him waiting long.

"You are aware," he said, "of his position with Madame Chermidy?"

"The easily consoled widow of a husband who was never seen."

"I met Monsieur Chermidy three years back, and can guarantee that his wife is not a widow."

"All the better for him! hang it! husband of Madame Chermidy; that's a sinecure which must produce a handsome income."

"How easily rash judgments are formed! Monsieur Chermidy is an honourable man, and an officer, indeed, of some distinction; I do not think he comes from any high family; at the age of thirty-three, he was still captain of a West India trader. He entered the Royal Navy as quarter-master, and in two years obtained his commission as officer. In 1838 he laid his heart and his epaulette at the foot of Honorine Lavinaze;—all her fortune consisted in her fine eyes, her eighteen years, a showy little cap, and an unbounded ambition. She was not nearly so good looking as she is at present;—I know from her own lips that she was as dry as a stick and as black as a young daw; but she was open to public view and universally admired; she was in a tobacco-shop; and from the port-admiral down to the youngest midshipman, the whole naval aristocracy of Toulon came to smoke and sigh round her. But nothing could turn her strong head—neither the incense of flattery nor the smoke of the cigars. She had taken a vow to resist temptation until she had found a husband—and no seduction availed. The officers christened her the 'Cracker,' on account of her hardness; while the townspeople called her 'Ulloa,'

because she was besieged by the French navy.

"There was no lack of honest offers—any quantity of them are to be found in a seaport. On returning from a lengthened cruise, a young officer has more illusion, more simplicity and youth, than on the day of his departure; the first woman that comes across him appears to him as fair and holy as the France he has returned to—it is his country in a silk gown. My good fellow Chermidy, as simple as a round of beef, was preferred for his candour, and he snatched up this coy lamb from the teeth of his rivals.

"This piece of good fortune, which might have made him enemies, in no way injured his prospects. Though he lived retired with his wife in the country, he was appointed to a ship without asking for it. From that period he has only returned to France at lengthened intervals; always at sea, he saved up his pay for his wife, who, for her part, economized for him. Honorine, improved by dress, by ease, and the filling up of angles, was queen of the province for ten years. The only events that signalized her reign were the bankruptcy of a coal contractor, and the cashiering of two paymasters. In consequence of a disgraceful trial, in which her name was not mentioned, she thought it advisable to appear on a larger stage, and she took the apartments she now occupies in Paris. Her husband was steering for the banks of Newfoundland, while she was coming up here. You were witness of her first performance, I suppose?"

"By Jove, yes; and I'll venture to say that no woman ever played her cards better. It is nothing to be pretty and witty; the great art consists in a woman passing for a fortune, and then thousands are offered her."

"She arrived here with some ten thousand pounds raised from the Government offices. She made such a dust in the city that you would have said the Queen of Sheba had first landed in Paris. In less than a year she made people talk of her horses, her dress, and her furniture, while nothing positive could be said about her behaviour. I attended on her for eighteen months without getting hold of the right clue. I should have gone on in my delusion had not her husband come across me. He tumbled in upon her with his carpet bag one day when I was visiting her. It was at the beginning of 1850, three years back. The poor fellow had

just arrived from Newfoundland, and was going off in a month for a five years' cruise on the China station, and it was quite natural he should come and see his wife between whiles. The livery of *his* servants made his eyes twinkle: he was dazzled by the splendour of *his* furniture. But, when he saw his dear Honorine appear in a morning costume which represented two or three years of his pay, he forgot to fall into her arms, tacked without saying a word, and started off for the Lyons station. In this way M. Chermidy let me into Madame's confidence, but I learned a good deal more from the Count de Villanera."

"Are we coming to the point?" the Duke asked.

"A moment's patience. Madame Chermidy had noticed Don Diego some time before her husband's arrival. His box at the opera was next to hers, and she contrived to look at him in such a way that he procured an introduction to her. Any man you ask will tell you that her drawing-room is one of the most agreeable in Paris, though no other woman than the mistress of the house is met there. But she is a host in herself. The Count grew passionately attached to her, through the same spirit of rivalry which had ruined poor Chermidy. He loved her the more blindly because she seemed to yield to an irresistible fancy that forced her to give way. The cleverest man can be caught by such a bait, and there is no scepticism which can hold out against the force of real love. Don Diego is no simpleton. If he had guessed an interested motive, or surmised a calculated movement, he would have put himself on his guard, and all would have been lost. But the clever woman carried her skill to a degree of heroism. She exhausted all her resources, and spent her last shilling in persuading the Count that she loved him for himself alone. She even risked her reputation, of which she had taken such care, and would have madly compromised herself, had he not prevented it. His mother, a most respectable lady, sanctified by her age and stiffness, and like a picture of Velasquez just stepped from its frame, soon heard of her son's amour, and had nothing to say against it. She preferred to see him attached to a woman of the world than giving way to debasing excesses.

"The delicacy of Madame Chermidy was so ticklish, that Don Diego could

never make her a present of the slightest thing. The first thing she accepted from him was the settlement of one thousand five hundred pounds a-year upon her. She was confined of a son in November, 1850. And now, my lord Duke, we have reached the heart of the question.

"Madame Chermidy was confined at a village near St. Germain, and I was present. Don Diego, ignorant of our laws, and believing that everything was permissible to persons of his condition, wished to recognise the child. The oldest son of the Villanera family bears the title of Marquis de los Montes de Hierro. I proved to him that his son must be called Chermidy, or have no name at all, and the commander had passed through Paris in January, just in time to save appearances. We consulted by the lady's bedside. She declared that her husband would certainly kill her if she tried to impose on him this legal paternity. The Count added that the Marquis de Hierro would never consent to sign himself Chermidy. In short, I registered the infant by the name of Gomez, born of parents unknown.

"The young father, at once happy and unfortunate, told the circumstances to the old countess. She desired to see the child, and she has since brought it up in her own house. He is now two years of age, in excellent health, and bearing a decided resemblance to the twenty-four generations of the Villaneras. Don Diego adores his son, and is inconsolable at seeing in him only a nameless child. Madame Chermidy is the woman to overthrow mountains to assure her heir the name and fortune of the Villaneras. But the person most to be pitied is the poor dowager. She foresees that Don Diego will never marry for fear of disinheriting his beloved son; he will sell the family estates to settle the money on him, and of this great name and magnificent property not a trace will be found fifty years hence.

"In this extremity, Madame Chermidy has discovered a stroke of genius. 'Marry,' she said to her lover; 'seek a wife among the highest families of France, and obtain that in the marriage contract she recognise your child as hers. By this condition, little Gomez will be your legitimate son, noble on both sides, and heir of all your estates in Spain. Do not think of me; I am ready to sacrifice myself.'

The Count submitted this scheme to his mother, and she is delighted at it.



She has lost her illusions as to Madame Chermidy, who has cost Don Diego something like 150,000*l.*, and who talks of retiring to a hovel to lament her past happiness while thinking of her son! M. de Villanera is the dupe of this false resignation, and would fancy he was committing a crime by abandoning this heroine of maternal love. At last, to satisfy his scruples, Madame whispered in his ears, 'Make a true marriage. The doctor will find you a wife among his patients.' I thought of your daughter, and have laid the matter before you, your grace. This marriage, though it appears so strange at first sight, and though it gives you a grandson not of your blood, insures little Germaine a tranquil end, perhaps a prolonged existence; it saves the Duchess's life, and lastly——"

"It gives me 2000*l.* a-year, eh! doctor? Well, I am much obliged to you. You can tell the Count I am his obedient servant, but though my daughter is perhaps to be buried, she is not for sale."

"My lord, it is true I offer you a bargain, but if I believed it unworthy a gentleman, believe me, I would not mix myself up with it."

"Hang it! doctor, every one regards honour in his own fashion. There is the soldier's honour, the tradesman's honour, and the honour of the gentleman, which will not allow me to become godfather of the little Chermidy. 2000*l.* a-year! Why, I had 5000*l.*, sir, without doing anything, either good or bad. I will not derogate from the traditions of my ancestry to gain such a sum as that."

"I would remind you, my lord Duke, that the Villanera family is worthy of an alliance with yours. The world could say nothing."

"Upon my soul, I really believe you will offer me presently a tradesman as son-in-law! I confess that, under any other circumstances, I should be well satisfied with Don Diego. He is of good birth, and I have heard his family and person praised. But, confound it all, I should not like it to be said, 'Mdlle. de la Tour had a son two years of age on the day of her marriage.'"

"No one can say so, for nothing will be known. The recognition will be secret, and suppose people did talk of it? Neither the law nor society makes any distinction between a child legitimized and a legitimate child."

"I fancy I see Germaine at the altar,

with M. de Villanera on her right hand, Madame Chermidy at his left, a child of two years in her arms, and the old scythe-bearer behind her. Oh, it is simply abominable, my poor doctor. Do not talk about it further. Is the ceremony of recognition very complicated?"

"There is no ceremony at all. A sentence in the marriage contract, and all is settled."

"Ah! that is a sentence too many. Drop the subject. You will promise not to say a word to the Duchess."

"I promise."

"Now, really, and is the poor Duchess so ill? But she runs about as if only fifteen."

"Her condition is very serious."

"And you believe, on your word, that money would save her?"

"I would answer for her life, if I could obtain from you——"

"You will obtain nothing at all. I am true to my race. And you will allow there is some merit in my refusal when I tell you I dare say we have not ten pounds in the house. On my word as a gentleman, I really believe, if any one were to die here, we should not know where to get the money for the burial. All the worse! Nobility obliges! The Duke de la Tour does not take in little children to wean; above all, not Madame Chermidy's child. I would sooner die in a workhouse. Doctor, I do not feel at all angry with you for tempting me. A man never knows himself thoroughly; and I was not quite sure how I should look in presence of two thousand pounds a year. You have tried the pulse of my honour, and it is quite healthy. By the way, does the Count offer the principal, or merely the interest?"

"Whichever you please."

"And I have chosen poverty! Did I not tell you Fortune was a coquette? I have known her for a long period. We have been off and on with each other. Now she is making advances to me, but it will not do. Good-bye, doctor!"

The doctor rose, but the Duke still held him by the hand. "Do you not think I am performing an heroic action? You do not play?"

"I like a game at whist."

"Ah, then you are not a gambler! Learn, my friend, that if you once let the vein pass, it never returns. In refusing your offer, I renounce every prospect, I condemn myself to perpetual poverty."

"Accept, then, my lord Duke, and do not defy ill-fortune. What! I place in your hands the health of the Duchess, ease for yourself, a quiet and calm end for the poor girl, who is wasting away under privations of every description; I raise once more your family, which was sinking in the dust. I give you a grandson ready made, a magnificent child, who will ally your name to that of his father—and what is the price of all this? A sentence of two lines inserted in a marriage contract; and you repulse me as the suggester of a disgraceful deed! You would sooner condemn your daughter, wife, and yourself, than lend your name to a strange child! You believe that you would sully the memory of your ancestors; but surely you know at what price nobility was kept up in France, especially during the Crusades? You must allow State reasons! How many names were saved by miracle or skill? How many genealogical trees revived by a plebeian grafting!"

"Why, nearly all, my dear doctor; I could mention twenty and not leave this street. Besides, an alliance with the Villaneras is quite permissible; the only condition is that it should take place openly, without hypocrisy. My daughter can recognise a stranger's child to support the interests of two great French and Spanish families. If any one ask why, we can reply, for State reasons. And you will save the Duchess?"

"I pledge my word."

"You will save my daughter, too?"

"The doctor shook his head sadly. The old gentleman went on in a tone of resignation,—

"Well, we cannot have everything. Poor child! we would gladly have shared our comforts with her. Two thousand pounds a year! I knew that my luck was returning."

The Duchess entered as these words were uttered, and her husband repeated to her the doctor's proposals with childish wonder. The doctor had risen to offer his chair to the poor lady, who had been running about without resting ever since she rose. She leant on the bed and listened with closed eyes to all that was said. The old gentleman, fickle as a man whose brain is not quite stable, had forgotten his own objections. He only saw one thing in the world, two thousand pounds a year. He was even so thoughtless as to tell the duchess of the dangers to which she was exposed, and that her life could only be saved in this way. But

this revelation produced no effect on her.

She opened her eyes again, and turned them sorrowfully on the doctor.

"Then," she said, "Germaine is hopelessly condemned, as this woman wishes her lover to marry her."

The doctor tried to persuade her that all hope was not lost, but she stopped him by a sign, and said,—

"Do not disgrace yourself by a falsehood. These people have placed confidence in you; they have asked you to select a girl so ill, and in such a desperate state, that there is no fear of her recovery. If by any accident she were to live, and some day interposed between the two, to claim her rights, and expel the mistress, M. de Villanera would reproach you with having deceived him. You have run the risk of that."

M. le Bris could not help blushing, for the Duchess spoke the truth; but he escaped the danger by praising Don Diego. He painted him as a man of noble heart, a chevalier of the olden days. "Believe me, madame," he said to the Duchess, "that if our beloved patient can be saved, she will be so by her husband. He does not know her; has never seen her; he loves another, and it is through a very sorrowful hope that he decides to place a wife between himself and his mistress. But the more interest he has to expect the day of his widowhood, the more he will deem it his duty to delay it. Not only will he surround his wife with all the attentions her condition demands, but he is capable of making himself her nurse, and watching her night and day. I promise you that he will regard marriage as seriously as all the other duties of life. He is a Spaniard, and incapable of trifling with the Sacraments; he adores his mother, and is passionately fond of his child. Be assured that from the day you give him the hand of your daughter, he will have nothing in common with Madame Chermidy. He will take his wife to Italy; I shall accompany them and you too, and if it please God to perform a miracle, we shall be there to help."

"By Jove!" the Duke added, "everything is possible; who would have told me this morning that I should inherit two thousand a year?"

At the word "inherit," the Duchess checked a flood of tears just rising to her eyes.

"My love," she said, "it is a mournful



thing when parents inherit from their children. If it please God to call to Him my poor Germaine, I shall bless His rigorous hand in my tears, and await by your side the moment that will re-unite us. But I wish that the memory of my poor beloved angel shall be as pure as her life. I have kept for more than twenty years an old bouquet of orange-flowers, faded like my happiness, my youth; I should like to be able to place them in her coffin."

"Ta! ta! ta!" the Duke exclaimed; "that is the way of women. You are ill, and orange-flowers will not cure you."

"As for me!" she said—her glance completed the sentence, and the Duke even understood it.

"That is it!" he said; "you will die together, I suppose. And pray, what will become of me?"

"You shall be rich, dear papa," Germaine said, as she opened the door of the sitting-room.

The Duchess rose with a bound, and ran to her daughter; but Germaine did not require any support; she kissed her mother and walked up to her father's bed with the firm and resolute step of a martyr.

She was dressed all in white. A sickly ray of the January sun fell on her face, and formed a sort of halo. Her face was colourless, and two large black eyes were the only signs of animation. A mass of golden hair, fine and curly, fell around her head. Beautiful hair is the last ornament of consumptive persons—they keep it to the end, and it is buried with them. Her transparent hands hung by her side, amid the folds of her dress. So thin was she, that she resembled one of those celestial creatures who possess none of the beauties or imperfections of woman.

She sat down familiarly on the bedside, passed one arm round her father's neck, held out her left hand to her mother, and gently drew her towards her. Then she motioned M. le Bris to the chair, and said,—

"Sit down there, doctor, so that the family party may be complete. I do not repent having listened at the door. I was afraid I was not good for much, but your discussion has taught me I can do some little benefit here below. You are witnesses that I did not regret life, and went into mourning for it more than six months ago. This world is a very wretched residence for those who cannot breathe without suffering. My only re-

gret was leaving my parents to a future of sorrow and want; but I am now calm. I will marry the Count de Villanera, and adopt that lady's child. Thanks to you, doctor, we are all saved. The misconduct of those persons will restore comfort to my dear father, and life to that sainted woman. I shall not die quite uselessly. All that was left me was the remembrance of a pure life, a simple unstained name, like the veil of a preparing nun. I surrender to my parents. Mamma, I must beg you not to shake your head; sick persons must not be thwarted—must they, doctor?"

"Germaine," he said, as he offered his hand, "you are an angel!"

"Yes; I am expected above; my niche is all ready. I will pray for you, my worthy friend, who never pray."

The Duchess shuddered as she listened to her; she feared lest her daughter's soul was about to take flight like a bird whose cage has been left open. She pressed Germaine to her breast, and said—

"No, you shall not leave us! we will all go to Italy, and the sun will cure you. M. de Villanera is a generous man."

The patient shrugged her shoulders slightly, and replied, "The gentleman of whom you speak would do much better by remaining in Paris, where he finds his pleasures, and leaving me to pay my debt quietly. I know to what I pledge myself in assuming his name. What would they say were I to play them the trick of growing well? Madame Chermidy would appeal to the laws to expel me from this world. Doctor, shall I be obliged to see M. de Villanera?"

The doctor replied by a little affirmative sign.

"Well, then," she said, "I will receive him with a pleasant face. As for the child, I shall be delighted to see it, for I always loved children dearly."

The Duchess looked up to heaven, as a shipwrecked man to the distant shore.

"If God is just," she said, "He will not separate us; He will take us all together."

"No, dearest mamma, you will live for my father. You, papa, will live for yourself."

"I promise it you," the old gentleman answered, simply. Neither mother nor daughter suspected the monstrous egotism concealed beneath this reply; they were moved by it to tears, and the physician was the only one who smiled.

Semiramis came to announce that the Duke's breakfast was on the table.

"Good-bye, ladies," said the doctor. "I am going to carry the grand secret to the Count. You will possibly receive a visit from him this day."

"So soon?" the Duchess asked.

"We have no time to lose," said Germaine.

"In the meanwhile," the Duke interposed, "let us proceed to the most pressing matter. We will breakfast."

(To be continued.)

## OYSTERS: THEIR NUTRITIVE QUALITIES.

VOLTAIRE, in one of his letters, declares that his life had been solely prolonged by the employment of those articles of diet which served as remedies; and the more we reflect on it, the more we shall find that this passing observation may be useful and fruitful in good results. Certain it is that, in general, delicate stomachs, feeble constitutions, the weakly, and the sick, are well-nigh deprived of gastronomic pleasures. We boast with reason of the progress of culinary art, and proclaim the beneficial results; but it is sad to find that this progress is definitely reserved only for iron frames, and for stomachs that are proof against everything. You give a sumptuous dinner to twenty persons, and your *artist* has surpassed himself, everything being excellent and perfect; yet among your guests there will be many who are obliged to restrain and mortify themselves by reason of their internal enemy—the *stomach*. The beauty and elegance of the service, the delicious perfumes exhaling on all sides, and some delicacy chosen with extreme reserve, constitute the sole enjoyments; for dear would be the penalty of allowing themselves to be led away by these seductive temptations. The punishment of Tantalus was nought compared to such torment. The guests, it may be said, can make their selection; but a choice is not so easily made. A thousand difficulties present themselves, for indigestion always remains hidden and menacing under these masterpieces of a succulent cookery.

It is desirable, then, in imitation of Voltaire, to establish a culinary code for weak stomachs. A nice dish would no longer be forbidden fruit; and grateful, indeed, would they be to him who offered to them the gates of this Elysium—a well-served table. More than this, it is very possible that we may in this way discover excellent curative agents. Human nature is constantly imploring at the hands of medicine remedies less nauseous, and we may

well judge what would happen if they could be rendered agreeable. The problem is to cure while pleasing, and to remove evils while multiplying enjoyments. There are few objects more capable of stimulating the genius of the princes of the kitchen and of medicine. We are convinced that a very efficacious treatment of disease may be derived from diet alone; and that the principles of gastronomic therapeutics have their foundation on the laws of life and on experience. The basis has only to be laid, the series of alimentary substances to be established, and then the individual applications to be determined. Among these alimentary substances a choice must be made, for on this success is dependent. In aid of this we have to guide us a fundamental principle easy of recognition—*digestibility*. If we set out from this point, we shall achieve the happiest results. It is for this reason we place the *oyster* in the first rank, milk itself not approaching it, for this will not agree with all stomachs. The *ostrea edulis* may then be considered the digestible aliment *par excellence*, and forms the base of the substances capable of nourishing and curing without fatigue to the stomach. It is the first stage in the scale of the pleasures of the table reserved by Providence for weak stomachs, the sick, and the convalescent. Experience has so well shown this to be the case, that there is no festivity or repast, worthy of the connoisseur, in which the oyster does not figure with honour, and in the first line. It prepares the passages, and gently stimulates them, and issues its command to the stomach to prepare for the sublime function of digestion. In a word, it is the golden key of that paradise termed the appetite.

It must not be supposed that this is a mere fashion that will pass away like so many others. It is a firm and stable usage founded on an experience which has never been at fault. The Romans, our masters



in the science of the stomach, according to Rabelais, sought for this mollusk with peculiar care. "Too much cannot be said," says Pliny, "of the oysters held in such estimation at the tables of the rich." It must not be supposed that the epicures of Rome were content with the oysters fished by chance on the shores of Italy. They desired them, as ourselves, fat, fresh, and of exquisite flavour. Pliny, that encyclopædist of antiquity, observes, "Sergius Orata was the first who established beds of oysters in the environs of Baia, in the time of the orator L. Crassus; and it was not epicurism, but an interested speculation, that led to his doing this. It was the same Sergius Orata who conferred upon the oysters of Lake Lucrinum their reputation for delicious flavour."

Thus, at that period, as at the present day, traders speculated in human weaknesses and epicurism. But whether this lake was, as we believe, only a *vivarium*, or whether its oysters possessed a naturally exquisite flavour, if we inquire about it at the present day, we find all has disappeared. That ingenious and caustic traveller, the President des Brosses, was very desirous of seeing this celebrated lake; and this is what he says about it:—"Nothing remains but a dirty pond. Those precious oysters of Catiline's grandfather, which mitigate in our eyes somewhat the crimes of the grandson, are metamorphosed into wretched eels, crawling in the mud. A large, horrible mountain of cinders, coal, and pumice-stone, which, in 1538, took it into its head to spring out of the earth during a night, like a mushroom, reduced the poor lake to the sad condition." Our traveller adds, "Pliny was no fool, when he said that the oysters of this lake only acquired their reputation because those of England were not known. But where did he eat them?" We may ask in our turn where the President read in Pliny that he had eaten English oysters. It is true they were much esteemed at Rome; but especially, as at the present day, were those from the coast of Brittany. Thus we find in Ausonius:—

"Sunt et Armorici qui laudent ostrea ponti."

Certain it is, that from the most ancient times to our own days, this delicious mollusk has enjoyed a reputation which it has maintained through centuries, revolutions, and the fall of empires. Time has not been able to destroy it, because that which is really useful to mankind

will be always admired. Franklin, with whom utility was all and all, much preferred the turkey to the eagle; and surely no one will venture to blame him for it.

The oyster is an aliment that combines the most precious qualities for nutrition. Its flesh is sweet and delicate, possessing a sufficient taste to please the palate, without enough to excite and satiate it, or to induce that fearful climax in gastronomy—too much. It also favours, by reason of a quality which seems special to itself, the secretion of the gastric and intestinal juices. Mingling easily with other aliments, and assimilating readily with the juices of the stomach, it aids and favours the digestive functions. There is no other alimentary substance, without even excepting bread, which, under some circumstances, does not produce indigestion. It is but the homage that is due to the oyster to state that this is never the case with that mollusk. We may eat of it to-day, to-morrow, always, and even in profusion, and yet indigestion is not to be dreaded. Never has a physician been called to a case thus produced; and if it is true that the celebrated Dr. Hacquet blessed the cooks from gratitude, it certainly was not for their oysters. It is to be understood, however, that we except *cooked* oysters; but this is an exception that only confirms our rule, for where is the barbarian who eats cooked oysters?

In all times the *truffle* has been highly praised. I forget which English poet characterizes it as the *subterranean empress*, while an illustrious French gastronomist terms it the *diamond* of the kitchen. Far be it from me to deny the eminent properties of this precious fungus; and a thousand voices of epicures would arise to contradict me. And yet who would wish or dare to continually eat truffles, and who does not soon become satiated with them? If we persevere too long, the stomach rebels, and is irritated; the blood becomes heated and fever arises. Nothing of the kind results from the oyster. Digestion is improved, and the blood rendered more balsamic, fresh, and nutritive. Scarcely is its presence perceived, and yet it satisfies the taste, appeases the stomach, and calms that nervous internal impatience which assails every hungry man. This is why oysters are everywhere well received, and are alike found at the table of the wealthy and the poor. It is the *grata ingluvies* of Horace in all its sublime

modesty, leaving behind it neither regret, satiety, remorse, or colic. When Malherbes declares that he knows nothing better than women and melons, one cannot conceive how this Norman poetic humorist could forget the oyster. We will say more: we meet with persons who do not always agree with women, and with stomachs that cannot digest melons; but where are the persons who can refuse oysters? Some few barbarians, perhaps, who are not to be counted, and who must be regarded, to use the expression of Bayle, as the *paradoxical* individuals of the human race.

It is scarcely credible that this delicious and beneficent *testacea*, this sovereign of the empire of the kitchen, should be spoken of as degraded to the lowest degree in the domain of intelligence, and presented to us as the representative of ineptitude, and the prototype of ignorance. Are we always thus to go on insulting that which we take with so much relish, which administers to our enjoyments, and assuages our sufferings? "Stupid as an oyster," says the proverb; ungrateful as man, say we—an assertion certainly truer than the other. Prejudice, that silly thing, which, according to La Bruyère, governs the world, teaches that nothing is lower than the oyster in intelligence, as if it had not sufficient for its wants and existence. The oyster is, just as much as man, one of the wheels of the machine of the world, having its proper rank and place in the scale. Were the oyster missing, the universe would not be so comfortable as it is. Do not our passions and follies give a formal denial to these pretensions? The oyster lives and dies like ourselves at its proper time, and accomplishes its destiny, whatever this may be; and is it not a strange thing to see it thus insulted by that singular and proud being who anticipates durable power, the constancy of fortune, eternal glory, and a life without trouble? Nature has not disinherited this happy mollusk from its favours. If we had a more exact knowledge of it, we should find that its physical and moral constitution were not unworthy of careful study. Lyonnet has given us the wonderful history of the willow-caterpillar; and Strauss has counted 306 hard parts, 494 muscles, and twenty-four pair of nerves to animate them, in the cockchafer—a wretched beetle as mischievous as stupid. What, then, might not be discovered in the oyster? Its organization is admirably

adapted to the medium in which it exists; and the smallness of its intelligence by no means implies an utter privation of this. The oyster possesses a nervous system which receives impressions, and executes its volitions. It employs it in opening and closing its shell, at the apex of which is a ligament, serving it as an arm for the execution of this office (of such immense utility to it for the absorption of the water which nourishes it), and of others of which we are ignorant. "The oyster," says a philosopher of the last century, "may be placed on a shore or rock, which the sea alternately covers and leaves dry. If it opens its shell while the sea is low, it loses its water, and sometimes perishes a victim to its imprudence. Those who escape comprehend that it is not proper to open during low water; and by this employment of their intelligence they preserve their health, strengthen their constitution, and prolong their life." In truth, the oyster does not possess the secret of his organization any more than that of his destiny; but how imperfectly are we acquainted with ourselves? Shall we then continue to exclaim, "stupid as an oyster"?—an anathema that can only be fulminated with the greatest inconsistency, or the most black ingratitude; for, be it observed, that, independently of their delicate and nutritious flesh, it was oysters that furnished the purple to the ancients; and it is still they that produce those pearls sought for with such care and peril, and which so appropriately adorn grace and beauty.

A contempt for the intelligence of the oyster is very thoughtless; and more than that, the suitable employment of this precious mollusk aids our own intellect. When a man becomes exhausted by excess of head-work, his stomach being weak, oysters form a more suitable nutriment than anything more solid. Introduce a few dozen of these *stupid* things into the stomach, and presently the intellect revives and becomes strengthened, because the stomach, satisfied and yet not overloaded, exerts a favourable influence on the brain. So that oysters, in certain cases, excite the intellectual powers, stimulate the imagination, and strengthen the judgment, precisely in proportion to the sense of calmness and well-being that is induced. The germ of many an idea lies in an oyster.

If the preceding considerations seem exaggerated, we have only to examine



the amount of oysters consumed. As everything now is looked at from an utilitarian point of view, the necessity for this alimentary substance must indeed be great to induce such a demand. At Paris, so great is the sale, that the municipal authorities have constructed a market-place expressly to carry it on—the *oyster palace*, as the common people call it. It is calculated that the port of Granville also supplies twenty millions per annum. A hundred and fifty years ago the price was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  franc per 1000; some years since it was raised to 12 or 14 francs, and now it ranges from 20 to 22 francs. What this becomes for distant exports may be learned from what has recently been published in the newspapers of a general at Warsaw, who had acquired an illustrious reputation as an Amphitryon, chiefly by means of oysters, which were furnished in profusion, each fish costing 15 sous.

The value of oysters is such that Governments even jealously dispute for beds situated at more or less distance from their coasts. Long and difficult negotiations have been required, so that oysters truly play an important part among the *corps diplomatique*. More than once war has been on the point of breaking out between France and England concerning a bed of these mollusks, the right of possession of which was not clearly determined. Now, a war between these two powers is a war of the entire globe; so much weight do oysters, insulted in proverbs, but sought for with such eagerness, exert in the political balance. It is, in fact, that our enjoyments, health, and comfort are at stake. The health of the stomach, *suprema lex esto*.

Thus far we have only considered the employment of oysters by persons in the full enjoyment of their gastric faculties; and we have now to see what good may be made of them for weak and delicate stomachs, for the sick and the convalescent—in a word, the part of mankind most to be pitied, either not digesting, or digesting badly. Their use has also to be adapted to the conditions of the digestive powers, so variable in different persons. There are, indeed, robust stomachs that can receive enormous quantities of oysters; but, to speak strictly, they are not digested in such stomachs, but are dissolved or liquefied as rapidly as they enter the organ. Dr. Gastaldi, formerly President of the

Tasting Committee—who died as strangely as he had lived, since he was seized at table with apoplexy, while holding in his hand a portion of the liver of the famous Strasbourg goose—swallowed with ease thirty or forty dozen oysters. An entire bed would have found its place. Few stomachs, however, are endowed with so brilliant a prerogative; and some are enabled to support but a very moderate quantity of these zoophytes. Persons who digest with difficulty can only take a small amount of alimentary substances, and oysters form no exception. It is also most important to bear in mind that a weak stomach is an irritable one; and when it is hoped to fortify it by stimulating liquors, we only irritate without strengthening it.

Another observation, not less opportune, is, that of all the viscera of the economy the stomach is, beyond contradiction, the most irregular in its functions and instincts. Its fancies and caprices are endless, and yet all require to be known for the accomplishment of the all-important act, a perfect digestion. The numerous sympathies it establishes with the other parts of the economy, and especially the brain, are well known to every physiologist. To *eat* is one thing, to *digest* is another, and woe to him in whom these two functions do not harmonize; for the stomach is the protector or destroyer of health, accordingly as there may or may not exist a concordance in these two actions. With an enfeebled and dilapidated stomach, to seek for the pleasures of gastronomy would be a most dangerous folly, and should, like all follies, be of short duration. Yet the unfortunates who digest ill must not despair, for they will find in oysters the manna of consolation, a precious resource for the support of the stomach, and the excitement of its powers in a suitable degree. Oysters are light, nutritious, and eminently digestible; and where shall we find more fortunate conditions, and a more suitable aliment for feeble, inert, or irritated stomachs, and those hypochondriacs whose attention is perpetually concentrated upon their digestion, because they digest with much difficulty? If special remedies are not exactly indicated, oysters, given abundantly, several times a day, succeed admirably. It must be admitted that remedies are present evils, accepted with a somewhat vague view towards a future

good; and fortunate it is when we can replace them by food that is pleasant to the taste.

It is especially in these irregular, insupportable, nervous affections, when everything is repugnant, and when the mere sight of food, however daintily prepared, rouses the stomach to rebellion, that oysters, administered with discernment, produce such excellent effects.

There is one condition of the economy that imperiously exacts reserve in regimen, viz., during convalescence. After a serious disease the stomach becomes so shattered by the double suffering from abstinence and remedies, that it does not retain even the feeling of hunger. The lightest and most carefully-prepared food is either refused or induces an insupportable sense of weight; but let a few oysters be given, and the patient feels himself a new person. At a later period, when the appetite becomes keen and tormenting, out of all proportion to the strength of the stomach, if too substantial food be given, indigestion is to be feared; but this is not the case if we give oysters, which satisfy hunger without causing satiety.

There is a natural product of the oyster not to be disdained, viz., the water which it contains. This fluid arises from the sea-water which it has sucked in, but which, having been digested, does not retain the bitterness and acidity peculiar to it. It is tolerably limpid, and of a slightish salt taste, which is very agreeable to many persons. Far from being purgative, like sea-water, it assists and favours digestion. This *animal-mineral* water, as it has been called, has by many persons had attributed to it extraordinary medicinal powers, which there is no reason whatever to suppose it possesses.

As with all other remedies so with this one, their choice and mode of administration adds much to their efficacy. Oysters assume their best perfection in beds prepared for that purpose, and hence the varieties of this mollusk, although essentially they are all the same. With all of them, however, there is one urgent and indispensable condition to be observed, viz., that they be eaten fresh, animated, if possible, with their full and entire vitality. Those finished epicures, the ancients, did not forget this condition, opening them at table like ourselves at the commencement of the repast. Yes, if we are desirous of receiving the full enjoyment and

benefit from oysters, we must swallow them quite living.

What are we to say of condiments? The gastronomists and true amateurs swallow oysters as nature furnishes them to us, fearing the loss of their own exquisite flavour. There are persons, however, who prefer a little pepper, or lemon juice, whether to develop the flavour or to prevent their producing a purgative effect, as happens in certain persons whose digestive system is very susceptible. But is milk the digester *par excellence* of oysters, as is generally believed? This is probably a prejudice: but at least it is a harmless one, which cannot be said of all prejudices. As to the question whether wine should be taken with oysters, and whether this should be white or red, it, like other great questions in politics and philosophy, is undecided, though it has been debated in scholastic gymnasia and medical faculties. In 1785, a learned doctor defended a thesis, the conclusion from which was, that wine should *not* be drank with oysters. Corvisart, who afterwards became first physician to Napoleon, entered upon the scene of discussion with a bumper of excellent chablis in his hand, and drinking it off at a draught, exclaimed, "Thus do I reply to the conclusion," convulsing the learned assembly with laughter.

The great interest that has always been taken in such questions, shows how much importance society has attached to oysters; without them, in fact, there would be a great void in the kitchen, a diminution in the pleasures of the gastronomist, cruel privations for the stomach, and a resource the less for the suffering and the delicate. Thus one was struck with stupefaction recently, when a learned man, and probably a consummate *ostreophile*, announced to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that oysters were diminishing fast, the beds having become exhausted, or to be found only at such a depth as to render their fishing impossible. Is such a calamity really to be feared? We have only one objection to offer. The ancients preferred the oysters of Brittany to all others, and sent for them at great cost; and from such remote times to our own epoch these coasts have never failed in furnishing a supply. Let us hope, then, that with a little prudence, and judicious police regulations, oysters will not pass one day into a fabulous condition, and only be spoken of as antediluvian.





## SUMMER IN THE WOODS.

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"There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee, with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy feathered sleep."

MILTON.

SUMMER in the woods! there is a music in the words—a rustling of green boughs, hanging their gorgeous garlandry over our heads—a humming of bees, who have known no other dwelling than the wild solitude of a flowery forest—a lisping of waters, welling away in sunshine and in shadow—and a thousand voices, all blending into one rich harmony, reach our ears in the beautiful name of Summer! The young Spring has mellowed into the full maturity of her beauty, and the last finishing touch has been given to the landscape. The sky is of a deeper and a darker blue; there is a richer flush on the cheek of the wild rose; and a lighting up of a newer joy on the countenance of every flower, as if Morning had left a warmer blush to settle down upon the scene, and mantle it in one fond embrace.

How delightful it is to get into the woods at the first dawn of day! and, before we reach those realms of holy repose, watch the many bright things which have come forth to look upon the summer. See the butterfly roaming abroad on gorgeous wings; and hear the

rejoicing voice of the skylark, as he droppeth wild notes from a higher region, and wonder how that small and insignificant speck, which we can only just distinguish, outlined dark amid the surrounding blue, can fill so large a space with his immeasurable joy! We will wander from glade to glade, and thicket to thicket, until we reach the innermost recesses of the woods, where old twisted trees, of every imaginable form, stand closely together, making a dim twilight beneath them. And there we shall think of many a pleasant ramble we have enjoyed, with some loved companion, summers ago; while the very odour of the turf, and the fresh woody smell which meets us in every wind that blows, come like kind awakeners of sunshiny hours. Here is a little outlet similar to that through which we passed when so many clusters of ripe brown nuts were hooked down and gathered; and we went on, and threaded together many an intricate maze, till we came to a little nook, silent and green, and there we talked of poetry—pictured the solitary Macbeth standing gloomily, while he listened to the secrets of his yet hidden destiny, in the precincts of the lonely cavern; and then, in a lighter mood, as some sweet strain of music came upon our ears, imagined the merry voice of Ariel warbling amidst the flowers—it was but a throstle, who had alighted on a neighbouring bough to sing. This is the very spot where we caught



sight of the wild thyme purpling the ground, and scattering abroad its aromatic fragrance, which we had distinguished long before.

Here we lose all traces of the ancient pathway, amongst the variegated tints of the liverworts and mosses, which spread their rich carpeting over the ground, with fungi of every hue and size, shining in red, and brown, and grey, and scarlet, beneath the bronzy gold of the prickly furze, and the paler yellow of the broom. Every here and there, too, we find some exquisite

shine; and the bright green of the spreading fern adds to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene. These are overtopped by crabtrees and bushes, running ragged and wild, and hung with the glowing fruits of the forest, on which the birds will feed during the dark months of winter, when the insects have betaken themselves to their hiding places, and sunk into their long sleep, from which they will not awaken until the warm breath of spring is again abroad. Look upward, amid this land of leaves; see how the wedded boughs

“Make network of the dark blue light of day.”

So closely are they woven above our heads, that we can scarcely discern the form of a cloud, or obtain a glimpse of the stainless blue, sparkling in the glow of the sunshine. What an awful stillness rests around us! as if Nature sat alone, absorbed in solemn contemplation, as she looked upon the work she had perfected, and remembered that the leafy majesty of her trees must soon fade, and all she had created die away. Then a gentle wind stirs amid the branches, sounding sweet, and low, and solemn, like whisperings from another land. Here might Meditation sit, weaving many a pensive moral, as she gazed upon the trees shadowing spots far away from the living world. And here might Fancy dream; while Enchantment peopled the fairy regions, waved her bright wand, and summoned to her presence the beautiful of past ages.

What memories are awakened in an ancient wood, amongst these lofty avenues of “unwedged and gnarled oaks,”



THE PATH IN THE WOODS.

little flower: the centuary, with its small pink, starlike bloom, or a cluster of crimson heathbells. The stately foxglove rears its long stem, hung with a profusion of pink, pendent flowers; while the velvet-looking leaves of the coltsfoot appear in the distance, like broad patches of sun-



which have triumphed over Time, and waved their broad arms through forgotten centuries! We look upon trees, and think of them as things coeval with the early world. Their green leaves waved over the garden of Eden; and, under the shadow of a tree, whose clustering boughs shut out the heat of day, did the angels converse with Abraham, giving unto him the promise of a son. It might be such an oak as this under which we are now seated. Perchance the very wind made



THE HUT IN THE WOODS.

the same murmur, as it swept through the branches over the plains of Mamre, while the warm sun, that now shines upon us, fell upon immortal wings. How busy is imagination in such a scene! bearing us away to other days, when the Druids held their solemn rites; and the evening anthem rolled, in breezy echoes, through the rose-tinted silence; while the undying stars fell, like holy glances, between intermingled boughs, lighting up the rugged altars, which stood solemn and solitary, when night had settled down upon the scene, and the form of the priest had vanished, with the youths and maidens, who had come hither to pray. What mirthful feet have trodden these dim arcades! and what sad ones!—and all are gone—no voice arises to tell of the smiles which beamed forth gladness, or the tears

which were shed by those who lived then but the same sun looks down, and the same sky, with blue undimmed, bends its silent arch over the solitudes—now so still, that every leaf which waves may be heard; the song of the bee, as he dives far down into the innermost heart of the flower; and the fluttering wings of the butterfly, who alights upon it, fancying it more beautiful in this shadowy region.

Emerging from this umbraged spot we come upon an open glade, where the sun and the shadows are at play, now tracing between them dark and golden lines, and now letting in a fuller gush of glittering sunshine, and anon sinking again into the blackness of shadow. And here by this rushy stream, musical with its breezy willows, the antlered deer comes down to drink. How beautiful are his branching horns, as they shine reflected darkly on its clear surface—his stately head, and bold bright eye! Fearlessly he glances around, and dreams not of any human footstep invading the seclusion of his green retreat. But here we are at the solitary path in the woods, through which the husbandman wends on his daily toil in the neighbouring fields; and here let us pause—

“While admiration feeding at the eye,  
And still unsated, dwells upon the scene!”



THE OLD PORCH.

## TIM CRAWLEY.

"I THINK we shall reach her!"

The men rested for a moment on their oars and glanced over their shoulders at the rapidly disappearing ship; then each gave an ominous shake of the head, but, upon the entreaty of Crawley, recommenced rowing.

"She's getting her steam up," said one of the boatmen.

"Then it's no go," grumbled the other, and again his oar-blade rested idly in the air. "You might just as soon try to catch that sea-gull by swimming arter him, as overtake the Water Witch when her steam's up."

Poor Crawley stood up in the boat and waved his handkerchief. Had he been a shipwrecked mariner alone on a raft, or sitting across a drifting mast, he could not have thrown more energy into the performance.

"It an't no good, sir," said the man at the tiller; "they wouldn't slacken speed if they seed you ever so much."

"To think—" and the despairing Crawley sunk down into the boat—"to think I only missed her by ten minutes."

"You might just as well 'ave made it ten hours!" said one boatman.

"A miss is as good as a mile," observed the other. Then, as he measured the distance with his eye—"but your'n is as good as two."

"Do you mean to put back?" asked Crawley, innocently.

"In course—without you want to be rowed to Ameriky!"

"Which, as we an't got no prowisions, an' I've a wife and six young uns to purvide for ashore, I objects to." Thus spoke the gentleman in charge of the tiller.

Crawley made no reply, and the men rowed back to the harbour.

"There's the passage-money lost!" said boatman No. 1, as he bent over his oar.

"An' a five pun' note a top o' that!" added boatman No. 2, thinking of his share in the remuneration.

"Shut up," gruffly observed he of the tiller, "a remindin' the gen'l'man of his misfortins. Why, he looks as lonesome as a sprat that has lost its way in the middle o' the Atlantic!"

The men grinned, and were silent. A

long pull, and a strong pull, and the boat shot into the harbour.

"Bring the luggage on to the hotel."

"All right, your honour! better luck next time." The boatmen touched their hats, and Crawley mounted the steps and began to retrace his way towards the hotel he had left but a short time before.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I think I've the honour of addressing Mr. Crawley?"

The speaker, one of two men who were standing directly in Crawley's way, was a fleshy-faced, broad-shouldered man, with a small cunning eye and heavy animal jaw, that gave him an unpleasant bull-dog aspect. Crawley looked at him and turned pale; the stranger touched his hat, and repeated the question.

"It's in vain to deny," began Crawley, when he of the bull-dog visage interrupted him—

"Of course it is! You're Mr. Timothy Crawley, about to embark for America in consequence of a slight dispute with your creditors, and an impossibility to arrange satisfactorily with the Court of Bankruptcy. Very sorry, but you must go back with us!"

"There's no help for it!" sighed Crawley.

"None! Sorry to urge a gentleman to do anything against his inclination, but must's the word here, and no mistake!"

"All right!" said Crawley, meaning, of course, that it was all wrong. You'll take some refreshment first, and then I'll return to London with you."

At the word refreshment, the bull-dog visage mollified, and its owner hastened to reply.

"Since you are so pressing; besides, we've had a smartish journey down, and that always freshens the appetite."

So between his two captors Timothy Crawley, the runaway bankrupt, re-entered the Crown and Sceptre Inn.

"You'd regularly got the start of us; if you hadn't missed that boat we must have gone back empty handed; as it was," and here both the officers indulged in a self-satisfied chuckle, "as it was, we were just in time!"

"And I was," said Crawley, in a voice thick with emotion, "just too late."



Poor Timothy Crawley! it was his fate through life to be always too late; others might grasp the "skirts of happy chance," but he was fated never to behold them but at the moment they were vanishing round the corner. That "tide in the affairs of men," which, as we are told, if taken at its flood leads on to fortune, must have entirely escaped Timothy; with him it was always low water,—go when he would, stand where he would,

the wave of chance never brought any offerings on shore, never rolled even a pebble to his feet. We have all heard of the man, who, complaining of his general ill-luck, asserted that "had he been brought up a hatter, he believed men would have been born without heads." This man, hitherto without a name, we draw from his obscurity. He was the father of Timothy Crawley.

"Tim! my boy," said rich old uncle



Bob, addressing that unfortunate paterfamilias, "you've got five children, and they're all girls! What on earth do you mean by it?"

Paterfamilias answered his wealthy relative humbly enough. He said, "he meant no harm."

"No harm! nonsense, don't tell me; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The world's overstocked with girls—why, where do you think you'll find husbands for them all?"

Mr. Crawley gazed at his five olive-branches, who, it is to be hoped, were useful—for in the ornamental department nature had shown herself singularly neglectful. Mr. Crawley, as we have said, looked from one to the other, and ejaculated, "Where indeed!"

"I like boys," continued uncle Bob, "and what little money I have to leave," he emphasized the word "little," as it is the habit of wealthy men to do, "will be left to a boy. Your brother Jack has a boy—I don't like Jack, but I've made a

vow, and I'll keep it—so you know what to expect."

Crawley did know what to expect. Had uncle Bob been less rich he would have been "an obstinate old brute;" as it was, he was termed "an eccentric old gentleman." It is, after all, to be doubted whether a rich relative is a great advantage—if he be long lived, certainly not. Never did poor Crawley set about anything—business or pleasure—but a "fear of offending uncle Bob" hung constantly over him, like that terrible and much too often quoted "sword of Damocles."

On November the 12th, so ran the announcement in the *Times*, "the lady of Mr. Timothy Crawley of a son." The long-looked-for had come at last, and there was but one drawback to the general joy. It was this:—that just six months before master Timothy entered the world uncle Bob had quitted it—leaving the whole of his property, without reservation, to the male offspring of "brother Jack." Little Timothy had come, it was

true; but, unfortunately, he began life six months too late.

"Who's that?" calls out the sharp-eyed schoolmaster, as he detects a delinquent who has crept with anything but "a shining morning face" into the school. "Who's that?" for the little atom had hastened to lose itself in the mass.

"Crawley! sir," cried a dozen eager and sycophantic voices.

Boys are little men—and very bad little

men too—what would they not do to win the master's smile?—what have they not done to avoid his frown?

"Where is he?"

"Here he is, sir!" The crowd of boys divided into two parts, leaving a vista between, at the end of which stood little Crawley, pale and trembling.

"Pass him up."

A dozen hands were outstretched—a dozen boys, the Iscariots of the class,



fastened upon the culprit—in a minute he was "passed up" to the desk of the master.

"Late again, Crawley;—this won't do!" And gazing down into the small face quivering from excess of fear, the tyrant tightened the well-waxed string on the end of his cane. "Why are you late?"

"I—I—couldn't help it!" The poor boy spoke the truth—he could not help it; to be always late was Crawley's fate, and he bowed to it with a more than Moslem resignation.

"You are always late—always the last in school!"—and the whistle of the cane was heard in the air—a whistle which resembled that of the railway, inasmuch as a scream was sure to follow. It was in vain for Timothy to plead the old excuse, that somebody must be last; or to urge Charles Lamb's extenuation, that if he came later than the others he was ready to leave earlier, and so keep up the balance. The pedagogue was relentless, and again and again the cruel

cane whistled through the air, each time followed by a scream from the tortured child.

It appears to be the fashion now-a-days with most of our popular book-makers to uphold corporal punishment in schools—to eulogize the flogging system—and to urge upon teachers of the young the inculcation of those manly feelings which, when arrived at their full maturity, find their fitting arena in the cock-pit or the prize-ring. For ourselves, we differ from these wise gentlemen, who seem to think that if you would elevate the mind you must debase the body; and should be sorry to find any child of ours acting as some ruffianly boy's shoe-black, or, for some trivial fault, cringing at his master's feet a scourged and trembling slave. "Whip the young blackguards, sir—whip them! I was well thrashed at school, and it did me good!" so roars Major Oldbuck, who appears to consider the temple of knowledge as some besieged city, to enter which you must make your attacks through the "breach;" but wiser



men than even this "man of muscle" have protested against the whipping process—thinking, with the great preacher, that there are many ways of bringing sheep back to the fold besides worrying them to death.

Timothy Crawley's path to knowledge lay through a cane-brake—above him—around him—backwards or forwards—whatever step he took, canes, canes, and nothing but canes—a seemingly endless plantation of canes, from which all taste of sugar had been most carefully extracted. So he trod the "beaten" track, picking up very little on the road; and when his school-days had passed away, he had not seen more than the outside of the gates that guard the shrine of knowledge.

"TIMOTHY CRAWLEY, TAILOR AND OUTFITTER." Such was the lettering that adorned the front of a very handsome shop in Bond-street; and Timothy seemed never tired of reading it, always for that purpose approaching his home from the other side of the way—never crossing the road till in front of his own door.

"Good business, Timothy?"

"Why, yes—no—that is, it would have been a good business, only I delayed a little too long before I could make up my mind to settle upon it, and so that cursed fellow got beforehand with me, and opened a shop twice as large next door."

"Why don't you get married, Tim?" said another goodnatured friend, who, being married himself, made a point of urging that ceremony upon others, upon the same principle as the fox who had lost his tail in a trap, recommended his companions to immediately amputate theirs.

"Ah! why don't you marry, Timothy?" echoed another friend, a bachelor, who had evidently laid to heart the maxim of Rochefoucauld, and found in the misfortunes of others a something pleasing to himself.

"Well, I don't know! I've no objection," replied the accommodating Timothy; "but really I don't think that I have met anybody who'd have me."

"Nonsense!" and Benedict thrust him playfully in the ribs, "Nonsense! I know dozens of girls who'd jump at you."

"Would they, really?" The colour had mounted into Crawley's cheeks—he was evidently surprised at this testimony to his attractions.

"There's Hetty Briggs, my wife says you were made for each other."

"Just the girl for you, Tim," echoed the bachelor friend.

"A splendid girl."

"First-rate, and—money!"

"Upon my word, I—I—never thought of it before; but I always did like Hetty, and if I only thought"—

"Try, man!—try!"

"Certainly I will, as you both recommend it; that is, I mean I'll think about it."

"He did think about it, and we have to chronicle the result."

Hetty Briggs was a fine honest-hearted thoroughly English girl; just the kind of fireside ornament that a man would wish to place in his house. Gentle and loving, yet with a spice of humour in her composition, and a free joyous laugh that came as pleasantly from her red lips as the ringing of marriage bells. She had always felt a liking for Timothy, but his continued indifference had not only prevented any outward demonstration on her part, but had annoyed her more than she would confess. "What does he mean, coming here day after day, sitting opposite me for hours and never saying a word; looking at me with his eyes and mouth wide open, as if I were a Punch-and-Judy show? What's the good of a man constantly opening his mouth if not a word comes out of it?"

"I wonder whether she really likes me?" ruminated Crawley. "I don't think she does, much, or she wouldn't be so confoundedly merry. She is always laughing. I don't see what she can have to laugh at. I'm sure I never say a word. I'd propose to-morrow, if I thought she wouldn't laugh. I couldn't bear to be laughed at!"

And thus matters went on for some months—Crawley, a daily visitor to the Briggs's, sitting as usual with open mouth practising the silent system; and Hetty Briggs, half amused, half vexed, sitting laughing opposite to him—when a new actor appeared on the scene in the person of a Mr. Henry Sinclair, a cousin and professed admirer of the young lady.

"What does that puppy mean by coming after Hetty? He never leaves her side, and never stops gabbling like the goose that he is! I'd like to punch his head: and will, one of these days, if he don't leave off annoying her." Such was the valorous resolve of Mr. Timothy Crawley; but the annoyance felt by the

lady was not quite so apparent as he would have it supposed. She had begun to get tired of the continued silence of her bashful lover, and gave, possibly from very vexation of spirit, an increased attention to his rival.

"I'll give him one week more!" thought Hetty, "and then, if he still continues silent, I'll accept Harry Sinclair. I know he loves me, and I can't be expected to grow grey-headed awaiting the good pleasure of Mr. Timothy Crawley to ask the momentous question, Yes or No?"

The seventh day from the date of Hetty's resolve had arrived, and saw Timothy standing in a state of ludicrous indecision before his looking-glass. A pile of cravats, of various hues, were lying, much rumpled, upon the table.

"I know she don't like brown, and as for blue, she detests it." Here another cravat was added to the pile. "A man can't be too careful about his personal appearance at such a time. Many a girl has refused a man, merely because his cravat was badly tied! Nothing makes a man look worse than a badly-tied cravat." Here cravat number nine was also cast aside. "Let me see—to-day's Friday. I never thought of that. Friday's a very unlucky day—very! Napoleon never would begin anything on a Friday—nothing serious, that is. Well, what can be more serious than a proposal of marriage? Why not put it off till to-morrow? One day won't make much difference! and then I'll consult Wilkins about these cravats—he knows Hetty's taste. To-morrow it shall be"—and so he swept hastily—for fear his mind might again change—all the cravats into a drawer—finished his toilette, and departed in search of the critical Wilkins.

Saturday saw Timothy at the Briggs's door. As he was about to ascend the steps, it opened, and the detested Sinclair, with a smiling face, tripped merrily down, greeting Timothy with a good-humoured salutation as that gentleman pushed past.

"When Hetty Briggs becomes Mrs. Crawley, I'll take care to shut the door upon that fellow!" soliloquized our hero, as he ascended the stairs and entered Mrs. Briggs's drawing-room, where, to his joy, he found the charming Hetty alone.

We will not dwell upon the scene that followed. Suffice it, that, with much circumlocution, Mr. Crawley got the proposal out. Hetty had begun to laugh,

when an appealing look stopped her. She rose from her chair, and said—

"Mr. Timothy Crawley—you have been a visitor at this house for nearly twelve months, and during that time no hint upon this subject has escaped your lips. Had it been otherwise, I might have come to a different determination; but as it is, I cannot become your wife."

"Why not?" burst from poor Crawley's lips.

"Because my hand is already promised to another. Mr. Sinclair declared himself, this morning—with the consent of my parents, I have accepted him." Here a wicked laugh escaped her lips. "It is but fair that first come should be first served!"

"But I was coming yesterday—I assure you I was. Ask Wilkins?"

Hetty shook her head, and moved towards the door.

"We must talk no further upon this subject. I am sorry for you, Mr. Crawley! but"—and her hand rested upon the lock—"you are just one day too late!"

The door closed behind her, and Crawley was left alone in the drawing-room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Crawley's business is going to ruin!"

"So I understand. He never went on well since his refusal by Hetty Briggs."

"Sad business that about old Brads's Bank!"

"Had Crawley any money in that?"

"Lots! I advised him to draw it out long ago; but he delayed, as usual; and when he did make up his mind, old Brads had closed the doors—suspended payment only an hour before!"

"Bad thing for Crawley!"

"Very bad! Besides, he's lately got mixed up with young Martingale's lot; and when a tradesman takes to the turf, he's done for!"

The above conversation was between two of Mr. Crawley's friends. We will now visit that gentleman himself.

Clad in a coat of fashionable cut, and crowned with a smoking-cap of a velvet gorgeous to see, Timothy is standing in his counting-house, when a tall young man enters, and inquires politely for Mr. Crawley.

"I am Mr. Crawley."

The young man, from the recesses of his right-hand pocket, produces a large leathern case, to which he is himself chained as closely as a galley-slave to his oar, a convict to his clog, or old Marley



to his cash-box. The young man draws out a slip of paper, and presents it politely.

"Bill for payment."

"Bill! Bless me!—what bill?"

"Drawn on you by Fleecy and Corduroy, for 300*l*."

"Stay!"—and the alarmed Crawley referred to his almanack, and a racing calendar against which his ledger was leaning—"that can't be due for these eight days!"

The banker's clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"See—I've marked it to come due two weeks before the Derby."

"Very sorry, sir! but we don't keep accounts by the Racing Calendar. I'll leave you the notice"—and he placed it on the table. We shut at four, and after that it will go to the notary's. Good morning."

And the bill did go to the notary's, and from the notary's to Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy's solicitors.

Messrs. F. and C. were Mr. Crawley's woollen merchants. The news spread in the "trade" like wildfire—other debts came tumbling in—a meeting of creditors was called—Crawley feared to face it—and, more from alarm than dishonesty, decamped. His passage was taken in the *Water Witch*. He arrived at Liverpool in time to see her steaming out of the harbour, and returned to London in the not very enviable company of a couple of lynx-eyed officers.

As we have said, it was an excess of nervous fear, and not dishonesty, that had dictated Crawley's flight. "Reckless trading," was the gravest charge that

could be brought against him. All his speculations had failed, from the fact that they were never pushed at the right time. If a demand arose for his goods in any of the colonial markets, his cargo was sure to arrive when the market had again taken a turn—when the glut had come from the over-supply,—and "too late!" was the answer of his agent.

Crawley was made a bankrupt—reprimanded by the learned commissioner, and permitted once more to enter the trading world; but he, poor fellow! felt the disgrace acutely, and never held up his head afterwards. He became a clerk in the counting-house of his old creditors, Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy, who, having got something like eighteen shillings in the pound, kindly held out the helping hand to him. In their service he dragged on an uneventful life, leaving nothing for us to record but the manner of his death, which we shall take the liberty of borrowing from the *Times* newspaper, where—under the heading of "Frightful Railway Accident"—it appeared.

We extract only as much as concerns poor Timothy:—

"Among the sufferers by this sad accident was Mr. Timothy Crawley, who was travelling for the well-known firm of Fleecy and Corduroy. It appears that Mr. Crawley had only missed the preceding train by five minutes, and owing to that unfortunate circumstance, became a traveller by that to which the accident occurred. Thus, we regret to say, paying with his life for a miscalculation of some five minutes!"

## THE BERGSMAN AND HIS GUEST.

It was in 1520, whilst Christiern II. of Denmark was occupied in those atrocities which in the first instance established his power in Sweden, and finally occasioned its overthrow, that a young fugitive fled to the mountains and morasses of Dalecarlia, as the only part of the kingdom free from the tyrant's influence. This freedom was owing in part to the savage nature of the scenery, and in part to the bold, untamed character of the peasantry, who were less influenced by the king of the country than by the resident lords of their own province; and even less in-

fluenced by them than by the elders and captains elected by themselves out of their own body. Dalecarlia, at the period in question, contained scarcely a single town, and its villages, composed of rude huts, were situated on the edges of forests, or on the borders of lakes and rivers.

The fugitive to whom allusion has been made, had evidently considered these circumstances as making in favour of his safety, yet for some time he wandered about Daalfeld without intrusting himself to any of the inhabitants. Hunger and fatigue at length obliged him to this

resource, and taking the road to Fahlun, he determined to hire himself to one of the Bergsmen, or inferior shareholders of the copper mine, for which from time immemorial that place has been famous. Accident impelled his steps to the wooden house of Jerl Gother, and in an hour when Jerl's heart, merry with the favourite *liqueur* of the Dalecarlians—(brandy flavoured with aniseed)—was even more than usually disposed to benevolence. Jerl Gother was a stout, but rather short personage, with a bluff face, black beard, and hair to match; while his dress, according to the invariable costume of the country, consisted of a high crowned hat, white woollen clothes (the trousers tied above the knee), and a black leather belt round his waist. He was a Bergsman, and also one of the elders of the district; which dignities, aided by native shrewdness and humour, gave him much influence over his associates, and even over his wife. She, good woman, was a kind-hearted, loquacious creature, somewhat prone to strong prejudices and sudden prepossessions. As, however, she fried her rye cakes with precisely the right proportions of butter and sheep's blood, and considered her husband the wisest man in the world, he very properly repaid the compliment by calling her a very sensible woman, though he never proved his words by trusting her with a secret. Ulrica, moreover, when attired in her best jacket, and skull-cap edged with stiff lace, in her high-heeled shoes and white woollen stockings, passed for a very comely woman. We are justified therefore in saying, that Jerl Gother and his wife were as well contented a couple as Dalecarlia could boast in 1520.

They sat one evening, chatting over their blazing wood fire, conscious indeed that the country at a distance was torn by feuds and disasters, but interested in nothing beyond their own mine and the province, when they were disturbed by a loud knocking at the door. Jerl opened it himself, and gave entrance to a young man, apparently about twenty-six years old. A peasant's dress, soiled and torn as it was, did not prevent the Bergsman from admiring his tall and muscular person, whilst Ulrica discovered that his handsome face betrayed an intimate acquaintance with anxiety and hunger.

The stranger was our fugitive. He frankly owned himself to be such, and as frankly solicited employment and protection.

Jerl was proceeding as a man of business to make inquiries relative to his habits and capabilities; but Ulrica, who already felt a motherly yearning towards one who looked so very handsome amidst his poverty, stayed the discourse by bringing out refreshment, and advising the stranger to eat before he talked.

The young man thankfully obeyed, but could scarcely refrain from smiling when his hostess, having silenced her husband, contradicted her own advice by instantly asking what news her guest had heard in his way?

"No news," replied he, "fit for the ears of any who love Sweden."

"And that I am sure Jerl and I do—better than anything in the world—excepting, to be sure, each other and the copper mine—what people live with, and live by, it comes natural to love first."

"What is the news, young man?" inquired the Bergsman.

The stranger, in reply, gave a brief detail of the horrors that had marked the usurpation of the King of Denmark—of his massacre of the senate and chief inhabitants of Stockholm—and of his determination to cut off all, noble and ignoble, who should resist his authority. Yielding to the feelings excited by various parts of his narrative, the stranger spoke with an energetic eloquence little in keeping with his forlorn condition. His colour deepened; his eyes flashed fire, or filled with tears, that the working of his features proved to be wrung from him as much by rage as sorrow. The Bergsman and his wife sat in riveted attention. The latter wept plentifully, and called by turns on all the saints in the calendar, to annihilate king Christiern, and defend the copper mine.

Her husband had a further-looking mind, and he pondered several minutes, not only on what he had heard, but on the strange fascination that dwelt in the language and demeanour of his guest. "And you say you are a fugitive?" said he, breaking silence suddenly.

"I am so."

"And you wept, and clenched your hand, when you said that amongst the senators, Eric Vasa, the governor of Finland, was murdered."

The stranger started. "And why might I not? I had waited on him—eaten of his bread—loved him—he was my master;—when he was killed, and I had reason to flee, why might I not weep his death?"



"*Yah so*," replied the Bergsman.

"And why not, I wonder?" replied Ulrica, misinterpreting her husband's expression (the Swedish one *indeed*) as an intimation of doubt: "why not, I wonder—people may come down in the world, and have to eat fir bread, and yet love their masters;—what sort of one was this Eric Vasa, poor youth?"

This simple question renewed the agitation of the person required to answer it, and Jerl did not mend matters by proceeding to say, "that the stranger did not look like one accustomed to hard work."

"I have been accustomed to hard fighting, Bergsman," was the sententious reply, made in a tone that bordered on sternness.

"*Yah so*," continued Jerl, not at all discomposed. "The unfortunate have a right to the use of their tongues, at any rate. Well, whatever you have been, it is plain what you are—a distressed fellow creature. It is plain that it is my duty to help you; so if you choose to put on a miner's suit to-morrow, I'll see that no one troubles you; and Ulrica there, shall make you a bed in some corner, till you are more used to Dalarne ways. But mark me, my young man, our people understand fighting and fierce looks, too; and I advise you, as a friend, to live peaceably amongst them, or I may have to fetch you off the wooden horse—look, yonder it is."

The stranger looked, and saw through the window, a huge, misshapen wooden horse, about fifteen feet high, mounting which was the accredited mode of punishment amongst the Dalecarlian miners. With a good-humoured smile, he thanked the honest Bergsman for his caution, who, partly from the love of power inherent in every human breast, and partly from benevolent interest in the being thus singularly cast upon his kindness, proceeded in the same strain,—“And I would also advise you, young man, that you talk very little about public matters to any one but myself—if you can also get a slouch in your gait, and a stoop in your shoulders, so much the better; and pray by what name are we to call you?”

"Call me Nils Gammel," said the stranger.

"Very well, Nils Gammel be it;" and here, for that night, the conversation ended, so far, at least, as it concerns the reader to know.

The following day, Nils Gammel, pro-

perly attired and enrolled, was given in charge to one of the overseers of the mine, and made his first descent into what suggests a lively image of the bottomless pit. Notwithstanding the weighty reasons that had induced our fugitive to seek such an asylum, it was some days before either his feet or his nerves became accustomed to the slippery wooden ladders, that, lashed together in one unbroken line, extended for many fathoms down the crater. And even when inured to the descent, it was some days more ere he felt at home amongst the fearful sights and noises by which he was surrounded when fairly in the depths of the mine, many hundred feet below the reach of daylight. By degrees, however, the hardihood and courage which had availed him in other vocations availed him here; and amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, darkness relieved only by the smoking glare of deal torches, and grim creatures that, owing to the suffocating heat of the atmosphere, were obliged to work half naked, Nils Gammel went through his duty as a blaster with ease, if not pleasure.

There is no situation wherein mental superiority will not discover itself, and gain what nature has assigned as its rightful dowry—the homage of the inferior multitude. In a few weeks, our fugitive, though apparently on a level with his associates, had acquired both popularity and power—power over their affections and opinions, greatly to the delight of the worthy Ulrica, who considered him in the light of a protégé. Still there was a mysterious something about the said protégé, which exceedingly puzzled her simple wits. He eat and drank, dressed and worked like another miner; danced the Dalecarlian dances, sang the Dalecarlian songs, wrestled and cudgelled with the best; and this was all as it should be. But Nils Gammel amongst the peasants, and Nils Gammel alone, were two distinct persons. In the latter case, there was often an abstraction and a reserve about him, an air of deep, if not melancholy thoughtfulness, with a momentary look and tone implying familiarity with command, that made the Bergsman himself manifest deference as to a superior. Thus time wore on. Between the Dalecarlians and the other provinces of Sweden there existed little sympathy and less communication. Suffered to enjoy their own privileges unmolested, and live according to their own customs, it mattered

little to these rude peasants, who held or who usurped the sovereign authority. They were roused at length to a more active interest in the concerns of the empire. Rumours reached them that some great person was concealed in their province, and that Christiern was about to send part of his army, ostensibly to be in winter quarters, but in reality to beat up the country for the discovery of the fugitive. Private suspicions naturally followed these public reports, and in the end, Nils Gammel disappeared from the neighbourhood of Fahlun as suddenly as he had first entered it. Whither had he gone? Who was he? Jerl Gother knew more than he told; his wife told more than she knew. Time wore on: but the popular mind, instead of regaining tranquillity, became every day more agitated. Reports that could be traced up to no visible source, circulated more rapidly than ever; this village had heard that heavy taxes were about to be laid on the whole province; another village had heard that the peasants were to be deprived of the use of fire-arms; then followed dreams and omens innumerable—all wearing the same aspect, fostering the same feeling—expectation of change, and dislike of the usurped government.

Ever since the disappearance of her "dear son Nils Gammel" (for so she persisted in calling her late guest), Ulrica had been unceasing in her conjectures and lamentations on the subject. Sometimes her husband laughed at, and sometimes humoured her surmises, but he would more frequently make some slighting remark, as "May be the lad was not what we took him for, and if so, we have a good riddance;" or, "May be the lad will turn up again; at all events, mind the rye cakes, wife; thy hand has been out of late." Ulrica would then reply, "Ay, Jerl, I've no heart to set about aught now; and these Danish thieves—is it true, Jerl, what John Steno told Olaus Crab, and Olaus Crab told—"

"Ulrica Gother, mind the rye cakes, I say, and believe nothing but what *I* tell you." This was the invariable termination of the conjugal dialogue.

But one day, when Ulrica had been ringing her usual changes on the usual subject, Jerl, instead of cutting short her discourse by any of his accustomed speeches, bade her prepare to accompany him to Mora. This was a populous parish at some distance, where every year, during the Christmas holidays, there was

a general gathering of the peasants from the neighbouring villages. Little accustomed to see her worthy husband interest himself about merry-makings at a distance, Ulrica was naturally surprised to receive such an intimation; but her duty as a wife and inclination as a woman being equally in favour of obedience, she put on her winter dress of sheep's fleeces, and head-swathings of white linen, and was ready to mount the cart quite as soon as the Bergsman himself. The road was thronged with travellers, some in carts and sledges, some on foot, but all in holiday trim, and all, like themselves, bound for Mora. When, in due course of time, our good couple reached their place of destination, and sallied forth to look about them, it was easy, by the animated gestures of the multitude, and by the fragments overheard of their discourse, to perceive that some strong and unusual feeling was in exercise. There was another singular feature in this meeting. Dalecarlian gentlemen, and others who, from their dress, seemed to belong to distant provinces, as well as the native curates, were seen passing from group to group, apparently persuading and stimulating their auditors to some enterprise.

"*Yah so! Yah so!*—this will do," exclaimed Jerl, stamping his right foot with energetic glee.

"What will do?" inquired his wife, in a tone indicating both perplexity and pettishness—"what will do, I wonder?—and I might as well expect the copper cover of that church to give me an answer—*Yah so—Yah so*—forsooth—Jerl Gother, I say, once for all, and for the twentieth time, what has driven you and the rest of the Dalarne folk mad in a body?"

Jerl answered the objurgation by a hearty laugh—

"Why, Ulrica," said he, "there is a surprise in store for you, that's all. What say you to seeing the Grand Standard Bearer of Sweden!—Gustavus Vasa, son to Eric Vasa, late governor of Finland?"

"I would rather see my poor Nils Gammel, who was only Eric Vasa's servant."

"Humph," replied Jerl, chuckling with ill-concealed triumph; "and what would you say if you were spoken to by the grandest young man, the finest soldier, the greatest patriot in Sweden, he who has fought king Christiern like a lion, and been hunted down by him like a wild beast? But 'tis our turn now."



At this moment our Bergsman's panegyric was brought to a close. A sudden and simultaneous shout burst from the assembled multitude, hundreds of broad-brimmed hats were in a moment waving in the air, whilst the women, whose head-dresses were not so moveable, testified their enthusiasm by clapping their hands. On a bank of earth, sufficiently high to expose him to the general gaze, appeared the object of these acclamations—a young man, richly attired, with an air and countenance in which noble daring was tempered by majestic gravity.

"There," cried Jerl, jogging his wife in no gentle manner, "there stands a descendant of the old kings of Sweden; there stands the man that king Christiern would give a province to get hold of; there stands the Grand Standard Bearer."

"There stands Nils Gammel, I say."

"Nils Gammel? Folly, woman, folly! Where should *he* get such a suit of brodered silk as that? Look at the flash of his eye—the way he waves his hand, and——"

"All, every one of them, belongs to Nils Gammel; though *you*, Jerl Gother, could not see them, maybe *I*——"

"Well, well, wife, content you for a good guesser."

"Then it *is* him, his own self!"

"Even so! but who would have thought of your finding him out in a moment? Hist! he is going to speak, and the north wind is blowing, too; that's a good omen."

Gustavus spoke. His speech and its result are matters of history. The peasants had been prepared for his appearance by emissaries employed by the curate of Suverdsio, the generous man who had concealed the illustrious fugitive when constrained to fly from Fahlun, and who had devoted himself to his service. It was he who had advised him to make the present attempt, and if he succeeded, to

place himself at the head of the Dalecarlian peasantry, and trust to Providence and the patriotism of the people at large for finally overthrowing the Danish tyranny.

The mien, the valour, the fame of Gustavus, all operated in his favour; but he owed even more to the fact that he had been sheltered amongst the people he addressed, that he had been one of themselves. The motive founded on clanship was better understood by a rude people than the motive founded on right. Gustavus, as a descendant of the old Swedish kings, was only illustrious; he was invincible as Nils Gammel the miner. His success was complete. He threw himself upon the peasantry, and they banded themselves at his call, and followed him as their leader for life and for death. The example which they had the merit of setting, other provinces had the merit of following: and in three years from the meeting at Mora, Sweden was at rest, and Gustavus Vasa its king.

The reader will have no difficulty in imagining the gracious, or rather grateful reception which Jerl and Ulrica received from their late guest, whom the latter, to her dying day, continued to call her "dear son Nils Gammel." The reader will also imagine the pride with which the Fahlun miners hung his portrait in their council-room—a chamber in the mine called by that name, and in which the heads of the establishment conduct their deliberations. Finally, the reader will please himself as to the adoption of the writer's private opinion, that the two Dalecarlian privileges (they *did* exist, if they do so no longer), that of taking the king by the hand whenever met, and of supplying a nurse to the heir-apparent, were the requests made for the province by the Bergsman and his wife, when desired to name their recompence for having sheltered Gustavus Vasa.

## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE history of the past month's literature, though presenting here and there a point of gossiping interest, will hardly stand the brunt of time. It is fading, even while we try to catch its colours and fix them, as vividly as may be, in these fresh and hopeful pages. Will the great Chaillu shaloo be very much thought of after yet a little while? It is certainly a pretty quarrel enough as it now stands; and the excitement is considerably increased by the desperate and somewhat floundering attempt of M. du Chaillu to find a place for one more July than properly belongs to a period of three years and a month, beginning in a certain January. One of the gravest objections of all those which have been so abundantly heaped against M. du Chaillu's door, was the fact of his having recorded the events of four Julys, from January, 1856, to February, 1859; and we are bound to say that he has been anything but successful in removing this awkward stone from his path. His explanation begins with a confession of tampering with truth; but unfortunately this confession even has a very suspicious appearance of having been made to measure. M. du Chaillu professed in his book to have made six journeys. A careful analysis, though failing to show us what were really the dates which M. du Chaillu would have his readers understand as belonging to all his movements in 1857-8, seems to give nine or ten months of 1858—that is to say, from February to November—to the exploration of the Camma country. But then it is positively stated that the time between February and August in this year was occupied by the visit to Goumbi. This is the discrepancy which M. du Chaillu endeavours to get rid of. Says he, in a note to his new edition:—

"I ought to have mentioned in my original preface, that, in order not to take my reader backwards and forwards, I completed my description of the northern region, including my expedition to the Fans, before beginning my southern journey to Cape Lopez, which in reality was the first exploration I made in 1856. I preserved the dates of the months, however, as they appeared in my journal; but, to make this more clear, I now give a chronological table of my journeys, according to years and months."

Then follows the chronological table in question, the effect of which is to push back the Camma journey from 1858 into 1857, room being made for it by the transference of the Cape Lopez expedition from 1857 to 1856. This late rendering of a tribute to truth involves, as we have intimated, a rather serious admission; but when we come to examine M. du Chaillu's note a little more closely by the light of his narratives *in extenso*, several contradictory points arise. It puzzles us to find any motive for that chopping and changing of first, second, and third journeys. To be sure, M. du Chaillu comes hesitatingly to our aid, with a sort of assurance that it was all for our good, and for the good of the general reader, whom he appears to think too delicate and fragile a creature to bear being taken "backwards and forwards." But with all due deference to him, it seems to us that we and the general reader could have borne this a great deal more easily than the exertion of following M. du Chaillu's improved account of his travels. "My southern journey," he says, "to Cape Lopez, was the first exploration I made in 1856." Was it, indeed? Then why leave on record, M. du Chaillu, that irreconcilable voyage up the Muni, which, on your twenty-fourth page, you tell us you intended to be your first journey, and which you subsequently show to have been your first journey, as so intended? Again, there are many unmistakeable traces in that Cape Lopez journey, which he now finds it convenient to make the first of a foregone conclusion. In fact, the attempt to wrench it from its original place in the very heart of the book, entirely upsets the *vraisemblance* of the narrative. It necessitates the treatment of many incidents as the embellishments of fiction, and it stamps as purely gratuitous misstatements many dry and commonplace details which need not have been given at all if not given accurately. For example, in the narrative M. du Chaillu says, "I remained several months near the Gaboon, exploring the course of that river and the country near its borders." What possible object was there in saying this if it were not the fact? How does an assertion of the kind, without entering into particulars, heighten the interest of a "traveller's history," and so in a degree justify the recourse to a little



invention? The new chronological table subverts not a few facts which, as fictions, are purposeless. We shall be curious to see how, in the next edition, M. du Chaillu will explain his explanations.

Since the foregoing was written we have perused Dr. Gray's comments on the new and amended (?) edition of M. du Chaillu's book. He lays bare a most conclusive proof, from the book itself, that the attempt to change the order of the voyages was an afterthought. If our remarks do not establish this fact, surely the following is quite sufficient to do so. Dr. Gray says:—"The 5th of February, stated in the book (p. 187-8) to have been a Friday, was not so in 1857, the date according to the new preface, but was so in 1858, the date to be inferred from the narrative itself; and the 29th of May (a date occurring during the journey up the Rembo, and stated at p. 291 to be Sunday) was not Sunday in the year 1858, the date assigned to this journey in the new preface, but was so in the year 1859, the date which every reader must have inferred from the narrative." M. du Chaillu is clearly condemned out of his own mouth.

There is nothing else to compare with the Chaillu controversy (flat and stale as it is in many respects) among all the other heads of our literary records. A glance back at the beginning of *Punch* opened to us by the issue of the new reprint, might act as a warning to authors who are apt to exaggerate the public importance of their private affairs. Even the careful digest of each volume's contents hardly illumines the obscurity of many allusions. They are of the past, and cannot be made to wear their old comic aspect in the present. So will not it be some day with a great deal of the most tremendous satire which now thrills us, when, for instance, we read what Titmarsh is saying about what people are saying about him? Even in the freshness of these frequent sallies, one sometimes feels a little prone to weary of them.

Mr. Buckle's second volume of the *History of Civilization in England* is now before us. It is, in character, like the first volume, merely introductory of the main theme. This is the more important to note because of the fact that the six chapters of which the book is composed are unequally divided between Spain and Scotland. A man's "heterodoxy" often exposes him, if it does not always, to

attack from opposite sides. That is to say, besides the obvious and inevitable antagonism which it purposely raises, there is pretty sure to be an outcry of dissatisfied or disappointed philosophers who are themselves heterodox, but who "wear their rue with a difference." We confess to an opinion that Mr. Buckle's heterodoxy, for which, as a matter of course, he has been threatened with all the pains and penalties that piety holds, or is supposed to hold, under its thumb, is of the most respectable order. All the profundity which, in this gentleman's various writings, we have attempted to fathom, has not awed us out of a certain idea of his occasional shallowness: nor shall we ever get over that confused proposition of his, involved in the memorable phrase, "the influence of woman on society;" as if society were something with which woman could only, by an allowable or debateable relation, have just a little to do! The grave assumption that woman *might* have "an influence" on that which every misogynist admits to be composed of men and women, did certainly strike us, at the time of its utterance, with that idea to which we have alluded above—the idea, namely, of shallowness in the utterer. The great stir made by Mr. Buckle's first volume seems to us to be inexplicable on any known theory of public opinion. But we have since been able to parallel it by the vast excitement which followed the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, not one single page of which collection broached a new argument or suggested a new idea. Perhaps it was not the nature or the form of "opinions," in either case, which won so much profitable opposition, but the peculiarly exasperating tone in which they were propounded. The argument of a "self-sustaining and self-evolving power of nature," by which the demand for Homers, Shakspeares, Galileos, Miltons, Tupperes, and so forth, is met by an unfailing supply, cannot be humanly resolved, but it will always be discussed with benefit to humanity. And Mr. Buckle, on the side of assertion, may defy the proofs of a negative just as securely as his opponents may declare his inability to prove all that he advances for truth. The controversy will endure wherever human intellect is free. Where neither side can gain a definite victory, it is pretty plain that both are strong; and while each is ready to maintain the strife, it seems even probable that both are right. The second

volume we take to be an improvement on the first, if only in its attaining oftener to the pungent force of a paradox. An examination of the Spanish intellect from the fifth century to the middle of the nineteenth occupies the first chapter; and the remaining five treat of Scotland, during epochs which extend over nearly the same long space of time. It will startle not a few readers, Scottish and other, to find that Mr. Buckle considers Scotland to be on the whole rather more bigoted and superstitious than Spain. The Spaniards, who possess the most magnificent gifts of nature, in climate and soil, are said by Mr. Buckle to have always shown a proportionate endowment of human qualities. "They have had," says he, "their full share of great statesmen, great kings, great magistrates, and great legislators. They have had many able and vigorous rulers; and their history is ennobled by the frequent appearance of courageous and disinterested patriots, who have sacrificed their all that they might help their country."

We have given in italics a sentence which is remarkably *naïf*, considering that the comparative bigotry of Spain and Scotland is in question. Spain has unquestionably been sincere, to the utmost practical extent, in upholding her religion; but some rash thinkers may be apt to consider the manifestations of sincerity as rather strongly savouring of bigotry and superstition. It is ignorance, or want of secular education, that Mr. Buckle imputes as the cause of Spain's backwardness in the world's race. The clergy hold the keys of knowledge, and allow them to rust. "The people, therefore, resting ignorant, and the causes which kept them in ignorance continuing, it avails the country nothing, that, from time to time, enlightened rulers have come forward, and liberal measures been adopted. The Spanish reformers have, with rare exceptions, eagerly attacked the Church, whose authority they clearly saw ought to be diminished. But what they did not see is, that such diminution can be of no real use unless it is the result of public opinion urging on politicians to the work. In Spain, politicians took the initiative, and the people lagged behind. Hence, in Spain, what was done at one time was sure to be done at another." Ignorance, then, is the vice of the Spanish people, just as drunkenness may be the vice of another nation. But ignorance is an effect as well as a cause;

and the cause of this effect, or, as Polonius has it, the cause of this defect, is a blind spirit of submission to the powers that be, and more especially to the priesthood. And yet "this melancholy exhibition to which we give the name of Spain," is a trifle better than Scotland, after all! Let us wait and hear what the Scotch reviewers will have to say to this. Meanwhile, we will here glance at what Mr. Buckle says about Scotland. He says about it, in the chapter which brings us up to the end of the fourteenth century, little else than that it was a field of unqualified barbarism; and he quotes authorities which, to a great extent, bear out his assertions. We cannot say that he is quite as happy in supporting, by historical references, the subsequent reasoning of his book, or that he leaves us much impressed with his opinion that Scotchmen owe a (supposed) illiberality and narrow superstition to their clerical teachers of the seventeenth century. The clergy, at that period, "interfered with every man's private concerns, ordered how he should govern his family, and often took upon themselves the personal control of his household. Their minions, the elders, were everywhere; for each parish was divided into several quarters, and to each quarter one of these officials was allotted, in order that he might take special notice of what was done in his own district. Besides this, spies were appointed, so that nothing could escape their supervision. Not only the streets, but even private houses, were searched, and ransacked, to see if any one was absent from church while the minister was preaching. To him all must listen, and him all must obey. Without the consent of his tribunal, no person might engage himself, either as a domestic servant or as a field labourer. If any one incurred the displeasure of the clergy, they did not scruple to summon his servants, and force them to state whatever they knew respecting him, and whatever they had seen done in his house. To speak disrespectfully of a preacher was a grievous offence; to differ from him was a heresy; even to pass him in the streets without saluting him was punished as a crime."

Like Macaulay, Mr. Buckle sometimes allows his rhetoric to run away with him, and we may expect that many pictures in his main history will be overcoloured. The few isolated instances on which he founds charges of the utmost magnitude against the Scottish Kirk of the seven-



teenth century are not all of them established by irrefragable evidence. The sweeping condemnation which follows ought to have been better supported by authority:—

“The clergy believed that they alone were privy to the councils of the Almighty, and that, by virtue of this knowledge, they could determine what any man’s future state would be. Going still further, they claimed the power, not only of foretelling his future state, but also of controlling it.”

As if this were not enough, Mr. Buckle adds that they also gave out that a word of theirs could hasten the moment of death; and, again:—

“Besides being ambassadors and angels, they were watchmen, who spied out every danger, and whose sleepless vigilance protected the faithful. They were the joy and delight of the earth. They were musicians, singing the songs of sweetness; nay, they were sirens, who sought to allure men from the evil path, and save them from perishing. They were chosen arrows stored up in the quiver of God. They were burning lights and shining torches. Without them darkness would prevail; but their presence illumined the world, and made things clear. Hence they were called stars, which title also expressed the eminence of their office, and its superiority over all others. To make this still more apparent, prodigies were vouchsafed, and strange lights might occasionally be seen, which hovering round the form of the minister, confirmed his supernatural mission. The profane wished to jest at these things, but they were too notorious to be denied; and there was a well-known case, in which, at the death of a clergyman, a star was miraculously exhibited in the firmament, and was seen by many persons, although it was then mid-day.”

We do not quite understand what Mr. Buckle intends to imply by the statement that “the profane wished to jest at these things.” By his minor proposition, “but they were too notorious to be denied,” it would seem as if the profane are represented as endeavouring to deny them. But would the “profane” have been exactly the persons to gloss over the exaggerated superstition and presumption of the clergy? On the whole, we cannot help regarding this sentence as an example of the mere rhetoric in which we have already observed that Mr. Buckle now and then indulges. He resembles Macaulay, as we have said, in this, and he also resembles Gibbon in the same thing, while he frequently reminds the reader of one or other of these two great models, in style. The last chapter of the volume is, perhaps, the least exceptionable in its assertions and arguments, and the most profound in its reasoning. It

is an examination of the Scottish intellect during the eighteenth century; and its gist is to show that the almost universal method of deductive argument at that time was the main obstacle to a growth of religious freedom. The retention of a bigoted habit of thought among the Scottish people at the present day is strongly insisted on by Mr. Buckle in a passage with which we will conclude our notice of his volume. He says:—

“In no other Protestant nation, and indeed in no Catholic nation except Spain, will a man who is known to hold unorthodox opinions find his life equally uncomfortable. In a few of the large towns he may possibly escape animadversion, if his sentiments are not too bold, and are not too openly expressed. If he is timid and taciturn, his heresy may perchance be overlooked. But even in large towns impunity is the exception and not the rule. Even in the capital of Scotland, in that centre of intelligence which once boasted of being the Modern Athens, a whisper will quickly circulate that such an one is to be avoided, for that he is a freethinker; as if freethinking were a crime, or as if it were not better to be a freethinker than a slavish one. In other parts, that is, in Scotland generally, the state of things is far worse. I speak not on vague rumour, but from what I know as existing at the present time, and for the accuracy of which I vouch and hold myself responsible. I challenge any one to contradict my assertion, and to say that at this moment nearly all over Scotland the finger of scorn is pointed at every man who, in the exercise of his sacred and inalienable right of free judgment, refuses to acquiesce in those religious notions, and to practise those religious customs, which time indeed has consecrated, but many of which are repulsive to the eye of reason, though to all of them, however irrational they may be, the people adhere with sullen and inflexible obstinacy. Knowing that these words will be widely read and circulated in Scotland, and averse as I naturally am to bring on myself the hostility of a nation for whose many sterling and valuable qualities I entertain sincere respect, I do, nevertheless, deliberately affirm that in no civilized country is toleration so little understood, and that in none is the spirit of bigotry and of persecution so extensively diffused. Nor can any one wonder that such should be the case who observes what is going on there. The churches are as crowded as they were in the Middle Ages, and are filled with devout and ignorant worshippers, who flock together to listen to opinions of which the Middle Ages alone were worthy. Those opinions they treasure up, and when they return to their homes, or enter into the daily business of life, they put them in force. And the result is that there runs through the entire country a sour and fanatical spirit, an aversion to innocent gaiety, and a disposition to limit the enjoyments of others, and a love of inquiring into the opinions of others and of interfering with them, such as is hardly anywhere else to be found; while in the midst of all this, there flourishes a national creed gloomy and austere to the last degree, a creed which is

full of forebodings, and threats, and horrors of every sort, and which rejoices in proclaiming to mankind how wretched and miserable they are, how small a portion of them can be saved, and what an overwhelming majority is necessarily reserved for excruciating, unspeakable, and eternal agony."

New editions of works, some of them being of recent origin, betoken at all events a commercially lively state of literature. Mr. Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, a work full of interesting description, and worthy the translator of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, comes before us in a new edition—the fifth. This, we may observe, is strictly a new edition, being newly edited. The original work is founded on experience and information gained during long residences in Egypt; and it is Mr. Lane's nephew who, as editor, adds a fresh value to the volume. He himself is familiar with Cairo and other Oriental places; and he pos-

sesses, moreover, an annotated copy of the author's own, by which he has been able to effect several important changes.

Hugh Miller's *Footprints of the Creator* is also a new edition, with real novelty to recommend it, if, indeed, any of the lamented geologist's works require such recommendation. This book, too, owes to a second hand some new attraction, the preface being by Mrs. Miller. On "final causes," and their reconcilability with geological science, there is no author who is better worth reading than Hugh Miller.

We here break off our account of the bustling but not profitably active operations of literature during the past month, in the hope that there will be a richer ground of critical observation in what the next four weeks' enterprise of publishers shall bring forth.

## LAW AND CRIME.

FRAUDS upon bankers and banking companies have of late been rife amongst us. The misdeeds of Pullinger, the Union Bank clerk, are fresh in the public recollection, when another commercial crime of gigantic dimensions is discovered. The sufferers this time are the shareholders in the Commercial Bank of London, and the artifices and devices resorted to for the purpose of plunder were singularly ingenious. Two persons have been accused of participation in the robbery, and one has been convicted. Whether the other is an innocent agent or not in the foul transaction cannot be said to be yet determined. After the case had been several times remanded at the police-court, and the trial once postponed, on the 11th of June, John Durden and James Holcroft (the former having been a clerk in the plundered bank), stood at the bar of the Central Criminal Court to take their trial, before Mr. Baron Bramwell and a London jury.

It was very conclusively shown that the prisoners were intimate friends, and the theory of the prosecution was that they confederated and agreed together to carry on a systematic robbery by means of the following devices. Holcroft, it was said, opened at the bank an account which was in its character entirely fictitious. He paid in no money, but Durden took

care that there should be large sums standing to his credit, such sums having been obtained by false entries in the bank books, and by a general falsification of the accounts. Upon this view of the matter, the prosecution charged the two accused persons with jointly stealing two separate sums of money, the property of the bank. They wished the Court and the jury to infer, not only that Durden had fraudulently appropriated these sums, but also that Holcroft was privy to the fraud. But here a difficulty arose. It might be that Durden had concocted this false account without Holcroft's knowledge. He himself, from the dock, protested that Holcroft was innocent, and though, when two or more persons are charged with crime, their assertions are not evidence, either for or against each other, the statement could not be entirely ignored by the tribunal to which it was addressed. Might not Durden be guilty and Holcroft innocent? If so, then this curious state of things ensued: neither Durden nor Holcroft could be convicted—for the offence charged was that of a *joint* stealing. The acute and learned judge who tried the case clearly and forcibly pointed this out to the jury, and they evidently felt the difficulty. "Durden," said the learned judge, "might be guilty of some other offence, but he



could not be convicted of this particular larceny, unless the jury were satisfied that the other prisoner acted in complicity with him." Holcroft had received a good character from a number of highly respectable witnesses, and, however strong the suspicion against him, there seemed to be no absolute proof that he was aware of Durden's proceedings. The Court sat far into a summer's night (on Wednesday the 13th of June), and at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty* on the whole case. They evidently did not like to convict Holcroft on the evidence before them, and after the direction of the learned judge—sound as it was in reason and law—they could not convict Durden.

On the following day, Durden was again tried for an offence of a different kind. He was now indicted for appropriating the money of the bank by means of different and less subtle devices. It was proved that on one occasion he received a sum of money from a customer of the bank, and instead of placing it to that customer's account, placed it to his own. On another occasion it was shown that a large sum in bank-notes had been abstracted from the bank till, and that the robbery was concealed by a fictitious entry in the books, representing that the money had been paid to a customer of the bank. These felonies were committed as far back as the year 1851; so that it is clear this astute villain commenced his career of plunder almost immediately upon entering the service of the bank. His counsel had little to urge in his defence, and having no other topic to descant on, vituperated the bank managers, and severely commented on the negligent manner in which the affairs of the bank had been conducted. This was certainly too bad. As Baron Bramwell remarked (quoting the late Chief-Justice Jervis as an authority), "it is easy enough to be wise after the event." Besides, it is plain that complicated fraud must be difficult to detect when the culprit is on the spot tampering with books, and ready to invent any ingenious lie to lull suspicion or put the inquirer on a wrong scent. It is very unfortunate that neither Pullinger nor Durden should have been found out before, but having regard to the nature of their frauds, and their consummate skill in the art of robbery, we are not surprised that they prospered so long in their villany. Both men are now

likely to finish their days in penal servitude. Durden, who, during his trial, looked wretchedly ill, and who has been attacked with paralysis, was sentenced to fourteen years of that punishment—the extreme amount of the penalty awarded by law to the offence of which he was found guilty. Other charges will be preferred against Holcroft, but these will not be disposed of till the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court.

A "gentleman" of large fortune, named Mr. King Harman, has been this month committed to the House of Correction for ten days by Mr. Arnold, the police-magistrate. Low diet and prison discipline might, it was hoped, have worked some reformation in this person's manners and morals. The charge against him—heard on Wednesday the 12th of June—was that of unlawfully resisting the police in the course of a riot at Cremorne Gardens on the evening of the Derby day. "Resisting the police" was only a part, and, in our opinion, the most venial part, of Mr. Harman's misconduct. He and his friends, by way of "a lark," had thought fit to assault the waiters, upset the tables, and break the glasses in a peaceful place of amusement, till their disgraceful proceedings were interrupted by police interference. The "gentleman," of course, expected that a moderate fine would be inflicted. Mr. Arnold, however, thought—and we are quite certain the public will applaud his decision—that such conduct could not be condoned by a money payment. An assault on the police differs from a common assault in this, that a magistrate may inflict a sentence of imprisonment for a short period, without giving the option of a fine. It was thus, during the Great Exhibition of 1851, a gentleman of high family and position was ignominiously imprisoned for seven days for a brutal attack on a constable. Mr. Harman's legal adviser begged hard for a fine, and at the conclusion of the proceedings his friends intimated that they would apply to the Secretary of State to procure his release; and we now learn with surprise that such an application was actually made, and with success! Nothing could prove more clearly than this fact that the reproach still clings to English jurisprudence that there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor." Mr. Harman, we believe, was only detained two days under the magistrate's sentence, and was then discharged. The case has been since

brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Wilfred Lawson, member for Carlisle, and Sir George C. Lewis explained the grounds on which he had granted a remission of the original sentence; but, without further comment, we may remark that the decision of the Home Secretary has a tendency to weaken the magisterial authority, and that henceforth every *rich* offender when he gets into a scrape will not idly boast that he can set the "beak" at defiance.

Another so-called "gentleman" has been making rather a discreditable exhibition of himself in the law courts. In the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 13th of June, the cause of Harvey *v.* Savage, was tried by Mr. Justice Hill and a common jury. Mr. Harvey's name may, however, be dismissed from consideration, in order that the most important witness and real complainant may be brought on the stage. This is a lady named Minnie, or Emmeline, Holmes, once a cook, afterwards the mistress of the defendant, an eccentric man of fortune. With this gentleman she lived in Paris, and according to her own account, was subjected to much ill-usage at his hands. She had complained of him to the police, had left him, but had been lured back by the present of a diamond ring, value 1000*l.* "This ring he took off his finger," deposed the lady, "and put on mine; saying to me—'You have often asked for and admired it; you shall now have it.'" Subsequently Minnie again left Mr. Savage, who seems to have been rather appropriately so named, for the woman swore that the third day after she returned to him he caught her by the hair of her head and dragged her about the room. She then came to England with the ring, and afterwards pawned it at Mr. Attenborough's. The plaintiff, Mr. Harvey, advanced some money on the duplicate. The defendant, who described himself as a nephew of Baron Parke, appeared in the witness-box attired in a hussar jacket trimmed with braid and fur, and holding in his hand a French cap with a gold band. With a bald head and a white moustache, he looked like an Adonis who had seen more than sixty summers. Holmes, he said, went with him to Paris to take a place of servant of all-work at 1*l.* a-week! He boldly contradicted her statement about the ring. "I did not," he said, "take the diamond ring off my finger and place it upon hers. I did not give her the ring. She robbed

me of it—that is the plain English." The jury, however, believed the woman, and disbelieved her hoary paramour, and found a verdict for the plaintiff with 1000*l.* damages.

A note-worthy case, tried at Westminster on the 18th of June, terminated in a verdict for the defendant. A discharged butler, named Mabe, brought his action against his former master, Lord Saltoun, for an assault. To this complaint he joined a claim for wages. The defendant pleaded that the plaintiff had misconducted himself by getting drunk, and by making a disturbance in his house whilst in that condition, and that he was justified on that account in forcibly ejecting him from his premises. It seemed that on the 28th of November, 1860, there was a wedding-breakfast at his lordship's mansion in Scotland, at which healths were drunk in the Highland fashion—that is, glass in hand, and one foot on the table—with other manifestations of festivity. Tea was served afterwards, during which meal Lord Saltoun observed that the butler's conduct was eccentric. His voice was thick and husky, and he offered in a familiar manner to conduct a lady (Mrs. Chalmers) to the drawing-room. He threw open the door of that apartment, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Chalmers!" Then advancing into the room, he muttered in a low tone "Mrs. Chalmers," and finally, approaching Lady Saltoun, repeated again aloud, "Mrs. Chalmers." This conduct rather astonished the guests, and the defendant shortly afterwards charged the plaintiff with being drunk. His answer was, "I am not drunk, but you are." Thereupon Lord Saltoun ordered him to leave his service, and he was removed from the house. This account of the butler's proceedings was confirmed by other witnesses. The plaintiff, however, denied that he was at all intoxicated, and only owned to a glass and a half of table-beer in the morning, a glass of sherry "to drink the health of the newly-married couple," and "less than a glassfull of champagne" after the breakfast. Previous to this matter it was admitted that he had been a most excellent, well-conducted, and trustworthy servant, and though the jury found a verdict against the plaintiff, Lord Saltoun waived his claim for the costs.

Though the action for *crim. con.* has been abolished, damages are still awarded to injured husbands in the Divorce Court. Mr. William Henry Compton, a clerk in



the Emigration Office, petitioned that tribunal, on the 17th of June, for a dissolution of his marriage on the ground of his wife's adultery with a Captain Baring, and claimed of the co-respondent damages laid at 5000*l*. Mrs. Compton has been long known to the public as "Miss Wyndham," the eminent actress. Her maiden name was Turner, and her father was a captain in the Royal Navy, and an artist of some celebrity in his day. The marriage was solemnized in 1843, when the lady was very young—about seventeen years of age. In 1849, Mrs. Compton was attracted to the stage, and obtained an engagement as a ballet-dancer at the Royal Italian Opera. It was, however, soon discovered that she possessed theatrical talent of a high order, and she subsequently performed, as all our readers know, in many of the leading characters of modern comedy. She had a large crowd of admirers, and it was suggested by Captain Baring's counsel that her husband was occasionally cool and neglectful, and that he needlessly exposed her to temptation. He had passed a fortnight without speaking to her, and had permitted her to accept theatrical engagements in the country, which led to her absence from his home for weeks. She had also worn in his presence expensive jewellery and dresses which he knew she had not the means of purchasing out of her salary. Like most of the Divorce Court cases, the trial presented many painful features. The adultery was not denied, and the jury awarded the petitioner 600*l*. damages.

#### THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR.

The great master of English jurisprudence has been suddenly struck down, in the fulness of years, the vigour of his faculties, and in the height of his fame. Lord Chancellor Campbell died on the morning of Monday, the 24th of June. Whatever were his merits or defects as a politician or biographer, his transcendent abilities as a lawyer are undisputed, and we venture to assert, that since the time of Lord Ellenborough no magistrate has presided in the Common Law Courts of Westminster Hall who displayed higher legal qualifications, or whose decisions and judgments are entitled to more respect. Posterity will probably decide that, as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell occupied a fitter position, and exercised a higher professional influence, than as Lord High

Chancellor, to which office he succeeded in 1859. Nevertheless, though the best years of his life had been passed in the study and practice of the common law, it is undeniable that he performed the duties of an "Equity" Judge with an ease and aptitude that astonished some of the most learned members of the profession.

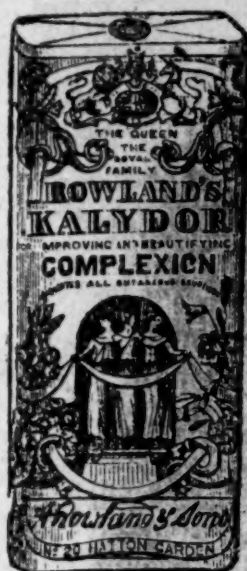
As an advocate "plain John Campbell" (as he thought fit to style himself) was not much distinguished. He published a volume of his speeches at the Bar, which will not add much to his reputation. He was Lord Melbourne's leading counsel (when Attorney-General) in the *piquant* trial of "Norton *v.* Melbourne," on which occasion his dramatic reading (for "plain John" loved theatricals) furnished him with a capital quotation. If the reader recollects a few passages of the political history of the time, he will readily comprehend that the following "bit" from *Othello* was regarded as a "palpable hit:"—

I will be hanged if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening knave, to get some office,  
Have not devised this slander: I'll be hanged else.

As a judge, Lord Campbell presided at the trial of the murderer Palmer, and gave him little chance of an acquittal, in spite of all the efforts of that ruffian's friends to defeat the ends of justice. His lordship also sat for more than a fortnight, as presiding judge, when the directors of the Royal British Bank were placed on their trial. He was looked upon as the great Judge of the "Bench," and many were the regrets expressed when he left his famous (and, we opine, his favourite) court.

In early life Lord Campbell was a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, then edited by Sergeant Spankie, and also for some time theatrical critic. Soon after he was called to the Bar he published a series of *Nisi Prius* reports, which contain some of Lord Ellenborough's best rulings and decisions. It was the reporter's boast that he rejected all the bad and doubtful law. In his later years his lordship published his celebrated *Lives of the Chancellors* and *Lives of the Chief Justices*. The first of these chatty, agreeable, egotistical works appeared in 1846, and no book of the same class was ever more popular. It was, doubtless, with very just pride that he was enabled to mount the Woolsack, and thus be hereafter known to fame as the successor of Clarendon, Hardwicke, Thurlow, and Eldon.





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